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WOMEN OF ENGLAND

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I

THE exceptional men always crowd mankind out of history, and that is why we forget from generation to generation what war is. We think of Napoleon staining the snows of Europe with his victories, and we forget the thousands of little French towns, their squares and market-places pensive with bereavement, that waited till he might be replete with triumph and return. We think of Spain magnificent at Salamanca, and we forget that in that guerilla war the nation acquired a habit of the quick spilling of blood in familiar places which made it waste the rest of the century in civil war. We think of a red-coated England charging on the field of Waterloo, and we forget that a ragged England was sweating out its life and the freedom of its class in the factories to make the wealth that paid our way to victory. And now we are blinded by the glories of Flanders and the Dardanelles, and do not see that old things are rotting and new things are being born beneath our feet. Because men are dying to maintain their national life we do not notice that this national life is changing as quickly as they die.

This spectacle of an endless stream of men filing out to die with slow, delib-

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erate steps and casual smiles is so wonderful, so infinitely lacerating, that nothing else seems to matter. Indeed we do not count ourselves as living under war conditions at all, even when a Zeppelin flies overhead and drops bombs that plough up the back garden and kill the neighbors' little girl. We have learned a high standard in these matters from a certain lowering army of refugees, tearless and unremorseful in nobility although surly from nostalgia, whom we have the honor of entertaining. Until we see the skies hung with the smoke of burning villages, and have found the hand of a child in a soldier's knapsack, we shall count ourselves as snug in peace. Yet war is as devouring a thing as it always was, and all our English life is changed, and much of it destroyed.

It is the heart of our life that is devoured, the quiet, hidden places where the future is nourished: the part of the world that is the care of women. It goes unrecorded partly because they are the sex bred to inarticulateness, and partly because, when one thinks of women in wartime, the exceptional people come forward as usual to crowd out the rest of mankind. For women have done things in this war that make one glad even under the shadow of the sword.

One does not mean the women who have acquired boots and spurs and khaki on pretexts usually connected with nursing, and who dodge into the firing line as often as the General Staff will let them; for the war has sharply revised one's aspirations, and one knows now that, however well built for adventure a woman may be, if she is neither a doctor nor a nurse she has no right to be at the front. It is not reverent to suffering Europe. The woman journalist who stopped amidst the bursting shells to powder her nose proved the crystal hardness of her nerve: but it is not good to demonstrate one's attractive qualities in the death-chamber of the nations. Moreover, the independent woman at the front prejudices the position of women in the same way that an abnormally skilled workman prejudices the position of his mates by working so quickly that the factory piece-rate is lowered. The spinster, who is an abnormally free woman, has no right to accustom men to the sight of women looking after themselves in danger, since there are women who cannot look after themselves because they are burdened with children. But there are unnumbered women who in that death-chamber are thinking only of the dying, who have taken part in war and yet kept themselves clean from its passion for disorganizing and harshening the fate of all human creatures.

It is wonderful that they should have been allowed to help. Before the war Lord Kitchener delighted to maintain his reputation as the strong silent man who despised women,—a reputation which he created several years ago in the Sudan by telling the War Office that if they insisted on sending him women nurses he would duck them in the Nile. The British Red Cross Society is controlled by peeresses and other powerful women of the parasite class,

and by the type of fashionable doctor whose career is a personal triumph over the rich rather than the impersonal triumph of the man of science over truth; and so as a body it showed Anti-Feminist tendencies. Yet to-day the khaki ambulances with the red cross on the sides draw up at hospitals which are wholly staffed by women, and the men who are left there are not sorry. 'They give a man a chance,' they say. It is an inarticulate testimony that the Victorians were wrong, and that a woman is more and not less valuable as a worker because of the slight permanent glow of sympathy which accompanies her capacity for motherhood.

And the company of British nurses, pale, school-girlishly unripe, and given to sudden giggling fits like nuns and all women of deprived lives, prove the Victorians wrong again when they conceived women's finest to be a boneless tenderness. It may be tenderness that makes them work so well in our own military hospitals, for our young men who dreamed nothing of war a year ago and now are broken by it are pitiful as a child torn by a hawk. But when they work in a ward that yesterday was a railway coal-shed, or wander on the windy dunes about a typhoid lazaretto of bathing-machines under the direction of French and Belgian doctors whose ideas of asepsis appear to them obscene, then they show themselves soldierly and possessed of hard fortitude and discipline.

And that there can be even satire in the kindness of women is shown by that most beautiful and unanswerable of feminist arguments,—the hospital organized by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Wherever men gather together to kill one another, the white tents of this hospital appear on the high ground above to mock the governors of men. 'When you slaves have quite finished knock-

ing each other about, we weaklings will come and remedy your might.' A man doctor is as forbidden in this hospital as a tabby-cat on Mount Athos: it is conducted with a brave punctilio by women surgeons, women nurses, women orderlies, all trained above the average and not to be driven from their posts by the forgings of any arsenal. They acquired their war-nerve in the protracted filth and famine of the Balkan Wars, and it has not failed them throughout this worse campaign, where horrors are not the writhings of misery hungry in the mud, but have been coldly and efficiently planned in cleanness and plenty. Every woman stayed at her post in Antwerp, though the shattered glass of the windows fell about them as they worked and one of their nurses was killed by a shell before their eyes. And when all kindness was driven out of Belgium, they turned to Serbia and joined with the British Red Cross Society and that other exclusively feminine hospital organized by the Scottish woman suffrage societies in the victory that is the most resplendent of the war because it meant the saving and not the losing of life.

The work of these Englishwomen in Serbia makes the blood leap like the death of Byron at Missolonghi or the legion of Englishmen who fought for Garibaldi. At the beginning of the war, Serbia was a place of vermin where wounded men lay on the straw and thirsted and hungered until their wounds festered into fever and they died. To those horrors Englishwomen went out just as fast as they could find organizations to take them. They dwelt in the filth and breathed in the pestilence and did not care how close they came to Death, so long as they could strike at him. It was because of this reserve of intelligent and fearless labor that the Sanitary Commission was able to go to a country where

one sixth of the population of certain districts had been wiped out by typhus in three months, and the rest were the prey of wounds, famine, enteric and relapsing fever, and was able to scrub it clean of disease. Because these women were brave and adventurous and trained and disciplined and everything that it is quite unnecessary for a woman to be, they acquired a mastery over pain and stopped one of the leaks through which there gushed out the life of Europe.

II

Feminism has not invented this courage, for there have always been brave women; but it has let it strike its roots into the earth. For this work is precious above most of the good deeds done by their sex in the past because it was performed by women who were not set apart from life by any peculiar passion of service or renunciation. Madge Neill Fraser spent a great part of her life in the unspiritual and useless pastime of playing golf with distinction. Mrs. Percy Dearmer was a large, kind, dancing sort of woman, flushed with a naïve passion for getting up things, for 'getting up' anything from a mothers' meeting to a theatrical season. And both of them went out to Serbia, and caught fever, and are now members of the communion of heroes.

It is ordinary people too who conduct the privateering expeditions that are made upon Belgium — which, being most in need, is most inclined to accept untrained and isolated helpers — by women working in twos or threes or alone.

There is one woman who visits all those battered Belgian villages where peasants still huddle in their bullet-riddled homes, and takes with her truckloads of a patent infants' food. Wherever there is a Belgian baby she

goes, even if it means pushing a barrow full of tins to some stranded hamlet a quarter of a mile along a road raked by German fire. It is a work that is beautiful in courage and charity, and it supplies the overwhelming pacifist argument. Those gray babies whining in their cradles prove that the commonplace remark that the world is too far advanced for war is wrong. On the contrary we have not yet arrived at the stage of civilization where war becomes a possibility. For it is a cad's trick to declare war until one is absolutely certain that one is not cheating one single helpless baby out of its feeding-bottle. If there were to be on some high place a record of this bravery, one can imagine how the picture would show a figure of the smooth surface and stillness which is found only in saints and the dead, moving to some benevolence with the deliberation of one who has fortified and specialized her will to this by prayer. And yet she is a brown and lively thing: a Jewess, one of a race that has forbidden its women to withdraw from the world to sanctify themselves; an actress, pledged to the service of pleasure, and vivid with that intensification of the flesh that comes to wives and mothers.

Now when ordinary people, involved in the ordinary relationships of life, are made mobilizable by the general acceptance of the doctrine that a woman may come out of her home and take upon herself risk and responsibility, they become much more significant workers than could dedicated women who have renounced the things of the world. For when they die, it does not mean that the red-eyed sisters gather in the chantry to sing the mass for the dead. It means that people who have been bound to them by the ties of the flesh and common laughter and excitement, feel as though a part of them had died violently and gloriously and by

the sword, and there enters into their blood the tradition that it is good to face violence and be capable of glory and hate the sword. Instead of lingering ghostly in a convent legend, these dead women become a strain in the breed that will live as long as life.

But even though this work and its significance may have been facilitated by feminism, no woman would present the bill to men and say that we have thereby earned our liberty and citizenship. The professional politicians, who feel that everything is the same as it always was because they are still in power, bargain even now for rights and advantages, and intrigue that if this one is silent about the crimes of the coal-owners, that one shall support conscription. But we common people, who are struggling in a changed and unkindly universe like rabbits in a blown-out burrow, no longer try to score off one another. And we admit that our assumption of such risks and responsibilities of the war as we can bear is no self-sacrifice, but a snatch at happiness. For danger is the salt of life. It preserves it from rankness when there is thunder in the skies.

You who think that women ought to be sealed into safety cannot think of a happy ending to the tale of a widow who lost her only son in the wars. You see how she would sit alone in a house that has grown horrible because the pictures on the walls are not of a live boy but of a dead man: how, every day, the little morning breeze of housewifery would spring up and die down into eventless afternoons and long evenings when the lamplit air would stagnate for lack of the movement of youth; how her life would turn rancid for want of hope to keep it fresh. Yet we know now that such a tale can end in brightness. A widow who was nursing in Serbia heard that her son had died at Ypres; a week later the languor of en-

teric fell upon her and she died. Instead of slowly wizening in stale air she ran swiftly at the elbow of her son to the gate of their purpose. She would have no pain for him or for herself, for, having taken part in the ritual of honorable death, she would comprehend its meaning. We rejoice that in a time like this we are allowed such mitigations.

III

But here again we have let the exceptional woman crowd out mankind: for most of these are the deeds of women who, either by spinsterhood, widowhood, extreme youth, or middle age, have been released from the normal lot of childbearing and rearing. The mass of Englishwomen are still bond to that duty, and are busy with men and babies in homes beneath a sky unshaken by gunfire. Yet they too receive from the war their special revelation. All of them are learning now what only the intellectually curious or the distressfully circumstanced knew before: that the wife and mother is not the lady jangling her keys about a castle keep, built to contain the future of the race, but the most helpless straw whirled along on the tide of men's activities. Humanity has lost its instinct for self-preservation in the desire of the intelligence for adventure, and makes no effort to protect its future. War hits at children as at anybody else, and the mothers are busy beating back the assault.

These are things not to be seen by the casual observer of social conditions; for England, like a hurt and defiant animal, is pretending that nothing has befallen it. London and the great provincial cities create an illusion that everything is the same as it always has been, by open shops and the familiar peacocking of shopping women. This lie of an inert social organism is assisted by the Powers that Be, who, for

some reason incomprehensible to any one who has traveled through the country and seen how agricultural laborers and engineers are prized as princes, hold recruiting meetings at every corner. Yet the whole illusion falls away like a veil when the band strikes up and marches away with a following of valiant old men who have clipped their moustaches to hide their whiteness, weedy town-bred lads rejected half a dozen times already, and little boys with tin trumpets. And if, with this enlightening vision before one's eyes, one walks into any of the residential districts, significant things suddenly inform one that this life is all gnawed with the war.

In these rows of households there is rarely a householder. Either he is in khaki, or he is working from nine in the morning till midnight in a government office, or burning out his vitality in the factory or office in the attempt to create material and skilled labor out of nothing to fulfill an army contract. It is the householder's wife who is dealing with a world utterly and fantastically changed by the fact that, when she orders goods, the answer is, either, 'I cannot get these goods,' or, 'I will not be able to send you these goods for some days, as nearly all my packers have gone to the front, and the railways are so disorganized that, when I do, I cannot say whether you will get them in a week or a month'; and that when she requires the services of an electrician, a carpenter, a plumber, or a jobbing gardener, she has to wait her turn for the old and incompetent workmen who have crawled from the fire-side or the casual ward to fill the gaps left by the fitter men who have gone into the army or into government work.

There is humor in these disorders. It is irritating and yet disarming to wait while an aged plumber, noisily sucking

his last tooth, fumbles with a tap; and when the gardener with his scythe looks like old Father Time, one hovers about him with an uneasy feeling that he ought to be drawn from flower-bed to flower-bed in a bath-chair. But their cumulation is a tragedy. A year ago the wife led the easiest existence on earth, and here and there she was a little wicked with luxury, and greedy to spend the world's wealth on the decoration of the private life. To-day she works hard. Although this business of housewifery is the one occupation the world permitted her to follow without question, here are navies and armies shamelessly ranged to kill the men she has borne and cherished, and conspiring to prevent her from nourishing their nerves with comfort, and she has to stand up to them and keep the war out of her home. She has to organize her resources so that order and cleanliness and all the sweet cultivations of peace can make a last stand in her four walls. While her men are fighting for her life, she has to fight to make that life worth living and insure that children shall grow up to live it.

It is a war of infinite majesty, and yet it is difficult to record because of the triviality of its battles and the incoherence of its soldiers. Instead of a general issuing dispatches concerning a reverse, two ladies in jet bonnets and charwomen's capes raise their voices as they discuss the rise in the price of sugar under the gas flares. And those few economic students who can decipher this homely text are for the most part followers of the Fabian sect of Socialism, and insist on peering down on the poor dead poor. Now the state of the poor happens to be a patch of dead water in the midst of the whirlpool. At first it seemed as though they were going to bear the full force of the economic blow, and one of the first results of the war was that the babies examined

at the clinics and schools for mothers began to lose weight. But now that labor has proved its importance to a staggered public, we are paying out everything we can to keep the country going, and the working classes are enjoying a period of prosperity. It is the middle-class home—so largely dependent on the distributive system which has so entirely broken down for lack of men—that has tumbled down like a house of cards.

Middle-class housewives are not likely to write their own history; and so for the past few months I have been collecting the experiences of women who lived in quiet England and yet found existence defaced by the war. There is one which I think is of special interest because the teller of it had no direct connection with the war. So far as they knew, neither she nor her husband had a single kinsman at the front. Yet the war changed and hurt them.

IV

The woman, who shall be called the Lady to mark a certain remoteness from exterior circumstance which had hitherto been hers, lived in a rawboned house which stood on a cliff facing the Wash and casting a sidewise glance to the North Sea across bents misted with sea-lavender. A lighthouse stood sentinel beside it, and there were little white coastguard cottages with cobblestones and a bleaching-green, and near at hand a wireless station lifted its gaunt arms. It was one of those wholly tedious East Coast districts which hold one simply by a wine-like strength in the air.

But in any case they were not people who made extravagant demands of this visible world. The Lady was a little under thirty, and liked tennis tournaments and golf, and had a considerable amount of intelligence which was quite

unlit by any intellectual passion. Her husband was a man of forty-two who dabbled in scientific journalism with results that brought up his private income to £800. They lived a wholesome life in which the events came up so regularly and so completely without the scent of romance that one might liken it to one of those large, white, neatly and firmly convoluted cauliflowers. They thought stability much the best thing in the world, and looked forward to the birth of their child because it would make them more settled than ever.

Yet on the day their child was born, all this was altered. Even the ordinary circumstances of childbirth were different. For the Lady sat and read the papers. To you who have not been through this war, it may seem incredible that reading a newspaper could blot out the consciousness of personal pain in a much larger and intenser impersonal pain. But we did not know then what had happened to the world; all that we knew was that only a few score miles away a people had been torn to pieces, and that demoniac wickedness was walking the earth and rejoicing in its might. Everything we did in those days was done abstractedly. So you might imagine men buying and selling on the Last Day, casting backward glances at the slip of sky at the door, to see if the great hand be not yet thrust through the clouds. It was thus that the Lady lost, not only the foreboding of extreme peril, but also the delicious sense of importance which is the consolation of her sex on these occasions. This was motherhood with a difference. When the mists of chloroform cleared away and they held out her squealing son, she looked at him, not with the passive contentment of the mother in peace-time, but with the active and passionate intention: 'I must keep this thing safe.'

Almost immediately there were signs, not only that war had begun, but that peace had ended. These things do not always happen together: the comfort of the world went on just the same all the years that English boys were dying uselessly in South Africa. But the very day after the Lady's child was born, the social organization showed what it was up to by omitting to send the milk. The Lady's husband was sent off without his breakfast to fetch it, and found the little tiled dairy full of landladies indignant because the most superior family from Nottingham which had taken the drawing-room floor was waiting for its breakfast. Nobody had got any milk, it seemed, because all the milkmen were Army Reservists and had been called up the night before.

So the Lady's husband took a can in his hand and went in next door to the grocery store, to inquire for some cereals that inexplicably had not been delivered. The shop looked different that day. There were three big automobiles drawn up in front and the chauffeurs were packing them with sacks of flour and eatables. Inside, agitated women with the uppish airs of those who feel themselves rising to an emergency, were buying rice that was doomed to bore their families for a twelvemonth, bacon whose destiny it was to mould in the cellar, and, on the impulse of the moment, even stranger things than that. One woman grasped a bar of yellow soap and a tin of curry powder, and thrust them into her string bag. The Lady's husband perceived that this was a food-panic, and he sat down on a sugar-box and explained to the women that there must be enough food in England to last for at least six months. They appeared uninterested, and the grocer, who had raised his prices two pence in the shilling since he opened his shop that morning, irritated. He then ordered the rice and tapioca and sago

he had been sent to fetch, but was told that the stocks were exhausted; so he had to fill his pockets with tins of a more expensive patent cereal. The grocer refused to give him change for a five-pound note, although he explained clearly that there could be no need for withdrawing gold from currency until the government had issued instructions to that effect. To this the grocer (who had hoarded fifty pounds in his safe) replied that this was no time for theories.

Yet when the Lady's husband turned homeward, completely breakfastless, with the big milk-can swinging against his legs, and the knobby little tins rattling in his pockets, and arguments against the hoarding of gold boiling over in his head, he was possessed by a white flame of tranquillity. Exaltation poured through his veins like light. I cannot explain the quality of the glory which filled us all on that disordered morning, except by quoting the phrase from one of those articles by which Mr. H. G. Wells expressed as no other writer has done the good intent with which we faced this war. 'This shall be the war that ends war.' Such was our early passion. It still lingers. Every time a Cabinet minister appeals for more munition-workers and begs the women to step forward, innumerable women of all sorts—dressmakers, shopkeepers, typists—throw up their businesses, sometimes even raising money enough to defray the cost of their training, and flock to the nearest big town to offer their services—and receive no answer to their applications. The government talks to us private people of thrift, but what extravagance have we ever committed like their waste of our exaltation?

v

But all this unrest died down in about three weeks. As soon as the Ger-

man advance on Paris was checked the social organization began to recover itself. And when the Lady's husband got a post in the laboratory of an explosives factory near London, and they rented a farmhouse in a Hertfordshire village, the Lady could stand at her porch under the white creeper and finger the rough sun-crumbled brick and look down the valley of green water-meadows and cherish once more the illusion of stability. She could rejoice again at trivial things—at the beauty of the berries that year, for instance: the hawthorn tree in the middle of the meadow in front of the house was like one of those little coral trees on which old-fashioned ladies hang their rings. It was not that the thought of the war was not perpetually present, that letters did not come to tell the death of their friends, that she did not find tears in her eyes the minute she let her mind stray from the immediate world. But the war was not *here*. The nearest it came was when the dairy farmer's wife told her, as she was paying the bill, that her eldest son had seen the Virgin Mary in the trenches—'the *last* person,' she said in the clipped accents ladies' maids carry into married life, 'he was looking for.' The Lady laughed, imagining a commander ordering a saint off the field because she was giving the range to the enemy, but was impressed to find herself present at the birth of legend.

But otherwise, except for the high price of food and the difficulty of getting coal, the war did not seem to touch this life, until one April day when the Lady was working in the garden because the gardener had enlisted and there was not a man left in the district to take his place. She paused in her work of planting beans to look at the beauty about her. A young moon was silver in a primrose sky; a burning of leaves made a gold flame on the crest of

some near hill; the valley was full of a liquid evening light in which the pollard willows moved with glassy undulations like seaweed under water. And through the fork of an apple tree she saw the face of her cook, yellow and laughing. The Lady dropped forward on her knees in the wet mould. After a still moment the woman went up the path and crossed the lawn, still laughing. That night she came into the dining-room and put her cheeks against the oak paneling, and began to pour out obscene tales about the nurse and the housemaid in the blotted speech of undecided consonants that comes to the mad. She was certified the next day, and in the evening they took her in the doctor's automobile to the County Asylum. For a long part of their journey they traveled under the shadow of the high brick wall of Hatfield, that great piece of England so proudly held by the Cecils. It was a Cecil who devised the Treaty of Berlin that caused this war.

This woman had gone mad because she had lost her sweetheart and her three brothers in the war.

The very next evening, as the Lady returned depressed from a day in London registry offices which one and all explained that there were no more servants to be got, as all the girls were making munitions or filling men's places, a man in khaki came up the path and requisitioned her for Kitchener's Army. She watched him fascinated as they went round the house selecting rooms in which the billeted soldiers were to sleep; for he was at once brazenly, blaringly not a gentleman and keenly, splendidly an officer. When the Lady banged the door a trifle roughly and said, 'I beg your pardon,' he responded, as no officer ever did before England gathered all sorts to her Army, 'Granted, I'm sure.' Yet he talked of his men and their fitness and comfort with the

confidence that he was guarding them so that one day they would follow him into noble danger, and surely that is the fine heart of officership. He billeted eleven soldiers on her, and informed her that, as the commissariat had fallen behind on their journey from the West Country, she would have to find and cook food for them for — oh! ten days, perhaps.

As he swung off down the path, the Lady tried to feel aghast at the prospect before her. But instead she found her heart light and strong like a bird. What had been a tedious domestic crisis had turned suddenly into a tough and invigorating job to be done for the country's sake. That evening she cycled five miles to get a joint for them, as the news of the coming of a thousand men had already emptied the village of food. She was not bored or exasperated by the morning's cooking; and when the eleven Hampshire men, their faces dust-colored with fatigue, threw down their packs in the garden and entered the kitchen, she was filled not with apprehension at their weatherbeaten bigness or their encrusted muddiness, but simply with the hope that she might not fail them. And although food was scarce and had often to be fetched from a town six miles away, and the price of beef and mutton rose by twenty-five to thirty-five per cent, she never found the business of keeping these men fit and happy anything but an enjoyment. They were temperate and amiable beings, very helpful at mending lamps and doing up the garden, and given to spending the evening by the fire singing songs like 'The Rosary.' And when the Lady contrasted these clear-skinned, kindly men in khaki with the dull-eyed, surly things they would have been in civil life, she suddenly began to understand that Solomon was right when he said that the destruction of the poor was

their poverty. It was not until they had been allowed good food, fresh air, and leisure, that they had been able to show how good their essence was. And as she realized that England had given them none of these things until it had need of their lives, she felt ashamed, and worked for them more than ever until she was arrested by a cry from the nursery.

There had happened in this Hertfordshire village what has happened in every district where soldiers are billeted. The dairymen watered the milk to meet the demand. And so the Lady's lusty child, who had been one of those babies of flushed, abundant flesh, became suddenly froglike and unfriendly, waving hostile, helpless hands and wailing a gathering distress. Everything fell away from it, its fatness, its beauty, even its personality. 'Why should these — *devils* be able to tamper with his food?' cried the Lady. 'It ought to be like gas — or water — a local authority —' and sobbed her way into Socialism. The doctor advised her to go away until the soldiers were moved, and took her in his automobile to look for lodgings. But this country could no longer be kind to them. It looked just the same as always, with the red cattle munching knee-deep in shining buttercups and the fields of young corn a singing green under the moonshine hedges of May, but it had lost its liberty. All the land to the sea was given over to the men in khaki.

So very hastily the Lady had to take her child and the nurse to one of those vulgar Thames-side towns, an idiot's paradise of geraniumed houseboats and polished punts. And there, once the excitement of feeding the child back into health was over, the Lady found that her heart was full of a sense of emptiness. She wanted to be back in Hertfordshire, getting up at six, burning her face over the kitchen range, working

for the soldiers. She wanted passionately, as one wants to be a sailor or to return to one's home, to be of service. And she did more than feel this: when her husband, who came to her for the week-end with a fatigue and need for comfort that oddly renewed their relationship, said, 'I must go on doing something useful after the war: one needs it,' she registered it as one of the emotions that respectable people act upon.

Though decent life has been raised to fineness by the war, base life is baser than it was in peace. The Thames-side hotel, which always was a place of grimed plush hangings and gilt cornices, accepted the scarcity of servants as an excuse for a franker filth; and on the lawns by the river degraded old men and French and Belgian *embusqués* got drunk because there was a war. The Lady longed for the clean order of some country home where summer was not a blowsy female in a motor-launch, but a profitable heat running along the earth to warm it for harvest. But that old, simple, loosely organized life of the countryside, from which she and her kind drew their virtue, was gone. The Army was destructively established upon it as a factory is built upon a meadow. The incalculable movements of troops, the consequent sudden scarcities of food, the impossibility of getting goods through from London on the disordered railways, the difficulties of getting servants, made it dangerous and tedious. Moreover, subscriptions to the War Loan and depreciated investments had brought down their income so that they could not long afford two households, and must have a suburban home to which the Lady's husband could return every evening after work.

So, as the summer waned, the Lady found herself living, not in an old farmhouse standing among elms on a Roman road and looking itself ancient

and living like the trees, but in a villa that looked as though but yesterday its parts had lain unrelated in a builder's yard. And there she lived a pinched life, saving, placating servants, trying to do all the plumbing and carpentering herself, till one glorious night when the factory hooters cried orchestrally and she was readmitted into that real world she had lived in when she was doing service for Kitchener's Army. The night was full of light and noise. There was the roar and whistle of the shells, the bang of bombs; and through the white world of brightness cast on the black sky by the searchlights, there fled a fat silver slug which dropped threads of fire into the darkness as it went. It came near, it passed overhead. The Lady felt as though she were lit like a lamp by pride. She was rapt in delight at the mighty power of brain and nerve that were steering that thing. She was radiant with joy at the sudden knowledge that it mattered nothing if they sent down death on her and her dearer part, the child, because they could not break her will. And fear struggled weakly in her, deep and quite disregarded.

Surely it is not a little thing that people who had lived in love with stability

should learn all this in a year: that one can find exaltation at impersonal affairs that do not feed one's appetite; that war is an undignified brute that kills country louts and steals the wits of servant girls; that participation in the collective life by service is a happiness necessary to the human animal; that the careless individualist organization of society may lead to the murder of children; and as for the Zeppelin raid, what more could artist desire than that people should rejoice in tragedy? It may seem to neutrals, when they read of the triumphant greed of the coal-owners and army contractors, and the politicians' gamblings for leadership, that this war has done nothing to Europe except make it a swill-tub for the capitalist class. But we little private people, like the Lady and her husband, have lately endured many experiences and found them to be revelations that we could never have received in the grossish times of peace that lay on the land before August.

Yet war is an outrageous thing, and we will not pay the price again: when we have recovered peace we must live so intently and intelligently, with eyes made clear by these expensive recent visions, that nevermore will we need to be awakened by the roar of cannon.

LABOR AND CAPITAL — PARTNERS

BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

I

Labor and Capital are rather abstract words with which to describe those vital forces, which working together become productively useful to mankind. Reduced to their simplest terms Labor and Capital are men with muscle and men with money — human beings, imbued with the same weaknesses and virtues, the same cravings and aspirations.

It follows, therefore, that the relations of men engaged in industry are human relations. Men do not live merely to toil; they also live to play, to mingle with their fellows, to love, to worship. The test of the success of our social organization is the extent to which every man is free to realize his highest and best self; and in considering any economic or political problem, that fundamental fact should be recognized. If in the conduct of industry, therefore, the manager ever keeps in mind that in dealing with employees he is dealing with human beings with flesh and blood, with hearts and souls; and if, likewise, the workmen realize that managers and investors are themselves also human beings, how much bitterness will be avoided!

Are the interests of these human beings with labor to sell and with capital to employ necessarily antagonistic or necessarily mutual? Must the advance of one retard the progress of the other? Should their attitude toward each other be that of enemies or of partners? The answer one makes to

these fundamental questions must constitute the basis for any consideration of the relationship of Labor and Capital.

Our difficulty in dealing with the industrial problem is due too often to a failure to understand the true interests of Labor and Capital. And I suspect this lack of understanding is just as prevalent among representatives of Capital as among representatives of Labor. In any event the conception one has of the fundamental nature of these interests will naturally determine one's attitude toward every phase of their relationship.

Much of the reasoning on this subject proceeds upon the theory that the wealth of the world is absolutely limited, and that if one man gets more, another necessarily gets less. Hence there are those who hold that if Labor's wages are increased or its working conditions improved, Capital suffers because it must deprive itself of the money needed to pay the bill. Some employers go so far as to justify themselves in appropriating from the product of industry all that remains after Labor has received the smallest amount which it can be induced or forced to accept; while on the other hand there are men who hold that Labor is the producer of all wealth, hence is entitled to the entire product, and that whatever is taken by Capital is stolen from Labor.

If this theory is sound, it might be maintained that the relation between Labor and Capital is fundamentally one of antagonism, and that each should consolidate and arm its forces, dividing

the products of industry between them in proportion as their selfishness is enforced by their power.

But all such counsel loses sight of the fact that the riches available to man are practically without limit; that the world's wealth is constantly being developed and undergoing mutation, and that to promote this process both Labor and Capital are indispensable. If these great forces coöperate, the products of industry are steadily increased; whereas, if they fight, the production of wealth is certain to be either retarded or stopped altogether, and the well-springs of material progress choked. The problem of promoting the coöperation of Labor and Capital may well be regarded, therefore, as the most vital problem of modern civilization. Peace may be established among the nations of the world; but if the underlying factors of material growth within each nation are themselves at war, the foundations of all progress are undermined.

II

Capital cannot move a wheel without Labor, nor Labor advance beyond a mere primitive existence without Capital. But with Labor and Capital as partners, wealth is created and ever greater productivity made possible. In the development of this partnership, the greatest social service is rendered by that man who so coöperates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development, and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization. This is better than charity or philanthropy; it helps men to help themselves and widens the horizon of life. Through such a process the laborer is constantly becoming the capitalist, and the accumulated fruits of present industry are made the

basis of further progress. The world puts its richest prizes at the feet of great organizing ability, enterprise, and foresight, because such qualities are rare and yet indispensable to the development of the vast natural resources which otherwise would lie useless on the earth's surface or in its hidden depths. It is one of the noteworthy facts of industrial history that the most successful enterprises have been those which have been so well organized and so efficient in eliminating waste, that the laborers were paid high wages, the consuming public — upon whose patronage the success of every enterprise depends — enjoyed declining prices, and the owners realized large profits.

The development of industry on a large scale brought the corporation into being, a natural outgrowth of which has been the further development of organized Labor in its various forms. The right of men to associate themselves together for their mutual advancement is incontestable; and under our modern conditions, the organization of Labor is necessary just as is the organization of Capital; both should make their contribution toward the creation of wealth and the promotion of human welfare. The labor union, among its other achievements, has undoubtedly forced public attention upon wrongs which employers of to-day would blush to practice. But employers as well as workers are more and more appreciating the human equation, and realizing that mutual respect and fairness produce larger and better results than suspicion and selfishness. We are all coming to see that there should be no stifling of Labor by Capital, or of Capital by Labor; and also that there should be no stifling of Labor by Labor, or of Capital by Capital.

While it is true that the organization of Labor has quite as important a function to perform as the organization of

Capital, it cannot be gainsaid that evils are liable to develop in either of these forms of association. Combinations of Capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interests of both Labor and the public. Such combinations cannot be too strongly condemned or too vigorously dealt with. Although combinations of this kind are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all combinations of Capital, however rightly managed or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion. Likewise, it sometimes happens that combinations of Labor are conducted without just regard for the rights of the employer or the public, and methods and practices adopted which, because unworthy and unlawful, are deserving of public censure. Such organizations of labor bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper combinations of Capital, and they should be similarly dealt with. But the occasional failure in the working of the principle of the organization of Labor or of Capital should not prejudice any one against the principle itself, for the principle is absolutely sound.

Because evils have developed and may develop as a result of these increasing complexities in industrial conditions, shall we deny ourselves the maximum benefit which may be derived from using the new devices of progress? We cannot give up the corporation and industry on a large scale; no more can we give up the organization of labor; human progress depends too much upon them. Surely there must be some avenue of approach to the solution of a problem on the ultimate working out of which depends the very existence of industrial society. To say that there is no way out except through constant warfare between La-

bor and Capital is an unthinkable counsel of despair; to say that progress lies in eventual surrender of everything by one factor or the other, is contrary, not only to the teachings of economic history, but also to our knowledge of human nature.

III

Most of the misunderstanding between men is due to a lack of knowledge of each other. When men get together and talk over their differences candidly, much of the ground for dispute vanishes. In the days when industry was on a small scale, the employer came into direct contact with his employees, and the personal sympathy and understanding which grew out of that contact made the rough places smooth. However, the use of steam and electricity, resulting in the development of large-scale industry with its attendant economies and benefits, has of necessity erected barriers to personal contact between employers and men, thus making it more difficult for them to understand each other.

In spite of the modern development of Big Business, human nature has remained the same, with all its cravings, and all its tendencies toward sympathy when it has knowledge and toward prejudice when it does not understand. The fact is that the growth of the organization of industry has proceeded faster than the adjustment of the interrelations of men engaged in industry. Must it not be, then, that an age which can bridge the Atlantic with the wireless telephone, can devise some sort of social X-ray which shall enable the vision of men to penetrate the barriers which have grown up between men in our machine-burdened civilization?

IV

Assuming that Labor and Capital are

partners, and that the fruits of industry are their joint product, to be divided fairly, there remains the question: What is a fair division? The answer is not simple — the division can never be absolutely just; and if it were just to-day, changed conditions would make it unjust to-morrow; but certain it is that the injustice of that division will always be greater in proportion as it is made in a spirit of selfishness and shortsightedness. Indeed, because of the kaleidoscopic changes which the factors entering into the production of wealth are always undergoing, it is unlikely that any final solution of the problem of the fair distribution of wealth will ever be reached. But the effort to devise a continually more perfect medium of approach toward an ever-fairer distribution, must be no less energetic and unceasing.

For many years my father and his advisers had been increasingly impressed with the importance of these and other economic problems, and with a view to making a contribution toward their solution, had had under consideration the development of an institute for social and economic research. While this general subject was being studied, the industrial disturbances in Colorado became acute. Their many distressing features gave me the deepest concern. I frankly confess that I felt there was something fundamentally wrong in a condition of affairs which made possible the loss of human lives, engendered hatred and bitterness, and brought suffering and privation upon hundreds of human beings. I determined, therefore, that in so far as it lay within my power I would seek some means of avoiding the possibility of similar conflicts arising elsewhere or in the same industry in the future. It was in this way that I came to recommend to my colleagues in the Rockefeller Foundation the instituting of a series of studies

into the fundamental problems arising out of industrial relations. Many others were exploring the same field, but it was felt that these were problems affecting human welfare so vitally that an institution such as the Rockefeller Foundation, whose purpose, as stated in its charter, is 'to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world,' could not neglect either its duty or its opportunity. This resulted in securing the services of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labor in Canada, to conduct an investigation 'with a special view,' to quote the language of an official letter, 'to the discovery of some mutual relationship between Labor and Capital which would afford to Labor the protection it needs against oppression and exploitation, while at the same time promoting its efficiency as an instrument of economic production.'

In no sense was this inquiry to be local or restricted; the problem was recognized to be a world-problem, and in the study of it the experience of the several countries of the world was to be drawn upon. The purpose was neither to apportion blame in existing or past misunderstandings, nor to justify any particular point of view; but solely to be constructively helpful, the final and only test of success to be the degree to which the practical suggestions growing out of the investigation actually improved the relations between labor and Capital.

V

With reference to the situation which had unfortunately developed in Colorado, it became evident to those responsible for the management of one of the larger coal companies there — the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, in which my father and I are interested — that matters could not be allowed to remain as they were. Any situation, no mat-

ter what its cause, out of which so much bitterness could grow, clearly required amelioration.

It has always been the desire and purpose of the management of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company that its employees should be treated liberally and fairly. However, it became clear that there was need of some more efficient method whereby the petty frictions of daily work might be dealt with promptly and justly, and of some machinery which, without imposing financial burdens upon the workers, would protect the rights, and encourage the expression of the wants and aspirations of the men — not merely of those men who were members of some organization, but of every man on the company's payroll. The problem was how to promote the well-being of each employee; more than that, how to foster at the same time the interest of both the stockholders and the employees through bringing them to realize the fact of their real partnership.

Long before the Colorado strike ended, I sought advice with respect to possible methods of preventing and adjusting such a situation as that which had arisen; and in December, 1914, as soon as the strike was terminated and normal conditions were restored, the officers of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company undertook the practical development of plans which had been under consideration. The men in each mining camp were invited to choose, by secret ballot, representatives to meet with the executive officers of the company to discuss matters of mutual concern and consider means of more effective coöperation in maintaining fair and friendly relations.

That was the beginning, merely the germ, of a plan which has now been developed into a comprehensive 'Industrial Constitution.' The scheme embodies practical operating experience,

the advice and study of experts, and an earnest effort to provide a workable method of friendly consideration, by all concerned, of the daily problems which arise in the mutual relations between employer and employees.

The plan was submitted to a referendum of the employees in all the company's coal and iron mines, and adopted by an overwhelming vote. Before this general vote was taken, it had been considered and unanimously approved by a meeting of the employees' elected representatives. At that meeting I outlined the plan, which is described below, as well as the theory underlying it, which theory is in brief as follows: —

Every corporation is composed of four parties: the stockholders, who supply the money with which to build the plant, pay the wages, and operate the business; the directors, whose duty it is to select executive officers carefully and wisely, plan the larger and more important policies, and generally see to it that the company is prudently administered; the officers, who conduct the current operations; and the employees, who contribute their skill and their work. The interest of these four parties is a common interest, although perhaps not an equal one; and if the result of their combined work is to be most successful, each must do its share. An effort on the part of any one to advance its own interest without regard to the rights of the others, means, eventually, loss to all. The problem which confronts every company is so to interrelate its different elements that the best interests of all will be conserved.

VI

The industrial machinery which has been adopted by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and its employees is embodied in two written documents,

which have been printed and placed in the hands of each employee. One of these documents is a trade agreement signed by the representatives of the men and the officers of the company, setting forth the conditions and terms under which the men agree to work until January 1, 1918, and thereafter, subject to revision upon ninety days' notice by either side. This agreement guarantees to the men that for more than two years, no matter what reductions in wages others may make, there shall be no reduction of wages by this company; furthermore, that in the event of an increase in wages in any competitive field, this company will make a proportional increase.

The agreement provides for an eight-hour day for all employees working underground and in coke ovens; it insures the semi-monthly payment of wages; it fixes charges for such dwellings, light, and water, as are provided by the company; it stipulates that the rates to be charged for powder and coal used by the men shall be substantially their cost to the company. To encourage employees to cultivate flower and vegetable gardens, the company agrees to fence free of cost each house-lot owned by it. The company also engages to provide suitable bathhouses and clubhouses for the use of employees at the several mining camps.

The other document is an 'Industrial Constitution,' setting forth the relations of the company and its men. The constitution stipulates, among other things, that 'there shall be a strict observance by management and men of the federal and state laws respecting mining and labor,' and that 'the scale of wages and the rules in regard to working conditions shall be posted in a conspicuous place at or near every mine.' Every employee is protected against discharge without notice, except for such offenses as are posted at

each mine. For all other misconduct the delinquent is entitled to receive warning in writing that a second offense will cause discharge, and a copy of this written notice must be forwarded to the office of the president of the company at the same time it is sent to the employee.

The constitution specifically states that 'there shall be no discrimination by the company or any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity, or union.' The employees are guaranteed the right to hold meetings on company property, to purchase where they choose, and to employ check-weighmen, who, on behalf of the men, shall see to it that each gets proper credit for his work.

Besides setting forth these fundamental rights of the men, the industrial constitution seeks to establish a recognized means for bringing the management and the men into closer contact for two general purposes: first, to promote increased efficiency and production, to improve working conditions, and to further the friendly and cordial relations between the company's officers and employees; and, second, to facilitate the adjustment of disputes and the redress of grievances.

In carrying out this plan, the wage-earners at each camp are to be represented by two or more of their own number chosen by secret ballot, at meetings especially called for the purpose, which none but wage-earners in the employ of the company shall be allowed to attend. The men thus chosen are to be recognized by the company as authorized to represent the employees for one year, or until their successors are elected, with respect to terms of employment, working and living conditions, adjustment of differences, and such other matters as may come up. A meeting of all the men's representa-

tives and the general officers of the company will be held once a year to consider questions of general importance.

The Industrial Constitution provides that the territory in which the company operates shall be divided into a number of districts based on the geographical distribution of the mines. To facilitate full and frequent consultation between representatives of the men and the management in regard to all matters of mutual interest and concern, the representatives from each district are to meet at least three times a year — oftener if need be — with the president of the company, or his representative, and such other officers as the president may designate.

The district conferences will each appoint from their number certain joint committees on industrial relations, and it is expected that these committees will give prompt and continuous attention to the many questions which affect the daily life and happiness of the men as well as the prosperity of the company. Each of these committees will be composed of six members, three designated by the employees' representatives and three by the president of the company. A joint committee on industrial coöperation and conciliation will consider matters pertaining to the prevention and settlement of industrial disputes, terms and conditions of employment, maintenance of order and discipline in the several camps, policy of the company stores, and so forth. Joint committees on safety and accidents, on sanitation, health and housing, on recreation and education, will likewise deal with the great variety of topics included within these general designations.

Prevention of friction is an underlying purpose of the plan. The aim is to anticipate and remove in advance all sources of possible irritation. With this in view a special officer, known as

the President's Industrial Representative, is added to the personnel of the staff as a further link between the President of the corporation and every workman in his employ. This officer's duty is to respond promptly to requests from employees' representatives for his presence at any of the camps, to visit all of them as often as possible, to familiarize himself with conditions, and generally to look after the well-being of the workers.

It is a fundamental feature of the plan, as stated in the document itself, that 'every employee shall have the right of ultimate appeal to the president of the company concerning any condition or treatment to which he may be subjected and which he may deem unfair.' For the adjustment of all disputes, therefore, the plan provides carefully balanced machinery. If any miner has a grievance, he may himself, or preferably through one of the elected representatives in his camp, seek satisfaction from the foreman or mine superintendent. If those officials do not adjust the matter, appeal may be had to the president's industrial representative. Failing there, the employee may appeal to the division superintendent, assistant manager, manager, or general manager, or the president of the company, in consecutive order. Yet another alternative is that, after having made the initial complaint to the foreman or mine superintendent, the workman may appeal directly to the joint committee on industrial coöperation and conciliation in his district, which, itself failing to agree, may select one or three umpires whose decision shall be binding upon both parties to the dispute. If all these methods of mediation fail the employee may appeal to the Colorado State Industrial Commission, which is empowered by law to investigate industrial disputes and publish its findings.

So as adequately to protect the independence and freedom of the men's representatives, the Constitution provides that in case any one of them should be discharged or disciplined, or should allege discrimination, he may resort to the various methods of appeal open to the other employees, or he may appeal directly to the Colorado State Industrial Commission, with whose findings in any such case the company agrees to comply.

The company is to pay all expenses incident to the administration of the plan, and to reimburse the miners' representatives for loss of time from their work in the mines.

VII

Such in outline is this Industrial Constitution. Some have spoken of it as establishing a Republic of Labor. Certain it is that the plan gives every employee opportunity to voice his complaints and aspirations, and it neglects no occasion to bring the men and the managers together to talk over their common interests.

Much unrest among employees is due to the nursing of real or fancied grievances arising out of the daily relations between the workmen and the petty boss. Such grievances should receive attention at once, and this plan provides that they shall. Just as in the case of bodily wounds, so with industrial wounds, it is of prime importance to establish a method of prompt disinfection, lest the germs of distrust and hatred have opportunity to multiply.

This plan is not hostile to labor organizations; there is nothing in it, either expressed or implied, which can rightly be so construed; neither membership in a union nor independence of a union will bring a man either preference or reproach, so far as the attitude of the company is con-

cerned. The fact is that the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company constitution does not restrict in any way the right of the employees to regulate their own lives, nor does it abridge their right to join any organization they please. At the same time it does insure the men fair treatment and an opportunity to make their voice heard in determining the conditions under which they shall work and live.

The plan does not deny to the representatives the right to act in concert; it does not deny to the men the right to employ counselors or advisers to assist them in formulating their views as to any situation. Indeed, the door is left wide open for the natural exercise of any right or privilege to which the men are entitled.

There is nothing in the plan to prevent the men holding open or secret meetings as often as they like, either in the separate camps, the districts, or as representing the whole industry. Such meetings are not specifically provided for because all those who are connected with the corporations are considered to be partners in the enterprise, and their interests common interests.

The plan provides a channel through which not only may the men confer with the management, but through which also the officers may lay their purposes, problems, and difficulties before the employees. It provides a medium of adjustment, as between employer and employees, of the problems which constantly arise in the conduct of business, while in regard to the relations of both it recognizes that the voice of public opinion is entitled to be heard. The acts of bodies of men in their relations with other men should always be illuminated by publicity, for when the people see clearly what the facts are, they will, in the long run, encourage what is good and condemn what is selfish.

Some may think that the form which

the organization of labor takes must necessarily be originated and developed by labor. If, however, a workable co-operation between managers and men is actually developed, which is satisfactory to both, is its authorship of consequence, provided only its provisions are adequate and just and it proves to be an effective instrument through which real democracy may have free play?

The Colorado plan has been devised for the employees of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, and without reference to the employees, or organizations of employees, in other companies. Some people will maintain that the men's interests cannot be adequately protected or their rights at all times enforced without the support of their fellows in similar industries. This may be true where Labor and Capital do not generally recognize that their interests are one. But when men and managers grasp that vital point, as I believe this plan will help them to do, and are really awake to the fact that when either takes an unfair advantage of the other the ultimate interests of both are bound to suffer, they will have an incentive to fair dealing, of the most compelling kind.

It is clear that a plan of this kind must not overlook the interests of the stockholders, for no plan which disregards their rights can be permanently successful. The interests of Capital can no more be neglected than those of Labor. At the same time I feel that a prime consideration in the carrying on of industry should be the well-being of the men and women engaged in it, and that the soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of the employees as well as the making of profits, and which, when the necessity arises, subordinates profits to welfare. In order to live, the wage-earn-

er must sell his labor from day to day. Unless he can do this, the earnings of that day's labor are gone forever. Capital can defer its returns temporarily in the expectation of future profits, but Labor cannot. If, therefore, fair wages and reasonable living conditions cannot otherwise be provided, dividends must be deferred or the industry abandoned. On the other hand, a business, to be successful, must not only provide to Labor remunerative employment under proper working conditions, but it must also render useful service to the community and earn a fair return on the money invested. The adoption of any policy toward Labor, however favorable it may seem, which results in the bankruptcy of the corporation and the discontinuance of its work, is as injurious to Labor which is thrown out of employment, as it is to the public, which loses the services of the enterprise, and to the stockholders whose capital is impaired.

This plan is not a panacea; it is necessarily far from perfect, and yet I believe it to be a step in the right direction. Carefully as it has been worked out, experience will undoubtedly develop ways of improving it. While the plan provides elaborate machinery which of itself ought to make impossible many abuses and introduce much that is constructively helpful, too strong emphasis cannot be put upon the fact that its success or failure will be largely determined by the spirit in which it is carried out.

The problem of the equitable division of the fruits of industry will always be with us. The nature of the problem changes and will continue to change with the development of transportation, of invention, and the organization of commerce. The ultimate test of the rightness of any particular method of division must be the extent

to which it stimulates initiative, encourages the further production of wealth, and promotes the spiritual development of men. The Colorado plan is of possible value in that state, and may prove useful elsewhere, because it seeks to serve continually as a means of adjusting the daily difficulties incident to the industrial relationship. It brings men and managers together, it

facilitates the study of their common problems, and it should promote an understanding of their mutual interests. Assuming, as we must, the fundamental fairness of men's purposes, we have here possibly a medium through which the always changing conditions of industry may be from time to time more closely adapted to the needs, the desires, and the aspirations of men.

BEFORE THE SNOW

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now soon, ah, very soon, I know
The trumpets of the North will blow,
And the great winds will come to bring
The pale wild riders of the snow.

Darkening the sun with level flight,
At arrowy speed, they will alight,
Unnumbered as the desert sands,
To bivouac on the edge of night.

Then I within their sombre ring,
Shall hear a voice that seems to sing,
Deep, deep within my tranquil heart,
The valiant prophecy of spring.

CARNATIONS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

[*Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt*]

I

RUPERT WILSON came into the studio where his wife, who had been out sketching all the morning, was washing her paint-brushes, carefully turning and rubbing them in a pot of turpentine. She wore her painting apron, for Marian in the midst of her artistic avocations was always neat and spotless; and, half turned from him as she was, she did not look round as he entered. Rupert carried his stick, a rustic, ashen stick of which he was very fond, and his Panama hat; he was going out and Marian probably knew that he was going out, and where; this made it more difficult to say in a sufficiently disengaged voice, 'I'm just going down to see Mrs. Dallas for a little while.'

'Oh! are you?' said Marian. She continued to stir her brushes, and though her wish, also, very evidently, was to appear disengaged and indifferent, she was not able to carry it out, for she added, as if irrepressibly, 'You need hardly have taken the trouble to come and tell me that.'

Rupert looked at her, and since she did not look at him, it was very intently, as if to measure to the full the difference between this Marian and the Marian he had known and believed in. It was hard to realize that his wife should show a trivial and unworthy jealousy and should strike him such a blow; for that it was a blow he knew from the heat in his cheek and the quickening of his pulse; but, as he looked at her, standing there turned from him, her

blue apron girt about her, her black hair bound so gracefully around her head, the realization uppermost in his mind was that Marian, since the second baby had come, had grown very stout and matronly. He seemed to see it to-day for the first time, as if his awareness of it came to emphasize his sudden consciousness of her spiritual deficiency.

When he had met and fallen so very deeply in love with Marian, she had been, if not slender, yet of a supple and shapely form, with just roundness and softness enough to contrast delightfully with her rather boyish head, her air, clear, fresh, frank, of efficiency and swiftness. He had, of course, found her a great deal more than clear and fresh and frank; but, entangled as he had been in that wretched love-affair with Aimée Pollard, — the pretty, untalented young actress who had so shamefully misused him, — torn to pieces and sunken in quagmires as he had been, these qualities in Marian had reached him first like a draught of cold spring water, like dawn over valley hills. These were the metaphors he had very soon used to her when she had applied her firm, kind hands to the disentangling of his knots and her merriness, steady mind to tracing out for him the path of honorable retreat. He had found her so wonderful and lovely and had fallen so much in love with her that his ardor, aided by her quiet fidelity, had overborne all the opposition of her people. Foolish, conventional people they were, — their opposition based, it appeared, on the fact, almost unimag-

inable to his generous young mind, that Marian happened to have money and that he had none, except what he might make by his books; and also, he supposed, on the fact, nearly as unimaginable, that a good many of these people were in the peerage. Marian, a year before he had met her, had broken away from the stereotyped routine of their country life and had come to London to study painting; and it was that Marian of the past who had seemed to share to the full all his idealisms. They had married within three months of their meeting.

From such a dawn, white, fresh, blissful, to this dull daylight; from such a Marian to this narrow-minded matron! Marian still had beauty. Her clear eyes were as blue, her wide, pale lips as sweet; but she was a matron. Her neck had grown shorter, her chin heavier; the girlish grace of glance and smile seemed muted, muffled by their setting; there was no longer any poetry in her physique. And as Rupert stood looking at her and seeing all this, his sense of grievance, though he was unaware of this factor in it, grew deeper.

A little while passed before he said, — and it was, he felt, with dignity, — ‘I really don’t know what you mean by that, Marian.’

She had now finished her brushes and had taken up her palette. She began to scrape the edges as she answered, — and her voice was not schooled, it was heavy with its irony and gloom, — ‘Don’t you? I’m sorry.’

‘I trust indeed that it does n’t mean that you are jealous of my friendship for Mrs. Dallas?’

‘Friendship? Oh, no; I am not jealous of any friendship.’

‘Of my affection, then; of my love, if you like,’ said Rupert. ‘You know perfectly well what I feel about all that — and I thought you felt it, too. It’s the very centre of my life, of my art; my

books turn on it. It’s the thing I have most of all to say to the world. Love is n’t a measured, limited thing; its nature is to grow and give. My love for Mrs. Dallas does n’t touch your and my relation; it enriches it rather.’

Marian scraped her palette and said nothing. He could see her cheek, the cheek that ran too massively into her neck. Marian’s skin was white and fine; a faint color now rose to it; a faint color was, in Marian, a deep blush.

To see her blush like that gave him an odd sensation. It was as if the blush were echoed in his heart; he felt it glow and melt softly, and there drifted through his mind a thought of Mrs. Dallas and of her magic.

Through the studio window, draped with its summer creepers, he could see the two perambulators moored in the shade of the lime tree on the lawn. The babies were having their afternoon sleep. He was very fond of his children; and to feel, now, mingling with the strange, yearning glow, this pause of contemplative fondness, was to feel himself justified anew and anew aggrieved. The glow of tenderness seemed to envelop the babies as well as Mrs. Dallas. And it shut out Marian.

What had she to complain of? Was he not a tender husband and a loving father? Could she suspect his love for Mrs. Dallas — it was she herself who had forced him to use that word — of grossness or vulgarity? It was as high and as pure as his love for her.

His love for Marian had evolved into the perambulators, and this recognition, flitting unseasonably, vexed him with a sense of slight confusion that made him feel more injured than before. It was true that, theoretically, he held views so advanced as to justify in true, self-dedicating passion all manifestations. Practice and theory in his young life had been far apart; but the thought of passion, in connection with Mrs. Dal-

las, had, as it were, been made visible by Marian's blush; and, slightly swinging his hat, slightly knotting his brows as he looked at the matronly Marian, he groped for some new formulation of his creed, since it was evident that however much he might love Marian it was no longer passion he felt for her. One must perhaps allow that passions could not be contemporaneous; but he had always combated this shackling view.

He stood there, gazing, trying to think it out, — a tall young man, well made yet slightly uncouth, with ruffled, heavy locks and large intent eyes. Something of the look of a not quite purely bred Saint Bernard puppy he had; confiding, young and foolish, with his knotted brow and nose a little over-long. And as he found himself unable to think it out and as Marian still stood silent, scraping, scraping away at the palette in an exasperating fashion, he said, — and now in an openly aggrieved voice, — 'I thought you liked her yourself; I thought you quite loved her. You seemed to.'

Now that he was losing his temper, Marian was regaining hers. Her voice had all the advantage of quiet intention as she answered, 'I did like her; I thought her very charming. I don't dislike her now. But I'm sorry to see a woman of her age behaving with so little dignity.'

'A woman of her age! Dignity!'

'She is at least forty-five.'

'I don't follow your meaning. Is a woman of forty-five cut off from human relationships?'

'From some, certainly; if she has any regard, as I say, for her dignity. And a woman in Mrs. Dallas's position ought to be particularly careful.'

'Mrs. Dallas's position!' She really reduced him to disgusted exclamations.

'You know, Rupert, that there are all sorts of stories about her. You know that Mrs. Trotter told us that her first

husband divorced her on account of Colonel Dallas. — Other stories, too.'

'Upon my word! You astonish me, Marian! You heard all these vile tales when we first came here, — from people, too, who, you'll observe, run to Mrs. Dallas's dinner-parties whenever they have the chance, — and you did n't seem to mind them much when you were going there almost every day — and taking every one you knew to see her. What about your Aunt Sophy — if you believed these stories? — An old dragon of conventionality like your Aunt Sophy! You took her again and again, and arranged that luncheon in London with her when you and Mrs. Dallas went up — so that they should have another chance really to make friends. I remember you used the expression, "really make friends." It's odd to hear you talking of stories at this late hour.'

'I only talk of them because Mrs. Dallas has made me remember them. I am quite as open-minded as you are about such things. I was just as ready to think well of her — even if they were true. Why do you call them vile? You would n't think it wrong for a woman to leave her husband if she did n't love him, and to go with a man she did love. If Mrs. Dallas did that, why is it vile to say so? — Aunt Sophy, as a matter of fact, said it was a different story. And she was charmed with Mrs. Dallas, just as I'd determined she should be, stories or no stories. I did all I could for her, because I counted myself her friend and thought it a shame that any one so charming should be handicapped in any way. But I did n't imagine that a friend would try to take my husband from me.' Marian spoke with severe and deliberate calm.

'I like that! I really do like that!' said Rupert, laughing bitterly. 'It's really funny to hear you talk as if Mrs. Dallas could owe you anything! I wish

she could hear you! I wish we could have her dispassionate opinion of that hideous old bore of an Aunt Sophy. It was obvious enough that she put up with her simply and solely through friendship for you. Do all you could for her! A woman who has hordes of friends — charming, finished, cosmopolitan people of the world! Why, my dear girl, it's she, let me tell you, who has given you more chances than you ever had in your life for meeting really interesting people! They're not the sort you'd be likely to meet at your Aunt Sophy's, certainly. They'd perish in her *milieu*!

'Mrs. Dallas does n't perish in it,' Marian coldly commented. 'On the contrary, I never saw her more alert. She did n't seem to find Aunt Sophy in the least a bore. She was very much pleased indeed to lunch there and she has looked her up every time she's gone to London since; moreover, she's going to stay with her at Crofts this autumn. It does n't look like boredom.'

'I wish her joy of Crofts! She's a complete woman of the world, of course, and she knows how to put up with all sorts and conditions of bores. She's taken on Lady Sophy because she's your friend. It's pitiful — it's unbelievable to see her so misjudged! — Take me from you! I've never gone there but she's asked me why you did n't come. She still sends you flowers pretty well every day. Those are hers, I see. I'm glad that you've deigned to put them in water.'

The tall sheaf of carnations, white and yellow, that stood in a jug on a shelf of the studio must, evidently, have come from Mrs. Dallas's garden. No other person grew such carnations. The garden at Ashleigh Lodge, this pleasant country house that they had taken for the six summer months, was not its strong point, and Mrs. Dallas had kept them reinforced from her

abundance. Rupert associated the carnations, their soft and glowing colors, their formal grace and spicy sweetness, with the whole growth of his devotion to Mrs. Dallas. He fixed his indignant eyes on them now.

'Of course I put them into water. I am going to arrange them and take them into the drawing-room presently,' said Marian with her hateful calm. 'But they give me no more pleasure. Nor does she. She is like them. They are heartless flowers and she is a heartless woman. I see quite plainly now what I did n't see before. She's that type, — the smiling, calculating siren. She lives for admiration; she's herself only when she has some one at her feet, and she's seen to it that you should be, — though I'm bound to say that you have n't made it difficult for her. It fits in with all the stories.'

Rupert, at this, turned away and went out. He thrust his hat firmly down on his fair locks and swung his stick as he strode by the little footpath through the woods. Bitter disappointment with Marian surged in him, and hot anger, but above all an atoning tenderness that seemed almost to break his heart in its longing to protect and justify the woman so traduced by her. His head throbbed and drummed as he went. To have it come to this! To have such hands laid on it — their love! their silent, hidden love! That Mrs. Dallas returned his love he seemed to see, with many other things, clearly, rapturously, if with trembling, for the first time to-day. He saw it with Marian's unworthiness; Marian's unworthiness had shown it to him; and now, exulting, he claimed it. She loved him, veiling the depth in her vagueness, her aloofness, her indulgent irony. His mind retraced, with yearning gratitude, the steps of their relationship. No one had ever been to him what she was. How she had helped and lifted him!

How juvenile and indiscriminating in their happy acceptances were Marian's appreciations of his work beside Mrs. Dallas's half-idle comments. He had read through to her, in manuscript, all his last novel; and Marian had not seen it yet. He had not wanted to read it to Marian; and she, besides, had been very busy with her painting.

Mrs. Dallas had listened to the novel almost every day, sitting in the shade of her veranda, in her white dress, with her hands that, unless she were gardening, seemed always exquisitely idle, yet that in their idleness seemed to dream and smile. He could see the white skin, the delicate finger-tips, the pearls and rubies slipping down, and his heart contracted with a pang and ecstasy as he saw himself holding it, kissing it. He must kiss it, to-day, and he must tell her. For she needed him; he was sure of it. She needed him terribly. If she lifted him, yet how much, too, he could lift her, out of the lethargic shallows and sullen quagmires of her life.

She could not be happy with her husband. He felt himself shut his eyes before the retrospect of what the disenchantments and disasters must be that lay behind her. If she had taken great risks, with that heart of highest courage he divined in her, if she had faced great sacrifices for her present husband, what wonder that her loveliness was now clouded by that irony and languor? She was not kind to Colonel Dallas; he could not hide from himself that she was not kind to him; but, as he owned it, he yearned over her with a deeper comprehension of tenderness, feeling his rights the greater. How could she be kind to the selfish, complaining, elegant old man? — for to Rupert, Colonel Dallas's fifty-five years seemed old. She never said anything actually sharp or disagreeable to him — even when he was at his most fretful and tiresome; but when he was least

so she was not any the kinder, and by her glances, by the inflections of her cool and indolent voice in answering him, she displayed to the full, to others and to himself, did he take the pains to see it, how dull and how tiresome she found him. No; she was like a tired, naughty child in this; and seeing her as a child, with a child's faults — and did it not prove how unblinded his love must be that he should see it? — he felt himself fold her to his heart in a tenderness more than a lover's; a paternal passion was in it; he had known that it must be in true love; he had said so in one of his books. How his books would grow from his knowledge of her!

II

He had now passed through the woods and crossed the road and entered the footpath that ran down to Woodlands, the small house encircled by birch and fir woods where, for now some four or five years, the Dallases had pitched their errant tents. One could reach it, also, by the road; but Rupert always took this short cut that brought him out at a little gate opening on the upper lawn. There was an upper and a lower lawn at Woodlands; on the upper Colonel Dallas had a putting-green; the lower was a tiny square surrounded by Mrs. Dallas's beds of carnations. Rupert, when he emerged upon the putting-green, could look down past the red-tiled roofs and the white rough-cast walls of the house at the carnations, massed in their appointed colors — from deep to palest rose, from fawn and citron to snowy white — among flagged paths.

Mrs. Dallas had told him, in one of her infrequent moments of communicativeness, that during years of wandering as a soldier's wife — her first husband, also, had been a soldier — she had come to be known as the woman

who could make things grow anywhere. She had grown flowers in sands and marshes. She had snatched it might be but the one season of fulfillment from the most temporary of sojournings — in China, in India, in Africa. Sometimes only bulbs would grow; sometimes only roses; but what she tried for, always, and had never attained in more perfection than at Woodlands, was carnations. They were her favorite flower, and they atoned to her here, she said, for living in a house that made her always think of an ornamental bottle of some popular dentifrice, so red and white, so fresh and spick and span, and with such a well-advertised air, was Woodlands. Her carnations were the only things of which he had ever heard her speak with feeling. Rupert, as he looked down at them from the upper lawn and descended the stone steps, felt his heart beating violently.

A veranda ran along the front of Woodlands, and Mrs. Dallas was sitting on it, just outside her drawing-room windows. The shaded depths of the room behind her glimmered here and there with the half-drowned brightness of crystal, porcelain, lacquer, — the things, none very good but all rather charming, that she had picked up for a song in the course of her wanderings; and she sat there, rather like a siren indeed, at the mouth of her cavern, its treasures seeming to shine in the translucent darkness behind her as if through water. Rupert, remembering and accepting the simile, saw her as a siren, a creature of poetry and romance, though he recognized that her poetry, like her romance, was hidden from the ordinary observer. Even to his eyes she always appeared first and foremost as a woman of extreme fashion, and his other perceptions of her were tinged with the half-tormenting, half-delicious pungency of this one, for Rupert had known till now no women of fashion. He had

passed his youth, until going to Oxford, in a provincial town, where his father, an admirable and sagacious man, was a hard-worked doctor; and his only glimpses of society had been in his encounters, always displeasing to him, with Marian's tiresome and conventional kinsfolk and the few haphazard contacts in London that came in the way of a young writer. Mrs. Dallas might embody poetry and romance, but she also embodied luxury and the exercised and competent economy that made it possible. She might have to live in small, gimcrack Woodlands and do without a motor; but she had her maid. The slices of bacon at breakfast were carefully computed; but the coffee was of the best and blackest.

To-day, as always when he had seen her, she seemed ready for any possible social emergency. She could have stepped from her veranda, with those wonderfully cut little white shoes, into the smartest of garden-parties, or have received in her shimmering cavern the unexpected visit of a royal personage; and her soft white linen with its heavy Italian embroideries clotted, like thick cream, about the hem and wrists and breast, would have been as exquisitely appropriate as it was to this empty afternoon of reverie.

She was a small, very shapely woman, soft and curved and compact. Her coiffure would have looked old-fashioned in its artifice and elegance, and with its 'royal fringe,' were it not for its air of a rightness as unquestionable as that of some foreign princess's, who kept and did not follow fashions. Mrs. Dallas's face, too, was small, and colorless and slightly faded; her hair was of a lighter brown than her arched eyebrows and her melancholy and dissatisfied eyes; her eyelids, tinged with a dusky mauve, drooped heavily and made her always look a little sleepy; the smiling line of her broad yet minute

mouth was ironic rather than mirthful. To have called it a bewitching or an alluring face would have been to imply a mobility it did not possess; but it was potent through its very passivity; it was provocative through its profound and slumbrous indifference.

There was certainly no hint of allurements in the glance she turned on Rupert Wilson as he came round the corner of the veranda; it was, indeed, even to his rapt preoccupation, a little harder in its quiet attentiveness than usual; yet she smiled at him, and her smile was always sweet, holding out a languid hand in silence and leaving it to him to say, 'You expected me.'

It was hardly a question, and Mrs. Dallas gave it no answer. He had, indeed, come to see her every day for many weeks now. But yesterday had finished the novel, and to-day was almost the first they had had without some definite programme of reading.

Rupert sat down on the steps of the veranda at her feet and took off his hat and looked out across the carnations; and since she said nothing, he, too, was silent, and to his trembling young heart the silence was full of new avowals.

Colonel Dallas's smoking-room also opened on the veranda, and as they sat there he came out. He was a tall, heavy man, with large pale cheeks drooping on either side of a white moustache, and a gloomy eye that could become fretful. He cast now a glance that was only gloomy at his wife and her companion.

'Beastly hot day,' he said, to her rather than to Rupert. 'It's worse in the house than out, I think.'

'Are you going over to the Trotters' for tea and croquet?' his wife inquired.

'To the Trotters'? Why should I go to the Trotters'?

'They asked you, and you accepted.'

'Well, I certainly don't feel inclined to endure that broiling walk for the

sake of *les beaux yeux* of Madame Trotter *et filles*. It's a dull neighborhood, this, but the Trotters are, perhaps, when all's done and told, the dullest people in it.'

'You've always seemed to get on particularly well with them, I've thought,' said Mrs. Dallas, in the voice that when it seemed considerate could contrive to be most disparaging. 'It's a pity not to go. You need a walk. You can't afford Carlsbad this year, you know.'

'I need hardly be reminded of that,' said Colonel Dallas, and now it was fretfully. 'To run the risk of apoplexy on the road and to drink the Trotters' foul Indian tea is hardly an equivalent. No; I shall practice some putting shots, and perhaps, if it gets cooler toward evening, I'll go over to the links. The Trotters can manage without me. — What time do the Varleys arrive?'

'At seven-thirty. There's no other train they could arrive by, as far as I'm aware.'

The colonel looked at his watch, drew his hat down over his eyes, and went slowly away around the corner of the house.

His wife's eyes did not follow him, nor, it was evident, her thoughts.

'It has been rather oppressive, has n't it?' said Rupert, glancing up at her. 'You have n't been feeling it too much, I hope.'

'Not at all. I like it. I think it's only people who don't know how to be quiet who mind the heat,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'This is the one time of the year that one can sit out of doors in a thin dress, and I am very grateful for it.' Even about small things Mrs. Dallas always seemed to have her mind quite made up. Her likes and dislikes, for all the inertness of her demeanor, were clear and unshifting. She sometimes made Rupert feel himself amorphous, vague, uncertain; and this feeling, though

blissful, had yet its sting of sadness and anxiety.

'Well, some people are n't able to be quiet, are they?' he observed. 'On a day like this I always think of people in factories, — great, roaring, clanking places with the sun gnawing at their iron roofs, — and the pale, moist faces, the monotonously rapid hands.'

'Do you?' said Mrs. Dallas. She often said that, in that tone, when he gave expression to some enthusiasm or sympathy. She did not make him feel snubbed, but always, when she said, 'Do you?' she made him feel young again, a little bewildered and a little sad. He imagined, to explain it in her, that people's thoughts did not interest her, her woman's intuition probing below their thoughts to their personalities. It was he, himself, with his heart full of devotion, that interested Mrs. Dallas. Yet it was not of him that she next spoke. 'How is Marian?' she asked. 'Is she painting to-day?'

He was aware that his face altered and that his color rose. He had to steady something, in his glance and in his voice, the pressure of his new consciousness was so great, as he answered, 'Yes, she's been painting all the morning.'

'I have n't seen her for some days now,' Mrs. Dallas remarked.

'No.' The longing in him to confide in her, to pour out his grief and his devotion, was so strong that for the moment he could find only the one negative.

'I quite miss Marian,' Mrs. Dallas added.

He looked down at the little foot placed on a cushion beside him, and he said, 'You've always been so kind, so charming to Marian.' He remembered Marian's words with a deepened wrath and tenderness.

'Have I? I'm glad you think so. It's been very easy,' said Mrs. Dallas.

A silence fell.

'May I talk to you?' Rupert jerked out suddenly. 'May I tell you things I've been feeling? I have been feeling so much — about you — about myself. — I long to tell you.'

'By all means tell me,' said Mrs. Dallas with great placidity; and one could see that she had often made the same sort of reply to the same sort of appeal.

'You know what you have been to me,' said Rupert, turning on the step so that he could look up at her. 'You know how it's all grown — beautifully, inevitably. No one has ever been to me what you are.'

Mrs. Dallas's sleepy eyes rested on him, and her delicate nostrils, slightly dilating, might have been, though without excitement, inhaling a familiar incense.

'I do love you so much,' said Rupert in a trembling voice, gazing at her; 'I do love you. You understand what I mean. You know me now and you could n't misunderstand. I want to serve you. I want to help you. I want you to lean on me and trust me — to let me be everything to you that I can.' And as he spoke he stretched out his hand and laid it on her hands folded in her lap.

Mrs. Dallas let it lie there, and she looked back at him, not moved, apparently, but a little grave. 'No, I don't think I misunderstand your feeling,' she said after a moment. 'Of course I've seen it plainly.'

'Yes, yes, I knew you did. — And that you accepted it, — dearest — loveliest — best.' He had drawn her hand to him now and he pressed his lips upon it. And as he kissed Mrs. Dallas's hand, as that imagined happiness was consummated, he felt his mind cloud suddenly, as if in a cloud of fragrance, and, thought sinking away from him, he knew only an aching

sweetness, the white, warm hand against his lips, the darkness of the glimmering room near by, and the scent of the carnations, exhaling their spices in the hot sunshine. Closing his eyes, he breathed quickly. And above him, a little paler, Mrs. Dallas, for a moment, as if with the conscious acceptance of a familiar ritual, also closed her eyes and breathed in, with the scent of her carnations, the immortal fragrance of the youth and passion that, to her, could soon no longer come. 'Dear boy!' she murmured.

They heard the step of Colonel Dallas descending from the upper lawn. Rupert drew back sharply; Mrs. Dallas softly replaced her hand upon the other in her lap. Her husband appeared, and he looked very fretful.

'The sun is quite tropical. It's impossible to play in it. We don't get a breath of air down in this hole.' He took out his watch — Colonel Dallas was always taking out his watch. 'What time is tea?' he asked.

'At five o'clock, as usual, I suppose,' said his wife.

'It's only just past four,' said the colonel, with the bitterly resigned air of one who loses a wager he had hardly hoped to win. 'I shall go to the Trotters'. It's better than being baked in this oven. Their lawn is shaded at all events.' He spoke as if there had been some attempt to dissuade him from the alleviations of the Trotters' lawn.

'I don't know why you did n't go half an hour ago,' said his wife. 'You've so often discovered that the sun is tropical on the upper lawn at this hour.' And as the colonel moved off she added, 'Just tell them that I'll have lemon-squash instead of tea, will you.'

It was a rather absurd little interlude; yet it had its point, its appropriateness; it fitted in with those thoughts of succor, and Rupert tried, now, to recover them, saying, after the gate had

closed upon the colonel and keeping still at his little distance, 'Are you very unhappy?'

How he was to help Mrs. Dallas except by loving her and coming to see her every day and being allowed to kiss and hold her hand he did not clearly know, but it seemed the moment for returning to those offers of service. He did not attempt to regain her hand. Mingling with the rapture, when the kiss and the scent of the carnations had blurred his mind, there was also a sense of fear. He was different and more than he had known, and his love different, and more.

'Very unhappy? Not more than most people, I suppose. Why?' Mrs. Dallas asked. Her tone was changed. Her moment of diffusion, of languor and acceptance, was gone by.

'Why?' Rupert felt the change and the question hurt him. 'When that's your life? — This?'

'By that, do you mean my husband?' Mrs. Dallas inquired kindly. 'He's not my life. As for this — if you mean my situation and occupation — having love made to me by a pleasant young man while I smell carnations, I can assure you that there's nothing I enjoy much more.'

She did more than hurt him now; she astonished him. 'Don't!' he breathed. It was as if something beautiful were being taken from him. Instinctively he stretched out his hand for hers and again she gave it; but now she looked clearly at him, a touch of malice in her smile, though her smile was always sweet.

'Don't what?'

'Don't pretend to be hard — flip-pant. Don't hide from me. Give yourself to the real beauty that we have found.'

'I have just said that I enjoy it.'

'Enjoy is not the word,' said Rupert, in a low voice, looking down at

the hand in his. 'It's an initiation. A dedication.'

'A dedication? To what?' Mrs. Dallas asked, and even more kindly; yet her kindness made her more removed.

Her words seemed to strike with soft yet bruising blows upon his heart. 'To life. To love,' he answered.

'And what about Marian?' Mrs. Dallas inquired. And now, still gently, she withdrew her hand and leaned her cheek on it as, her elbow on the cushions of her chair, she bent her indolent but attentive gaze upon him. 'I should have thought that dedication lay in that direction.'

His forehead was hot and his eyes, hurt, bewildered, indignant, challenged hers yet supplicated, too. 'Please don't let me think that I'm to hear mean conventionalities from you—as I have from Marian. You know,' he said, and his voice slightly shook, 'that dedication is n't a limiting, limited thing. You've read my books and cared for them, and understood them, — better, you made me feel, than I did myself, — so that you must n't pretend to forget. Love does n't shut out. It widens.'

'Does it?' said Mrs. Dallas. 'And what,' she added, 'were the mean conventionalities you heard from Marian? I've been wondering about Marian.'

'She is jealous,' said Rupert shortly, looking away. 'I could hardly believe it, but she made it too plain. It seemed to take the foundation-stones of our life away to hear her. It made all our past, all the things I believed we shared, seem illusory. It made me feel that the Marian I'd loved and trusted was a stranger.'

Mrs. Dallas contemplated his averted face, and as she heard him her glance altered. It withdrew itself; it veiled itself; it became at once less kind and more indolent. 'And you really don't think Marian has anything to complain of?' she inquired presently.

'No, I do not,' said Rupert. 'Nothing is taken from her.'

'Is n't it? And if I became your mistress, would you still think she had nothing to complain of?' Mrs. Dallas asked the question in a tone of detached and impartial inquiry.

How far apart in the young man's experience were theory and practice was manifested by the hot blush that sprang to his brow, the quick stare in which an acute eye might have read an ingenuous and provincial dismay. 'My mistress?' he stammered. 'You know that such a thought never entered my head.'

'Has n't it? Why not?'

'You know I only asked to serve — to help — to care for you.'

'You would think it wrong, then, to be unfaithful, technically, to your wife?'

'Wrong?' His brow showed the Saint-Bernard-puppy knot of perplexity. 'It's not a question of wrong. Wrongness lies only in the sort of love. Real love is sacred in all its expressions of itself; my ideal of love, just because it includes that one, can do without it.'

'But, on your theory, why should it do without it?' Mrs. Dallas, all mildness, inquired.

His mind was driven back to those questionings in the studio, when he had thought of the incongruous yet allied themes of passion and perambulators, and groped again, angrily, in the same obscurity. 'It's — it's — a matter of convenience,' he found, frowning; 'it — it would n't work in with other beautiful things. It would n't be convenient.'

'I'm glad to hear you give such a reasonable objection,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'There could hardly be a better one. It would n't be at all convenient. Though, I gather, if it could be made convenient, you still think that Marian would have nothing to complain of.'

'I don't know why you are trying to pin me down like this.' Rupert, stooping, gathered some flakes of stone from the path and scattered them with a sharp gesture that expressed his exasperation. 'You know what I believe. Love is free, free as air and sunshine. How can one stop one's self from loving? Why should one? And if our love, yours and mine, could mean that complete relation, then, yes, the ideal thing, the really ideal thing, would be for Marian to feel it right and beautiful and to be glad that there should be two perfected and completed relations instead of one. As it is, that inclusive vision is n't asked of her.'

'She's not, in fact, to be asked to be a Mormon,' Mrs. Dallas remarked. 'All that she has to put up with is that her husband should be in love, platonically, with another woman, and should have ceased to be in love with her. It's hard, you know, when some one has been in love with you, to give it up.'

'But I have not ceased to love Marian!' Rupert cried. 'Why should you suppose it? My love for you does n't shut out my love for her. It's a vulgar old remnant of sexual savagery to think it does. A mother does n't love one child the less for loving another. Why can't people purify and widen their minds by looking at the truth? — That jeer about Mormons is unworthy of you. Marriage is a prison unless husband and wife are both free to go on giving and growing. What does love mean but growth?'

Mrs. Dallas's eyes had drifted away to her beds of carnations and they now rested on them for a little while. Rupert took up his hat and fanned himself. He was hot, and very miserable.

'It always strikes me, when I hear talk like yours,' said Mrs. Dallas presently, 'that it is so much less generous and noble than it imagines itself to be. It's the man, only, who frames the new

code and the man only who is to enlarge himself and run two or three loves abreast.'

'Not at all. Marian is precisely as free as I am to love somebody else as well as me.'

'As free? Oh no,' said Mrs. Dallas, laughing softly. 'Theoretically, perhaps, but not actually. Nature has seen to that. When women have babies and lose their figures it's most unlikely that they'll ever be given an opportunity to exercise their freedom. That fact in itself should make you reconsider your ideas about love. Own frankly that they apply only to men and don't pretend to generosity. The only free women are the *femmes galantes*; and you'll observe that they are seldom burdened with a nursery, and that they never grow fat.'

She touched, with an accuracy malignant in its clairvoyance, the memory of his sub-conscious awareness about Marian's physical alteration. Something in him shrank away from her in fear and indignation. She was trying to make him see things from a false and petty standpoint, the standpoint of a woman of the world, a mere woman of the world—that world of shameful tolerances and cruel stupidities. 'I don't know anything about *femmes galantes*,' he said, 'nor do I wish to. You misunderstand me if you think that by love I mean sensuality.'

With slightly lifted brows she looked out at the carnations; and had she been angry with him he could have felt less angry with her. He was, indeed, very angry with her when she remarked, tranquilly, 'I don't think you know what you mean by love.'

'I mean by love what Shelley meant by it,' Rupert declared.

'True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding that grows bright
Gazing on many truths.'

'I mean what all the true, great hearts of the world have meant by it, — poetry, rapture, religion; and they can only be sustained, renewed, created by emotion, by passion, by sexual passion — if you like to call it by a name you imagine to be derogatory.' He felt himself warmed and sustained against the menace that emanated from her by the sound of his own familiar eloquence.

But Mrs. Dallas still tranquilly contemplated the carnations.

'That's the man's point of view. The view of the artist, the creator. Perhaps there's truth in it. Perhaps he can't write his poems and paint his pictures without taking intoxicants. But it will never be the view of the woman. Mary Shelley will never really like it when Shelley makes love to Jane Clairmont; Marian will never like it when you make love to me. They'll try to believe it's the ideal, to please him, when they are the ones he is in love with; but when he is in love with other women they won't go on believing it.'

'That is their fault, their littleness, then. The wide, glorious outlook is theirs, too, if they choose to open their eyes. I don't accept your antithesis for women, — humdrum respectability, roast mutton, milk pudding, or dissipation. I don't believe that when a woman marries and becomes a mother she must turn her back on love.'

Mrs. Dallas at this began to laugh, unkindly. 'Turn her back on love? No indeed. Why should she? Can't she love her friends and her father and mother and sisters and brothers, as well as her husband and children? You idealists seem always to forget these means of expansion. By love you mean simply and solely the intoxicant. Call it poetry and religion, if you like, but don't expect other people, who merely see that you are intoxicated, to call it that.'

He sat, trying to think. Idly, half

absently, with languid fingers, she seemed to be breaking his idols as though they had been silly little earthenware figures, not good enough — here was the stab, the bewilderment — for her drawing-room. And who was she to do it, this remote, mysterious creature, steeped in the perfume of her passionate past? He felt as he gazed at her that it was not only himself he must defend against her.

'It's curious to me to hear you talk in this way.' He armed himself, as he spoke, with all that he could muster of wisdom and of weight. 'You are the last woman I'd have expected to hear it from. You've made me your friend, so that I'd have a right to be frank, even if you had n't let me love you. What right have you to turn your back on all the beauty and romance of life — to smile and mock them? *You* have n't allowed yourself to be bandaged and crippled by convention, I'm sure of it. You have followed your heart — bravely, truly — out into life. You have loved — and loved — and loved, — I know it. It breathes from you. It's all you've lived for.'

'And you think the result so satisfactory?' said Mrs. Dallas. She looked at him now, and if it was with irony it was with sadness. She turned from her question. 'Well, if you like, I am one of the *femmes galantes*; they are of many types, you know; I was n't thinking, when I shocked you so, of the obvious, gross type. I was thinking of the woman who corresponds to you — the idealist, the spiritual *femme galante*. And, I'm convinced of it, for a woman, it does n't work. A man, if he is a big man, or has a big life, — it is n't always the same thing, by the way, — may have his succession of passions, or, as you'd claim, — and I don't believe it, — his contemporaneities; he has a context to frame them in; they may fall into place. But a woman's life can't be calculated

in those terms of dimension. It is big enough for the emotion that leads to marriage and to the loves that grow from that, the loves you think so little of. It is an emotion that can't be repeated over and over again simply because, in a normal life, it has grown into something else, something even better, I should say: a form of poetry and rapture and religion quite compatible with roast mutton and respectability. But the women who miss the normal life and who try to live on the emotions, they — well, I can only say that to my mind they always come to look silly. Silly is the only word for them.'

He stared at her. 'You don't look silly.'

'Why should I?' Mrs. Dallas asked. 'I'm not of the idealist type. I don't confuse intoxication with religion and think I have the one when I've only the other. I may have missed the real thing, but I've not repeated the emotion that ought to lead to it. You are quite mistaken in imagining that I've loved and loved and loved. I have n't. I have allowed other people to love me. That, as you'll own, is a very different matter. I am hard and cold and disillusioned. I am not soft and yearning and frustrated. Why should I look silly?'

He stared at her, and his heart was flooded with pain. What was she, then? What was her feeling for him? What had she meant? As she spoke and as he looked at her, the veil of romance dissolved from about her and he saw her for the first time with her own eyes, — devoid of poetry, a hard, cold, faded, worldly woman. Yet she was still a Sphinx, strange and alluring, and still he struggled against her, for her, saying hotly, though his heart was chilled, 'If it's true, you've hurt yourself — you've hurt yourself horribly, through fear of looking silly.'

'No, I've not hurt myself,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'I've been hurt, perhaps; but I've not allowed my hurts to repeat themselves too often. Some things in life should be unique and final. The people who don't keep them so become shoddy. Marian, for instance, is neither hard nor cold, nor shoddy, either. You have made one of the mistakes that idealists are always making in imagining that she was humdrum respectability and that I was poetry and rapture and religion. — Oh, it's no good protesting. If I had a double chin and thin hair you'd never have wanted to help my soul, however unhappy I was. And if Marian had sat about in carefully chosen clothes and looked mysterious and not let you feel sure that she cared about you, you would probably have remained in love with her. So, please own that you have been mistaken and that on the one side is love, the love that Marian feels for you, although she knows you; because she knows you; and on the other is illusion, intoxication; sensuality, yes, my dear Rupert, such as you felt when I let you kiss my hand a little while ago.'

He sat, sullen, even sulky, half turned from her, and again he stooped and gathered up the flakes of stone and tossed them away down the path.

The clink and chink of ice and glass was heard approaching through the drawing-room, and the maid stepped out bearing the tray, which she set down on a wicker table before her mistress. The tall crystal jug, veiled in frosty rime, showed tones of jade and chalcedony, and fillets of lemon peel threaded it like pale, bright enamel. This gem-like beaker, the plate of golden cakes, with the scent of the carnations, with Mrs. Dallas's little foot on its cushion, with her rings of pearl and ruby, had all been part of the magic she had meant to him. The very sound of the ice, dully yet resonantly chink-

ing, brought a suffocating sense of nostalgia. It was over, all over. He was disenchanted. She was cruel to him, to him who had loved her. She had cut into him and killed bright, ingenuous, trustful things. And, in a placid voice, she asked him if he would have some cake, and filled his glass.

He took it from her and drank it off in silence. The icy, aromatic liquid seemed an antidote to that other intoxicant she had mocked. Irony flowed through his veins; a bitter-sweet sense of vengeful maturity. When he set down the glass, he looked up at her, and he felt himself measuring his sword against the stiletto of an adversary.

'Well, I've had my lesson,' he said. 'I've been a generous but deluded idealist, it seems, in imagining that men and women are equals in their claims on life. Since I'm an artist, I have a right to my raptures, I take it. And poor Marian must be jealous with reason. Well, well; it's an odd morality to hear preached.'

Mrs. Dallas still sipped her lemonade and she quietly considered him. She said nothing, and even after she had finished and set down her glass she sat for still a little while in silence.

'I'm sorry I've seemed to preach,' she then remarked, 'but I certainly think that Marian has every right to be jealous. What more did I say? That a man is n't as ridiculous and undignified as a woman when he falls in and out of love-affairs on the condition that he has a big life? That was it, was n't it?'

'That was it, and I'm glad to have your assurance that you and I are in no danger of being ridiculous or undignified.'

'Do you mean,' said Mrs. Dallas, looking at him, 'that you think yours such a big life?'

It had been, before, his heart, its tenderness, its devotion and dedication that

she had cut into; it was into something deeper now, something more substantially and vitally at the centre of his life, something of which his heart and all its ardors were but tributaries. He was to learn that self-love could bleed with a fiercer, darker gush. The blood, as if foretelling his ordeal, sprang to his forehead as he looked back at her.

'I have my art,' he said, and he disdained any pretended humility; he spoke with pride and even with solemnity. 'I live for my art. I don't think that I am an insignificant man.'

'Don't you?' said Mrs. Dallas. It was with an unaffected curiosity that her eyes rested on him, and it sank into him, drop by drop, like poison. 'Not insignificant, perhaps,' she took up after a moment. 'That's not quite the word, perhaps. You are very intelligent and appreciative and good-hearted. I don't suppose one can be quite insignificant if one is that. But — do you call it art, your writing? I wonder. Oh, you are quite right to live for it, of course, just as other men do for stock-broking or fox-hunting or print-collecting, or anything else that employs their energies or satisfies their tastes or brings in money; but, to count as art, a man's activities must mean more than just his own satisfaction in them, must n't they? You write careful, intelligent, sentimental little books; but I can't feel that the world would be any the poorer if you were to take to stock-broking or fox-hunting instead. No, it does n't seem to me, my dear Rupert, that your life is nearly large enough for a succession of love-affairs. It's all right when one is young and looking for a mate; experiments are in order then; but you've found your mate, and you'll soon be not so very young, and if on the strength of your art you imagine yourself entitled to unseasonable intoxications, you'll become, in time, an emotional dram-drinker, one of

those foolish old inebriates we are all familiar with, and you'll spoil yourself for what you were meant to be and can be, — a devoted husband and an excellent *père de famille*.'

Stretched on his rack, broken, bleeding, Rupert stared at her. Who was this woman, this cruel, ambiguous woman who watched his agony with deliberating, drowsy eyes? There came into his mind the memory of a picture seen in childhood, some sentimental print that had strongly impressed his boyish sensibilities. A corner of a Roman amphitheatre, a rising tier of seats; sham architecture, sham Romans, no doubt, and a poor piece of claptrap looked back on from his maturity; but the face of the Roman woman, leaning so quietly forward under its gold tiara, to watch, unmoved, the tormented combatants below, was it not like this face? Yes, she was of that stony-hearted breed, unaltered by the centuries.

The torment of his humiliation snatched at anger for a veil. He said, smiling, 'You have been very successful till now in concealing your real opinion of me.'

'Have I concealed it?'

'My work certainly seemed to be of absorbing interest to you.'

'I listened to it; yes.'

'I did n't imagine you'd stoop to feign interest. I did n't imagine you'd take such pains to allure and flatter a commonplace young *père de famille*.'

'Did I take pains to allure and flatter him?'

'From the first! — From the very first! — That day we met! — My God!' Even now he could not help feeling himself, seeing himself as one of his own heroes; and, for a moment, he bent his head upon his hands — as they would have done had a calamity as unimaginable as this befallen them. 'That first day! — The apple-blossoms framing you! You stood under your white

parasol in our orchard — and you smiled at me!'

'I generally do at agreeable-looking young men when I see that they admire me,' Mrs. Dallas commented.

'Oh, don't pretend! — Don't hide and shift!' He lifted fierce eyes. 'It was n't only that. You seemed to care. You seemed to need me. You made it easy — inevitable. You came — and came; and you asked me here again and again.'

'Not "me," — "us,"' Mrs. Dallas amended suavely. She was looking at him, all this time, with that thoughtful, poisonous curiosity; and as he now sat, finding for the moment no words, his fury baffled by her quiet checkmating, she went on, 'And afterwards I let you come alone because I saw that you admired me, and that is always pleasant to me. And when, at first, as you say, I showed myself so affable, it was because I liked Marian. I do still like her; more than I ever liked you, my dear Rupert; if you are good-hearted and intelligent, she is more so, and she has more sense of humor than you have, and does n't take herself so seriously. And, to be quite frank, since we are talking it all out like this, I not only liked Marian, but saw that she could be of use to me. I've had, in some ways, a tiresome, tangled life, and things have n't always gone as I wanted them to go, so that I don't let opportunities for strengthening and straightening here and there pass me by. Through Marian I met several people I wanted to meet and make sure of. People useful to me. I think Marian quite understood and quite wanted to help. She would. She is of my world in a sense you are n't, you know, my dear Rupert. And, in my idle way, I did take a good deal of trouble to be agreeable to her. It all turned out exceedingly well and I was very grateful to Marian. That's one reason, you see, why I felt to-day that our little

flirtation was going too far and must be put a stop to. I don't want Marian to be jealous of me; it would be distinctly inconvenient. But there is more in it than that. I would n't have put myself to this bother and talked things out like this if it had n't been because of my liking for Marian. It makes me angry to see that you don't know how lucky you are to have such a wife. I want you to see how very lucky you are. I want you to see yourself as others see you, — a very unimportant young man, without position and without money, married to a quite unusually delightful girl who has both. This is n't the young man's fault, of course; one would n't like him the less for it; but one does expect him to be aware of his own felicity. One does expect him to feel that, at present, his wife is too good for him. I don't mean in the conventional sense; one would n't ask him to recognize that; but in the sense of worth and charm and distinction, for those are the things he supposes himself to care for.'

She had, while she spoke of the 'young man' thus impartially, turned her eyes from him, and they rested again on the beds of carnations. The sun had sunk behind the hill, and though the bright soft colors were unshadowed, they all lay in a different light and seemed to glow coolly in their own radiance, like jewels.

Rupert rose. His anger had passed from him. He no longer felt Mrs. Dallas to be an antagonist; but he felt her to be a stranger; and he felt himself to be a stranger. A sense of fear and loneliness and disembodiment had fallen upon him while he listened to her. He held out his hand to her. 'Good-bye,' he said. 'I think I must be going.'

She took his hand and looked up at him with the gaze so remote, so irrevocable. 'Good-bye,' she said; 'I hope to see you and Marian some day soon, perhaps.'

The words, with their quiet relapse on convention, made him feel himself in a new world. He had been thinking of final, fatal things, things dark and trenchant; she showed him compromise, continuity, commonplace good sense; and, dispossessed, bereft as he was, something in him struggled to place itself beside her in this alien atmosphere, to make itself a denizen of the new since he had forever lost the old world.

'Oh yes, I'll tell her,' he said. And as he released her hand he found, 'Thank you. I'm sure you meant it all most kindly.'

'It's very nice of you to say so,' said Mrs. Dallas, smiling.

It was the world of convention; yet with all his bewildered groping for clues and footholds he felt, dimly, as a glimmer before his eyes or a frail thread in his hands, that the smile was perhaps the most sincerely sweet that he had ever had from Mrs. Dallas. It was as if she saw his struggle and commended it.

III

He walked away, up the steps, across the putting-green and out into the woods. He went slowly as he began the gradual ascent. He felt very tired, as though he had been beaten with rods, and there was in him a curious mingling of confusion and lucidity, of pain and contemplation. The present and the future were curtained with shame, uncertainty, and dismay; but the past was vivid, and, like a singular, outgrown husk, he seemed to look back at that Rupert on the veranda, so blind, so bland, so fatuous, and to see him as Mrs. Dallas had seen him.

Beyond the curtain was Marian. He knew that he went toward Marian as if toward safety and succor; yet all was opaque before his eyes, for who was it that Marian was to succor but that

fatuous Rupert? and was it for such as he that he could seek support? How could he go to Marian and say, 'I have been given eyes to see you as you are; help me, now, to be blind again to what I am.' No; he could not, if he were to follow his glimmer and hold his thread, seek succor from Marian.

When he reached the house he went into the drawing-room and found her sitting there in a cool dress, a book upon her knee. She did not see him as he entered quietly, and he stood for some moments in the doorway looking at her.

She had been crying; her cheeks were white and her eyelids heavy; but though this perception came to him with a blow of feeling, it did not, for the moment, move him from his contemplation of her, with all that it brought of new and strange to the familiar.

She was strange, though she was not a stranger, as he had become to himself. He noted the black curves of her hair, the ample line of her bosom, the gentle, white, maternal hand laid along the book. On a cabinet, above her head, he saw that she had very beautifully arranged the white and yellow carnations. It was like her to do this justice to her rival's gift; like her to place them there not only faithfully but beautifully. And as she sat, unaware of him, in the luminous evening air, he felt her to be full of enchantment and this enchantment to centre in the hand laid along the book. His eyes fixed themselves on the hand. It seemed a symbol of the Marian of grace and girlhood whom he had loved with such ardent presage of eternal faith, and of this Marian sitting quietly in her saddened and accepted life, not changed except in so far as she was yet more worthy of fidelity. He saw that she had passed through her ordeal and transcended it; he saw that she would never again show him jealousy; and he saw that as the old Marian he had, perhaps, forever lost her. A

lover must always show jealousy. This was a wife, maternal and aloof.

He came into the room and she looked round at him. Her eyes, altered by weeping, were mild and alien. They were without hostility, without accusation; deliberating, gentle; the eyes of a wife. 'Did you have a nice afternoon?' she asked, laying down her book. 'It's been delicious, has n't it?'

Quite as irrevocably as Mrs. Dallas she made the world that he must enter. She, too, in her different way, a way founded on acceptance rather than rejection, showed him compromise and continuity. And nothing that Mrs. Dallas had said to him cut into him so horribly as to see Marian show him this new world.

An impulse came to fall on his knees beside her, bury his head in her lap, and pour out all his griefs. But already, and for Marian's sake, now, he had learned a better wisdom. To fall and weep and confess would be, again, to act like one of his own heroes; and Marian, in her heart, knew all that there was to know of that old Rupert. He must make her now know, and make himself know, a new Rupert.

He sat down opposite her and, smiling a little, he said, 'Mrs. Dallas has done with me.'

'Done with you!' Marian repeated. Her faint color rose.

'Quite,' said Rupert, nodding; 'in any way I'd thought she had me.'

'Do you mean,' said Marian, after a moment, 'that she's been horrid to you?'

'Not in the least, though it felt horrid. She merely let me see that I'd been mistaken.'

'Mistaken? In what way?'

'In almost every way. In my ideas about myself, and about life, and about her. — It was n't, for one thing, me she liked in particular, at all. It was you.'

Marian's flush had deepened. 'She seemed to like you very much indeed.'

'Only frivolously; not seriously. She showed me to-day how silly I'd been to think it anything but frivolous. She made me see that I'd been a serious ass.'

Marian sat looking at him. She was startled, and on his behalf — wonderful maternal instinct — she was angry; yet, he saw it in all the sweet, subtle alteration of her face, she was happy, half incredulously yet marvelously happy. And as he saw her happiness, tears came to Rupert's eyes and he felt himself, deeply and inarticulately, blessing Mrs. Dallas. She had been right. This was something 'even better.'

'She's an exceedingly clever woman,' he said, smiling at Marian, though she must see the tears. 'And an exceedingly first-rate woman, too. And I'll always be grateful to her. The question is,' — he got up and came and stood over his wife, — 'I've been such an ass, darling. Can you forgive me?'

He had found her hand as he questioned her and he held it now up to his cheek, closing his eyes, how differently!

IV

Mrs. Dallas, after her young friend had left her, sat on for quite a long while on the veranda. The concentra-

tion of her recent enterprise effaced itself from her eyes and lips. Her glance, steeping itself again in indolent and melancholy retrospects, fell into a reverie. Once or twice, putting up a languid hand, she yawned.

When the whole garden lay in coolness, she went in and got her gardening apron and gloves and basket of implements. It was an ideal moment for layering her carnations. Tripping out again on her little high-heeled shoes, she placed her kneeling-mat before a splendid plant and set to work. She scorned complicated aids. A box of long hairpins were her chief allies, and a sharp knife. Deftly she selected a blue-gray shoot and stripped the narrow leaves, sharply cut a transverse slit into the tender stalk, firmly bent and pinned the half-severed spray into the heaped earth where it was to make new roots and establish itself in a new life. And, as she did so, her mind reverting to thoughts of Rupert and of her rough usage of him, a simile came to her that made her smile, her hard and not unkindly smile. She did not regret it, though, unquestionably, she had had her own moment of reluctance and of loss. It had hurt him terribly, no doubt, as, if they had feeling, it must now hurt her carnations to be cut and bent and pinned. But 'It might be the making of him,' Mrs. Dallas thought.

A YARD OF JUNGLE

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN five minutes the daily down-pour of tropical rain would drench the jungle. At this moment the air was tense with electricity, absolutely motionless, and saturated with odorous moisture. The voices of all the wild creatures were hushed. The sense of mystery which is always so dominant in a tropical jungle seemed nearer, more vital, but more than ever a mystery. Its insistency made one oblivious of the great heat. The beating of one's heart became a perceptible sound, absurdly loud. All the swamp and jungle seemed listening to it.

Suddenly a voice came out of the heart of this mystery, and fittingly enough, the voice seemed something a little more or less than human, and also fittingly it uttered but a single word, and that word a question. And the listener realized that the answer to the question was the only thing which made life and work worth while. The throb of the blood in his veins was forgotten, and all his senses reached out to the sights and sounds and scents about him. And again the great black frog called from its slimy seat hidden in the still blacker water of the jungle swamp. Its voice was deep, guttural, and a little inhuman, but it asked as plainly as any honest man could ask, *Wh—y?* — and after a minute, *Wh—y?*

I squatted in the centre of a trail. Within walking distance behind me flowed the yellow waters of the Ama-

zon, and the igarapé from which the frog had called was even now feeling the tidal heave of the ocean. Ahead, the jungle stretched without a break for three thousand miles or more. And here for a week I had suffered bodily torture, twisting into unhappy positions for hours at a time, watching the birds which crowded the berry-laden foliage of a single jungle tree. In the cool of early morning, throughout the terrible breathless heat of midday and the drenching downpour of afternoon, the frog and I put our questions. There was hope in our interrogation. And my five senses all gave aid, and my hand wrote down facts, and my mind pondered them.

In the very suburbs of Pará, at the mouth of the great Amazon and within a hundred miles of the equator, I found a Mecca of bird-life. It was a gastronomic Mecca to be sure, a tall, slender wild cinnamon tree, — *canella do matto* the natives called it. For a full week I invited torture by attempting to study the bird-life of this single tree. This thing had not been done before; it might not be worth the doing. But testing such possibilities are as important to a naturalist's work as following along the more conventional and consequently more certain lines of investigation. I had no time for exploration of the surrounding country; so I had determined to risk all my precious hours upon intensive observation in one spot.

The century before, a plantling had pushed up through the jungle mould and

had won success in the terrible competition of the tropics — the helpless, motionless, silent strife of the vegetable folk. Year by year the lichen-sculptured trunk had pushed its way upward toward light and air, miraculously saved from the deadly embraces of the lianas which crawled forever through the jungle. To-day it had gained an accepted place. Although no forest giant, with no great buttresses or masses of parasitic growths, it held up its branches and twigs in full sunlight a hundred feet or more above the ground. And its twiggy fingers were laden with a wonderful harvest of fruit, uncounted berries which attracted the birds from distant roosts and drinking places.

Here, then, a thousand combinations of fate had led me, and here I suffered day by day. Bound to the earth like other normal men, my eyes should have been directed forward. Now I forced them upward for hours at a time, and all the muscles of neck and shoulders revolted. Then eyestrain and headache and a touch of fever followed, and I cast about for means to ameliorate my bodily ills. I dragged a canvas steamer chair to my place of vigil and all my body was grateful.

In memory, there now remain only the high lights of new discoveries, the colorful moments of unalloyed realization of success. Nevertheless this new method of tropical work brought its own new delights and trials. One joy lay in the very difficulties to be overcome. Every sense came into play. Sight, first and foremost, had been put to the most severe of tests in attempting to record the happenings against the glare of the sky high up among the foliage of this bit of jungle. I strained through my high-power glasses, until, when I looked without them, the world seemed withdrawn, dwarfed, as in the horrid imaginings of fever. The glasses gained in weight as I held them point-

ing vertically until they fairly dropped from my aching arms. My ears strove to catch every song, every note which might prove a character of worth. The jungle scents played upon my emotions and sometimes dominated my work; the faint aroma from some invisible orchid overhead, the telltale musk from a passing mammal, the healthful scent of clean jungle mould. As for taste, I had tested the aromatic berries and fruit of my canella tree, and for science' sake had proved two warningly colored insects. My sense of feeling had operated involuntarily and wholly aside from my scientific desires. Whether stimulated by dozens of mosquitoes, scores of ants, or hundreds of *bêtes rouges* or 'mucuids,' the insistency of discomfort never discouraged a primary desire to delve as deeply as possible into the secrets of this small area of tropical jungle.

As I walked slowly about beneath the tree or lay back resting in the chair, I seemed to be watching creatures of another world. Whether I ogled them with glasses or now and then brought one down with a charge of small shot, I was a thing of no account to the berry-eating flocks high overhead. A vulture soaring lower than usual passed over the tree, and the shadow of his partial eclipse of the sun froze every bird to instant silence and complete immobility. But my terrestrial activities wrought no excitement. The shot whistled through the foliage, one of their number dropped from sight, and life for the rest went on without a tremor. To ancestral generations, danger had come always from above, not below.

The very difficulty of observation rendered this mode of research full of excitement, and at the same time made my method of work very simple. Against the sky, green, blue, or black feathers all appeared black, and the first two days my glasses helped but

little. For several minutes I would watch some tiny bird which might have been a yellow warbler had I been three thousand miles farther north. After memorizing personal characters, scrutinizing its flight and method of feeding, striving to fix its individuality, I would secure the bird, and find in all probability that it was a calliste, or tanager of brilliant plumage. To-morrow, if I were lucky, I might be able to tell off the numbers of this species, to watch them and to know that I was watching them. But recognition would not be by way of the cerulean or topaz or amethystine hues of plumage, but by the slight idiosyncrasies of flirting tail or wing or of general carriage.

II

Day by day, as I came to know better the jungle about me, I began to perceive a phase which did not change. Even when the sun shone most brightly, when the coolness of early morning had not yet passed, the mood of the jungle remained. It was consistent, this low swampy jungle, in its uniform, sombre mystery. In spite of wholesale exaggeration it was the dangers which came to mind. Of all places in the world this was probably fullest of life, both in numbers and diversity. Yet it was death — or the danger of death — which seemed in waiting, always just concealed from view.

Beneath my tree I squatted silently. Just overhead the foliage might have been almost northern. The finely cut leaves were like willow, and at one side an oak, unusual but still an oak, reached out a thousand thousand motionless leaves, breaking the glare into innumerable patches. But ahead the terrible interlacing of vines and thorny ropes, the strangle-hold of serpentine lianas on every available trunk — all this could be only tropic.

The ground glistened here and there with a film of black water which revealed the swamp. Everywhere the mould and leaves of a hundred years lay scattered, the last fallen still green. Many feet above, great fans dangled, rayed fronds dry and crackling, fallen from high overhead, and suspended, waiting for the interfering twigs and foliage to die in turn and permit them to seek dissolution in the mould.

The jungle was bright with flowers, but it was a sinister brightness — a poisonous, threatening flash of pigment, set off by the blackness of the shadows. Heliconia spikes gleamed like fixed scarlet lightning, zigzagging through the pungent air. Now and then a bunch of pleasing, warm-hued berries reminded one of innocuous currants, but a second glance showed them ripening into swollen, liver-hued globes which offered no temptation to taste. One tree dangled hideous purple cups filled with vermilion fruits, and not far away the color sequence was reversed. A low-growing, pleasant-leaved plant lifted bursting masses of purple-black, all dripping like wounds upon the foliage below. Many flowers were unrecognizable save by their fragrance and naked stamens, advertised neither by color nor form of blossom. I despaired of flowers worthy of the name, until close by my foot I saw a tiny plant with a comely, sweet-scented blossom, grateful to the eye and beautiful as our northern blooms are beautiful. The leaf was like scores lying about, and I realized that this was a sproutling of the giant tree. Nothing but the death of this monster could give the light and air which the little plant needed. It was doomed, but it had performed its destiny. It had hinted that much of the beauty of the jungle lay far above the mould and stagnant water. And then I remembered the orchids high overhead. And the realization came that the low-growing blooms

needed their glaring colors to outshine the dim, shadowy under-jungle, and their nauseous fumes to outscint the musky vapors of decay.

The plants of the jungle won success either by elbowing their neighbors and fighting their path up to sunlight, or else by adapting their needs to the starvation meed of air and light allotted to the lowly growths. The big-leaved churacas had found another means of existence. They lived like permanent rockets, bursting in mid-air. A long, curved stem shot up and reached far out into space. It was so slender as to be almost invisible in the dim light. At its tip radiated a great burst of foliage, leaves springing out in all directions, and absorbing nutrition which a sapling growing amid the undergrowth could not possibly do.

From daybreak to dark the canella tree was seldom deserted. Usually a score or more birds fluttered and fed among its branches, and true to tropic laws, there were comparatively few individuals but a multitude of species. In the few hours I was able to devote to its study, I identified seventy-six different kinds, and together with those which I saw but could not name, I judge that more than a hundred species must have come to the berries during that week in early May. The first day I secured sixteen specimens, all different; and the following day yielded fourteen more, only one of which was a duplicate of the first day's results.

The bird visitors to the tree arrived in one of two characteristic ways. Many came direct and swiftly, singly or in pairs, flying straight and with decision. These came from a distance, with full knowledge of the berries. They fed quietly, and when satiated flew off. The second method of arrival was wholly casual, — loose flocks drifting slowly from the neighboring jungle, sifting into the tree, and feeding for a time be-

fore passing on. When these left it was rather hastily, and in answer to the chirps and calls of the members of their flock who had not been beguiled by the berries and hence had forged steadily ahead.

These more or less well-defined flocks are very characteristic of all tropical jungles. Little assemblages of flycatchers, callistes, tanagers, antbirds, manakins, woodhewers, and woodpeckers are drawn together by some intangible but very social instinct. Day after day they unite in these fragile fraternities which drift along, gleaning from leaves, flowers, branches, trunks, or ground, each bird according to its structure and way of life. They are so held together by an intangible gregarious instinct that day after day the same heterogeneous flock may be observed, identifiable by peculiarities of one or several of its members. The only recognizable bond is vocal — a constant low calling; half unconscious, absent-minded little signals which keep the members in touch with one another, spurring on the laggards, retarding the overswift.

While I watched, there came to my tree a single species of pigeon, two hawks, and two parrots, four humming birds, and an equal number of toucans and woodpeckers. The remaining fifty-nine were all passerine birds, of which there were eight each of the families of flycatchers, manakins, and cotingas. Eleven were tanagers.

The greedy, noisy parrakeets were always the centre of commotion, wasting more berries than they ate. The toucans, those bizarre birds of whose lives we know nothing, yelped and called and bathed in the water caught in the stubs of branches, and fed to repletion. All the flycatchers forgot their usual diet and took to berrying as ardently as the tanagers themselves. Not all the birds came to feed on the berries. A wren hunted insects among the

branches, and a hawk found a giant snail crawling up the trunk and devoured it. The insect-eaters of the trunk numbered nine and showed no interest in the berries. Two were woodpeckers and seven woodhewers.

These latter are a strange tropical family four hundred strong, and all the very essence of protective coloring. Their habits of life make of them wandering bits of bark, easy to detect when they are in motion, but vanishing utterly when they are quiet. Their similarity in dress is remarkable. They may be large or small, short or long-tailed, with beaks blunt, sharp, straight, curved, thick, or needle-pointed. In these characters they differ; by these points they must know one another. But their colors are almost identical. Their olives or browns invariably warm into rich foxy rufous on wings and tail, while over head and shoulders a shower of light streaks has fallen, bits of sunlight fixed in down.

Further details belong only to the literature of ornithology. But the colors of the berry-hunters — these baffle description, yet we cannot pass them by in silence. The blood and orange splashed on black of the toucans, the scarlet and yellow of woodpeckers, the soft greens and buffs of flycatchers, all these paled when a flock of manakins or tanagers or honeycreepers came to the tree. Every precious stone found its counterpart in the metallic hues of these exquisite feathered folk.

The glory of all was the opal-crowned manakin, a midget in green coat and sulphur waistcoat, with a cap of mother-of-pearl, scaly, iridescent, silvery plates, in no way akin to feathers. Until now the life of this Hop o' my thumb, like those of all his ancestors, had gone smoothly on, with never a human to admire, to wonder, and vainly to echo the question of the great black frog, *Wh — y?*

III

On the last day of my stay I walked slowly up the trail toward the *canella do matto*. For the last time I strained upward at the well-known branches, and with the very movement there came the voice of the swamp. Its tone was insistent, with a tinge of accusation, a note of censure. *Wh — y?* and after a little time, *Wh — y?*

I looked about me despairingly. What had I learned after all? Was there any clearing up of the mystery of the jungle? Had my week of scrutiny brought me any closer to the real intimacies of evolution? Or — evading these questions for the time — was there nothing I could do in the few precious moments left?

In five minutes I should turn my back on all this wildness, this jungle seething with profound truths, and great solutions within arm's reach. I should pass to the ocean where monotony compels introspection, and finally to the great centre of civilization where the veneer covers up all truths.

Even if my studies had taught only the lesson of the tremendous insurgence of life, could I not emphasize this, make it a more compelling factor to be considered in future efforts toward the frog's question and mine?

My eyes left the foliage overhead and sought the ground. Acting on impulse, I brought from my camping stores an empty war-bag, and scraped together an armful of leaves, sticks, moss, earth, mould of all sorts. Four square feet of jungle débris went into my bag, and I shouldered it.

Then I said adieu to my trail and my tree — a sorrowful leave-taking, as is always my misfortune. For the bonds which bind me to a place or a person are not easily broken. And, as usual, when the trail passed from view, the ideal alone remained. The thoughts of

mosquitoes, of drenchings, of hours of breathless disappointed waiting, all sank in the memory of the daily discoveries, the mental delights of new research.

A week later, when the sky-line was unbroken by land, when a long groundswell waved but did not disturb the deep blue of the open sea, I unlaced my bag of jungle mould. Armed with forceps, lens, and vials I began my search. For days I had gazed upward; now my scrutiny was directed downward. With binoculars I had scanned without ceasing the myriad leaves of a great tree; now with lens or naked eye I sought for life or motion on single fallen leaves and dead twigs. When I studied the life of the great tree I was in the land of Brobdingnag; now I was verily a Gulliver in Lilliput. The cosmos in my war-bag teemed with mystery as deep and as inviting as any in the jungle itself.

When I began work I knew little of what I should find. My vague thoughts visualized ants and worms, and especially I anticipated unearthing myriads of the unpleasant 'mucuims' or *bêtes rouges*, whose hosts had done all in their power to make life in the jungle unhappy.

Day by day my vials increased. Scores of creatures evaded my search; many others, of whose kind I had captured a generous number, I allowed to escape.

My lilliputian census was far from the mere aggregation of ants and worms which I had anticipated, and a review of the whole showed that hardly any great group of living creatures was unrepresented.

As hinting of the presence of wild animals, a bunch of rufous hairs had in some way been tweaked from a passing agouti. Man himself was represented in the shape of two wads which had dropped from my gun-shots some time during the week. One had already be-

gun to disintegrate and sheltered half a dozen diminutive creatures. Five feathers were the indications of birds, two of which were brilliant green plumes from a calliste. Of reptiles there was a broken skull of some lizard, long since dead, and the eggshell of a lizardling which had hatched and gone forth upon his mission into the jungle. A third reptilian trace may have been his nemesis — a bit of shed snake-skin. The group of amphibians was present even in this square of four feet — a very tiny, dried, black, and wholly unrecognizable little frog. Fishes were absent, though from my knees as I had scraped up the débris, I could almost have seen a little igarapé in which dwelt scores of minnows.

As I delved deeper and examined the mould more carefully for the diminutive inhabitants, I found that this thin veneer from the floor of the jungle appeared to have several layers, each with its particular fauna. The upper layer was composed of recently fallen leaves, nuts, seeds, and twigs, dry and quite fresh. Here were colonies of small ants and huge, solitary ones; here lived in hiding small moths and beetles and bugs, awaiting dusk to fly forth through the jungle. The middle layer was by far the most important, and in it lived four fifths of all the small folk. The lowest layer was one of matted roots and clayey soil and its animal life was meagre.

Between the upper and the middle strata were sprouting nuts and seeds, with their blanched roots threaded downward into the rich dark mould, and the greening cotyledons curling upward toward light and warmth. Thus had the great bird-filled canella begun its life. In my war-bag were a score of potential forest giants doomed to death in the salt ocean. But for my efforts toward the *Wh — y*, their fate might have been very different.

Some of the half-decayed leaves were very beautiful. Vistas of pale, bleached fungus lace trailed over the rich mahogany-colored tissues, studded here and there with bits of glistening, transparent quartz. Here I had many hints of a world of life beyond the power of the unaided eye. And here too the grosser fauna scrambled, hopped, or wriggled. Everywhere were tiny chrysalides and cocoons, many empty. Now and then a plaque of eggs, almost microscopic, showed veriest pin-pricks where still more minute parasites had made their escape. When one contracted the field of vision to this world where leaves were fields and fungi loomed as forests, competition, the tragedies, the mystery lessened not at all. Minute seeds mimicked small beetles in shape and in exquisite tracery of patterns. Bits of bark simulated insects, a patch of fungus seemed a worm, while the mites themselves were invisible until they moved. Here and there I discovered a lifeless boulder of emerald or turquoise — the metallic cuirass of some long-dead beetle.

Some of the scenes which appeared as I picked over the mould, suddenly unfolding after an upheaval of débris, were like Aladdin's cave. Close to the eye appeared great logs and branches protruding in confusion from a heaped up bank of diamonds. Brown, yellow, orange, and white colors played over the scene; and now over a steep hill came a horrid, ungainly creature with enormous proboscis, eight legs, and a shining, liver-colored body, spotted with a sickly hue of yellow. It was studded with short, stiff, horny hairs — a mite by name, but under the lens a terrible monster. I put some of these on my arm, to see if they were the notorious 'mucuids' which tortured us daily. Under the lens I saw the hideous creature stop in its awkward progress, and as it prepared to sink its proboscis

I involuntarily flinched, so fearful a thing seemed about to happen.

The lesser organisms defy description. They are nameless except in the lists of specialists, and indeed most are of new, quite unnamed forms. The only social insects were small twigfuls of ant and termite colonies, with from five to fifteen members. All others were isolated, scattered. Life here, so far beneath the sunlight, is an individual thing. Flocks and herds are unknown; the mob has no place here. Each tiny organism must live its life and meet its fate single-handed.

Little pseudo-scorpions were very abundant, and I could have vialled hundreds. They rushed out excitedly and, unlike all the other little beings, did not seek to hide. Instead, when they were disturbed, they sought open spaces, walking slowly and brandishing and feeling ahead with their great pincer-tipped arms, as long as their entire body. When irritated or frightened, they scurried backwards, holding up their chelæ in readiness.

Mites were the most abundant creatures, equaling the ants in number, always crawling slowly along, tumbling over every obstacle in their path and feeling their way awkwardly. Their kinds were numerous, all villainous in appearance. Ticks were less common but equally repellent. Small spiders and beetles were occasionally found, and hundred-legged wrigglers fled to shelter at every turn of a leaf. The smallest snails in the world crawled slowly about, some flat-shelled, others turreted. Tiny earthworms, bright red and very active, crept slowly through fungus jungles until disturbed, when they became an amazingly active tangle of twisting curves, dancing all about. Simple insects, which we shall have to call collembolas, were difficult to capture. They leaped with agility many times their own length, and when

quiescent looked like bits of fungus. As for the rest, only Adam and a few specialists hidden in museums could call them by name. They were a numerous company, some ornamented with weird horns and fringes and patterns, others long of leg or legless, swift of foot or curling up into minute balls of animate matter.

One thing was evident early in my exploration: I was in a world of little people. No large insects were in any of the *débris*. The largest would be very small in comparison with a May beetle. And another thing was the durability of chitin. The remains of beetles, considering the rareness of living ones, were remarkable. The hard wing-cases, the thorax armor, the segments of wasps, eyeless head masks, still remained perfect in shape and vivid in color. Even in the deepest layers where all else had disintegrated and returned to the elements, these shards of death were as new.

And the smell of the mould, keen and strong as it came to my nostrils an inch away — it was pungent, rich, woody. It hinted of the age-old dissolution, century after century, which had been going on. Leaves had fallen, not in a sudden autumnal downpour, but in a never-ending drift, day after day, month after month. With a daily rain for moisture, with a temperature of three figures for the quicker increase of bacteria, and an excess of humidity to

foster quick decay, the jungle floor was indeed a laboratory of vital work — where only analytic chemistry was allowed full sway, and the mystery of synthetic life was ever handicapped, and ever a mystery.

Before the vessel docked I had completed my task and had secured over five hundred creatures of this lesser cosmos. At least twice as many remained, but when I made my calculations I estimated that the mould had sheltered only a thousand organisms plainly visible to the eye.

And when I had corked my last vial and the steward had removed the last pile of shredded *débris*, I leaned back and thought of the thousand creatures in my scant four square feet of mould. Then there came to mind a square mile of jungle floor with its thin layer of fallen leaves sheltering more than six billion creatures. Then I recalled the three thousand straight miles of jungle which had lain west of me, and the hundreds of miles of wonderful unbroken forest north and south, and my mind became a blank. And then from the mist of unnamable numerals, from this uncharted arithmetical census, there came to my mind a voice, deep and guttural, — and this time the slow enunciation was jeering, hopeless of answer. *Wh—y?* and soon afterwards, *Wh—y?* And I packed up my last box of vials and went on deck to watch the sunset.

LIFE

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

WHAT am I, Life? A thing of watery salt
Held in cohesion by unresting cells
Which work they know not why, which never halt;
Myself unwitting where their Master dwells.
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin
A world which uses me as I use them.
Nor do I know which end or which begin,
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,
Or the full moon comes swimming from her cave
Or the great sun comes north; this myriad I
Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering why.

MANIFEST DESTINY IN AMERICA

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

'MANIFEST destiny' has long been a favorite catch-phrase with political rhapsodists in the United States, and a rare Fourth-of-July orator is he who feels that it can add nothing to his resources in eloquence. Its character has been cheapened, no doubt, by this association, but it possesses nevertheless

a profound significance which fully accounts for its existence and does honor to its originator, whoever he may have been. It is neither fatalism nor determinism, but an assumed natural tendency of events, more or less subject to influence by man's volitional interference. Its use, so far as the writer has

observed, is limited to the political evolution of the United States, and refers mainly to expansion of the national domain. The classic example is that of the war with Mexico and its resulting territorial changes. As this example furnishes the best illustration of certain principles which it is desired to elucidate in this paper, it will be given first and most particular consideration.

I. THE MEXICAN WAR

The orthodox view of this very important event, entertained by a considerable section of public opinion, is that the war was unjust, and was forced upon a weaker power for the purpose of acquiring territory, — with a view to the extension of slavery, in the opinion of many. Divested of its net-work of incidental minor controversy, the controlling elements of the case may be stated thus: —

(1) Progress of territorial development had convinced the people of the United States of the importance of extending their domain to the Pacific. To them it was a case of manifest destiny. They believed that the future welfare of the people of this remote region, and the interests of civilization therein, as well as the natural development of their own country, were dependent on this consummation.

(2) The Administration which came into power in 1845 shared this conviction fully, and took active measures for its realization, — that is, for the acknowledgment by Great Britain of our title to the Oregon country, and for the acquisition from Mexico of that portion of its territory lying between northern Texas and the Pacific Ocean.

(3) The United States endeavored to negotiate with Mexico for the purchase, on very liberal terms, of the territory desired from that country, but entirely without success.

(4) The United States then availed itself of the opportunity for war with Mexico afforded by the dispute over the Texan boundary, and carried the war to a speedy and successful conclusion.

(5) As a main condition of peace, the United States demanded a cession of the desired territory, not as a spoil of conquest, but as a transfer for which it paid in cash practically what it had offered to pay in the beginning.

There were at that time, there have been ever since, and there always will be those who consider this proceeding morally indefensible. It is one purpose of the present article to advance and enforce with specific reasons exactly the opposite view: that the obligation of the United States to the world at large, to its own political future, and to the welfare of the people of the territory itself, required it to do this very thing; and that its action, far from being any justification of obloquy or criticism, should rather be considered an example of high responsibility courageously assumed and of imperative duty faithfully performed.

The confusion of thought, both as to fact and motive, upon which the adverse view of this case is based, is well illustrated by the following recent utterance: 'I applaud the American Revolution, although it was war, because it was courageous resistance against the barbaric attempt of George III to deprive his colonists of certain inalienable rights. I condemn the Mexican War of 1846 because it was made for the purpose of acquiring the territory of Texas by force. We should have obtained it, as we obtained Louisiana from France, or Alaska from Russia, by purchase, or we should not have obtained it at all.'¹

In matters of fact this statement is misleading and erroneous. The acquisition

¹ 'A letter to a German-American Friend,' signed 'L.F.A.' *Outlook*, January 6, 1915, p. 13.

sition of Louisiana was just as much the result of war as if conquered by the arms of this country. It was the certainty of its capture by Great Britain, and the urgent need of funds in the war then raging in Europe, which led Napoleon to cede the province to the United States. It is also incorrect to say that the Mexican War was for the purpose of acquiring Texas by force. Texas had already been acquired, and Mexico had decided to acquiesce except as to the disputed strip between the Nueces and the Rio Grande rivers. It is possible also that the author of the above quotation may not know that the United States endeavored to deal with Mexico in the acquisition of its northern territory exactly as it later dealt with Russia in the case of Alaska; but utterly without success.

The really significant part of this citation, however, and the one that goes to the root of the matter here considered, is the proposition that we should have obtained this territory in the same way that we obtained Alaska '*or we should not have obtained it at all.*' Let us take 'L.F.A.' (and those who think like him) at his word, and inquire where his theory would lead. If we had not 'obtained it at all,' — and we could not obtain it by purchase, — one of two things must have happened to this territory: it would have remained with Mexico or it would have become an independent state.¹

The first alternative suggests the inquiry: would the interests of the inhabitants of this territory, and those of the rest of the world therein, have been better served if it had remained under the control of Mexico than under that of the United States, or would the reverse have been true? In all things pertaining to the influence of government

¹ It is assumed that the Monroe Doctrine would have barred its acquisition by any European state. — THE AUTHOR.

upon the welfare of a people, a conclusive answer is furnished by the history of Mexico and by the conditions which prevail in that country to-day. But entirely aside from this consideration, every substantial interest pertaining to this territory linked it with the republic to the east rather than that to the south. Trade is the life-blood of a people, and the natural trade routes ran east and west. For thirty years before the transfer, the commerce of the only settlement of importance in Northern Mexico, that of Santa Fé, was exclusively with the United States. Intercourse of all kinds naturally lay in this direction, and it necessarily follows that uniformity of laws under which it was carried on, and the absence of frontiers, would be important factors in its prosperous development. It is impossible, from any point of view, to exaggerate the misfortune which a permanent Mexican connection would have been to the commercial and industrial development of all that region. This, the most zealous partisan of Mexico must fully appreciate. Whatever may be one's opinion of the *means* by which this territory was transferred to the United States, one must acknowledge that the *end* was in accord with the best interests of civilization.

Consider now the alternative of an independent state, or more likely two or three such states — particularly California and a Mormon state in the Great Basin. It cannot be admitted that such a result could in any way compare with that of the incorporation of this territory into the Union. To the United States it would have been a misfortune of the first magnitude, preventing, as it would, the full rounding out of its continental territory; depriving it of that wonderful Pacific port which had played so great a part in our national development; and interrupting by one or more frontiers all inter-

course by land with that extensive region. An independent state of all New England would scarcely be a greater misfortune to the future of our nation.

Entirely apart from the consideration just discussed is the portentous probability that, if things had gone on much longer as they were then going, an independent polygamous state would have developed on our very borders.

But the alternative of a permanent independent status is, after all, inadmissible. While it may be accepted as certain that independence of the coast country would promptly have followed the discovery of gold in California, it is equally certain that independence would have been followed by an effort to annex the territory to the United States, just as had been the case with Texas. There might have been other Alamos and San Jacintos, other Austins and Houstons and Davy Crocketts. There would certainly have been the same almost endless negotiations and congressional debates, very likely a war with Mexico, and probably also a Mormon war. With infinitely more trouble and vexation, and doubtless with greater loss of life, the inevitable result would sooner or later have come about.

Such is our speculation as to the course of events in this territory if we had 'not obtained it at all,' or rather if we had given up trying to obtain it direct when we failed to obtain it by purchase. Let us now examine the ethical aspects of the course pursued by the United States, particularly as it relates to Mexico.

In the first place, did Mexico suffer any *real* wrong by the forced transfer of this territory? and was her attitude in refusing to part with it morally justifiable? Throughout the entire region, nominally under her sovereignty, she exercised almost no authority. Her colonization of it had been insignificant,

and future settlement was certain to come mainly from the United States. She had not a solitary material interest to compare with those of this country. The compensation offered her would more than liquidate any possible damage, — far more, considering the almost certain loss of the territory through rebellion, with no indemnity but with heavy military outlay. Every consideration of material advantage counseled acceptance of the offer of the United States. The policy of Mexico in insisting upon retention of sovereignty in opposition to the natural trend of events and the undoubted good of all concerned in the future of the country, placed her in the attitude of blocking the pathway of progress for sentimental considerations only. As for justice, in a broad humanitarian sense, it was Mexico that failed in its exercise. The action of the United States was prompted, not by lust of territory, but by the fulfillment of a duty to civilization; that of Mexico, by lust of territory alone.

Technically, however, Mexico was strictly within her rights, and this fact presents a perplexing problem in international ethics. Here were a major and a minor right, the one embracing vital interests of the world at large, the other purely technical and of relatively insignificant importance. It was for the good of civilization that the major right prevail, for the two could not subsist together; yet the agency which enabled it to prevail is indicted before the bar of history for having wronged the holder of the minor right. How is this? The paradox is evidently an outgrowth of that social institution known as title, — title in land, particularly, — which gives to the holder thereof possession against all comers of that portion of the earth's surface to which it pertains. To the private individual this right becomes a property in the soil which may

be bought and sold; to the state it is in the nature of an exclusive jurisdiction. It matters not how the title was obtained; once recognized as legal, it becomes inviolable. With certain specific exceptions, transfer of possession can be accomplished only by the free consent of the owner—as the holder of the title is called. ‘Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?’ Lawful, yes; that is, in strict conformity with the letter of the law. It is nevertheless a technical right which may, and often does, work grave injustice. It is a constant experience that title stands in the pathway of important development; yet the holder refuses to recede—sometimes, possibly, for fear of injustice, generally as a leverage to pecuniary extortion, not infrequently from motives of jealousy or spite, almost never from an unselfish consideration of the merits of the case. So great is the possibility of evil in this right that society has placed a limited restraint upon its exercise as between private owners and public bodies. This is the power of eminent domain. It does not, however, obtain between private individuals and organizations, or, of course, between sovereign states.

The remarkable force and authority of title, even in defiance of justice and common sense, are probably due to the fact that it is definite and a matter of precise record, known of all men; whereas the right which seeks to displace it is *in futuro*, not yet reduced to possession, and still subject to attack or denial. As between the two, however convincing the case may stand for the contingent right, judicial finding must be for the established title, and public opinion naturally inclines the same way. It is felt that arbitrary interference with recorded titles would strike at the sacredness of property and lead to abuses greater than that which it seeks to correct. Except in the limited

exercise of eminent domain, therefore, government will not interfere to compel an owner to part with title, and it *will* interfere to prevent another from attempting by force to compel him to part with it. Thus protection to the private holder in the exercise of this right is well-nigh absolute.

Between states, as already observed, there is no super-authority, no ‘daysman betwixt us that might lay hands upon us both.’ The sovereign holder of title cannot be compelled by any outside authority to transfer it to another; at the same time there is no such authority to prevent an attempt by that other to compel a transfer by resort to force. But coercion is always a perilous expedient, because the burden of proof is against it, and the case must be so clear as to carry conviction of rectitude of purpose. That resort to such extreme measures may be justifiable cannot be denied. It may be a positive duty to civilization for a state to give up certain territory; but, through a false pride, nations rarely admit such an obligation, and generally consider it more honorable to cede territory as a result of defeat in war than to bargain it away by peaceful negotiations. That is one reason why transfers of territory are so generally a moving force in all wars.

Akin to this veneration for the sanctity of title is sympathy for the weak as against the strong. If the basis of such sympathy be that the weak are not fitted to withstand the same adversity as the strong and still survive, and are therefore, in charity, entitled to greater consideration, no criticism can be made. But if it be that weakness is a presumption of justice, and strength of injustice, then it is contrary to the experience of mankind. Authority, wealth, and power, mean responsibility; and responsibility inculcates the practice of fair dealing. The absence

of these qualities often has the contrary effect. Relying on popular sympathy, the weak are tempted to impose upon the strong, and undoubtedly, as between the two, an impartial verdict would be that they are the lesser sufferers from injustice. Under-dogism, as a motive of action, is liable to grave abuses.

We take the ground, in this Mexican War case, that the Government acted for the good of civilization, and that the real question of ethics involved is whether it clearly understood the importance of its action at the time, and took the step on this higher ground, rather than from mere lust of territory. We believe that historic evidence supports absolutely the first hypothesis. The greatness and value of the results to flow from this course were as clear to our people then as they are now after the lapse of three score years and ten. They foresaw with unerring prescience what ought to be and what they believed *must* be. Geographical relations, the progress of settlement, the irresistible trend of events, all pointed to one conclusion. Says *Niles' Register* for December, 1845: 'No man can shut his eyes to the results of the current of emigration, now but commencing, but which will be as impetuous and overwhelming as has been the wave of emigration for the last century from east to west, and which no human power could have arrested, and which it would be but folly now to attempt to arrest. The Mexican government cannot fail to appreciate this progress, and it would be unwise not to avail itself of a price now for what in a very short time will inevitably pass from her control, whether she will or no.'

The distinguished German-American historian Von Holst, though pronounced in his condemnation of the policy of President Polk, nevertheless admits in full force the doctrine of man-

ifest destiny as applied to this case. 'It was not only natural,' he says, 'but it was an historical necessity, that, with the growing consciousness and the progressive activity of its creative powers, it [the United States] should set itself broader and higher tasks.' And again he says approvingly, 'The majority of the American people thought it right that, after all other methods had proved unavailing, the President should seek to obtain by force what the manifest destiny of the Union imperatively required.'

The statesmen of that day understood the situation thoroughly. President Polk understood it, and the question was how the great purpose could be accomplished. Delay, postponement, might defer, but could not permanently avoid, the issue. It was bound to come, and with increased embitterment the longer it was put off. The true interests of humanity required that it be settled then and there; and it is everlastingly to the credit of the President that he did not shrink before the mighty responsibility, though he knew full well that, among his contemporaries and down through posterity, there would always be those who would impugn his motives and seek to becloud with obloquy the greatness of his achievement.

And in all our national history no other event has been more quickly and more completely justified in its results. When we recall that two weeks *before* the treaty of peace was signed, gold was discovered in California (though of course the event was not known in the East until months afterward); and when we consider the possibility, nay the certainty, of international complications if this event, with its prodigious results, had transpired while the territory was still under the nominal sovereignty of Mexico; and when we further consider the narrow

margin by which we escaped the formation of an independent neighboring state founded on a social system repugnant to our civilization, — surely it seems as if the hand of Providence must have been in the work.

Aside from the ethical aspect of the case, some may doubt the wisdom of so extreme a measure as war to accomplish the desired end. So far as the United States was concerned, the sacrifice, except in the loss of life, was justified a thousand times over. The benefits which have resulted transcend all estimate. As to loss of life, there is no criterion to judge by, and there can never be. Is a given result worth the sacrifice of one life, two, or a hundred? Who would dare say? Before the Civil War, who would have ventured to assert that emancipation and the preservation of the Union were worth a million lives? The answer to such questions must always be evaded. It can never be assumed that a certain number of lives are to be sacrificed, or are a proper price to pay for any end. A purpose has to be accomplished — it may be the building of a tunnel, the development of a great mine, the digging of a Panama Canal, the making of war. It is almost certain that loss of life will ensue, but the purpose cannot be balked on that account, and the contingency is never capable of being reduced to definite calculation. The possibility and the danger simply operate to impose greater caution in embarking upon perilous enterprises, and particularly to make governments consider well the momentous step of war before it is definitely resolved upon.

At this point we may observe that, in situations like the one just discussed and the one next to be considered, war — that is, coercion, whether it comes to armed conflict or not — finds its supreme justification. When intrigue enthrones itself in government counsels,

exalting self-interest above the public interest; when narrow-mindedness, slavishness to precedent, mediocrity of vision, enmesh the wheels of progress until they cannot turn; when pseudo-statesmanship in whatever guise ties up affairs of state in a hopeless Gordian knot, it may be the glittering steel of war that alone can cleave the knot, set free imprisoned energies, and let man's work proceed. For the deadly blight of obstructionism, be it wanton or ignorant, there is no remedy so effective as that which the Prince of Peace applied to the fruitless fig tree: 'Behold, these years I come seeking fruit on this tree, and find none; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'

II. PANAMA

Consider now the case of Panama. Doubtless it occurred to Balboa, four hundred years ago, when he realized how narrow and how low, comparatively, was the strip of land which separates the two oceans in that vicinity, that sooner or later an artificial waterway between them would be provided. From that day to this a canal has been the manifest destiny of the Isthmus. Gradually, from the dreams of enthusiasts, the schemes of diplomacy, the efforts of private individuals, the expenditure of undetermined millions, and the loss of thousands of lives, another aspect of the destiny of the Isthmus became manifest: namely, that private effort was unequal to the task; that government alone could accomplish it. The restrictions of unwritten international law precluded European nations from the undertaking, and inadequacy of resources precluded all American nations but one. Thus, within the past quarter of a century, it has become recognized throughout the civilized world that the great task of piercing the Isthmus with a canal must be

performed by the United States. Manifest destiny lay clearly in that direction. The United States accepted the obligation; diplomacy, long and laborious, cleared the way; investigation, infinite in detail, determined the best route and the best type of canal; negotiations, complicated and involved, settled the financial considerations for work already done and for rights and privileges which had to be extinguished or acquired.

It was upon the very threshold of inauguration of this grand enterprise on behalf of the whole world that a minor state, acting within the letter of technical right, planted herself directly across its pathway. It is not intended to enter here into a consideration of the merits of Colombia's present case against the United States, for that question is now before the American Senate and will presumably be thoroughly sifted until an equitable decision is reached. It will be assumed, for the purpose of this discussion, that the facts upon which our government acted were substantially what it then believed them to be, as set forth in its various official pronouncements; and upon this assumption, the ethical aspect of this case will be considered.

In the first place, in whom resided the paramount right pertaining to this proposed waterway? The answer must be: in the world at large. Such a waterway, once built, would be used by every maritime state on the globe, and the commerce of the whole world would be affected by it. The interests of Colombia, though substantial and important, were the merest bagatelle in comparison. The right to establish a canal across the Isthmus was clearly a world-right, with which no state, by virtue of technical sovereignty of the soil, had any moral right to interfere. It is doubtful if the nations would have permitted Colombia herself to build this

canal — if she had otherwise been able and willing — without explicit understanding beforehand as to the adequacy of the work and the regulations governing its future use. The accidents of fortune had placed the site of the canal route under the sovereignty of Colombia.¹ Technically she could prevent the construction of such a work altogether. But would the world have permitted the exercise of any such right? Assuredly not. Probably no one will deny the duty of a resort to coercion under that supposition. It would be necessary that might make right prevail — the real, as against a technical, right. But if this obligation is admitted under the extreme hypothesis assumed, can it be denied in the case of any lesser act of obstruction which should be in itself unreasonable, unjust, or onerous, or fraught with unnecessary delay? Again, assuredly not.

What was Colombia's moral duty in this matter, as distinguished from her technical right? Every consideration of justice and fairness should have prompted her to facilitate the work to the utmost of her ability. She was unable to do it herself, yet it was pregnant of great advantage to her. The mere presence of such a gigantic work upon her soil would of itself be an inestimable asset. The concentration of shipping in her waters would react advantageously upon her commercial development. Her two five-hundred-mile stretches of coast-line, east and west, separated by the whole circumference of South America, would be brought into immediate juxtaposition. Colombia would be a great beneficiary of this work, and it was clearly her duty to *aid* in its accomplishment. She had no right to consider her *consent* as such aid, for she had no moral right to with-

¹ It is not necessary to the purpose of this paper to discuss other possible routes, like that of Nicaragua, for instance. — THE AUTHOR.

hold such consent. The very least that she could do would have been to grant a free right of way, with such control as would be necessary to the nation building the canal. From any possible standpoint of equity and justice, the cash contribution, if there were to be any, should have been *from* Colombia to the state which was going to the prodigious expense of building the canal. Instead of this, Colombia demanded, and (in the interests of harmony, no doubt) was granted, a cash contribution by that state. Its sufficiency need not be discussed, for according to any equitable consideration there should have been no payment at all. The Hay-Herran Treaty erred, if at all in this matter, in excess of generosity to Colombia.

Although the treaty was negotiated with the apparent approval of the Colombian government, and necessarily with its full knowledge of the essential features, it was unanimously rejected when it came to ratification by the Colombian Senate. This occurred about ten months after the treaty was signed, at which time the Colombian Congress adjourned, not to meet again for a year, and the matter was hung up at least for that period with every prospect of interminable delay afterward. The ostensible reason assigned was refuted by the document itself. The real reason, as believed by the American government at the time, and as firmly believed still by those instrumental in the negotiations, was a determination to extort a larger payment. Our government regarded Colombia's attitude as no better than that of an attempted hold-up to which no nation could in honor submit.

An actual situation had now arisen in which a major right was in direct conflict with a minor and technical right. Colombia was interposing unjust, unreasonable, and, from our point of view,

dishonorable obstacles, with every prospect of long and vexatious delay, international complications, and possible complete failure of the enterprise. A vast expenditure had already been made by the United States; with infinite study a course of action had been determined upon; the government was ready to proceed. What, then, was its duty in the obvious *impasse* that had arisen? There is no right of eminent domain among nations. The United States had made every reasonable concession to the holder of technical sovereignty, but without avail. It is submitted that in this situation duty and honor required the United States summarily to brush Colombia aside and proceed with the work assigned to it.

This, as we understand it, was the view of the administration at the time, and it was about to recommend drastic action against Colombia direct, when events developed which made such measures unnecessary. The Province of Panama, exasperated by the policy of the mother country, revolted and declared its independence. The United States, by virtue of treaty rights, forbade the transport of troops across the Isthmus and any armed conflict along the line of the Isthmian railway. This effectually prevented the Colombian government from suppressing the rebellion, even if it had otherwise been able to do so; the Panama Republic was promptly recognized by the United States and the leading nations of the world; a canal treaty was entered into with the new state; the construction of the Canal was at once begun and was carried to triumphant completion.

This decisive result was, of course, due to coercion by the United States upon Colombia — no less so, though less directly, than if war had been declared upon that state. It is a fact not to be denied or glossed over, but to be openly commended. Then and there

the vexed question was settled forever, and the world is to-day — *to-day*, not in the indefinite future — reaping the benefit of the completed work. Yet amid the chorus of universal acclaim for this greatest engineering feat of all time, the voice of criticism — nay, even of calumny — is heard for those who were its pioneers. But what matters it? The work itself is a sufficient answer, and the ships which are passing to and fro are a silent and everlasting vindication.

III. THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

We have considered two historic examples — *faits accomplis*, so to speak. It is not generally realized that there exists on the American border to-day a similar situation, which, though less important in the area of territory and magnitude of interests involved, is even clearer in the principle at issue and in the line of action which must be taken.

Five years after the close of the Mexican War, the United States negotiated with Mexico, on friendly and equitable terms, the acquisition of an additional strip of territory which exploration had shown to be necessary for a southern railroad route entirely north of the boundary. This cession embraced about 45,500 square miles, all of it east of the Colorado River. If physical conditions in contiguous territory had been known then as they are now, undoubtedly the purchase would have included an additional 2500 square miles lying mainly on the west side of the Colorado. Within this territory is what is now known as the Imperial Valley, of which nearly every one has vaguely heard, but of the remarkable nature of which very little is generally known.

In the not remote geologic past, the Gulf of California extended northwesterly some 200 miles farther inland than at present, — far into what is now the

State of California. In the course of time the Colorado River, a large stream and a very heavy silt-carrier, built a dam by its deposits clear across the Gulf, cutting off entirely the upper portion, which was thus changed from a body of salt water to a fresh-water lake. Finally, as a result of the long exclusion of the river, which for centuries has flowed directly into the Gulf, evaporation emptied the lake and left an immense basin, most of it the former bed of the sea, and, of course, below sea-level. Along the eastern margin of the basin, fully 350 feet above its lowest point, flows the Colorado River. Below its level at the international boundary, lies this basin more than 2000 square miles in extent. It was once supposed to be incapable of reclamation, and was known as the Colorado desert. It has since been found to be of extraordinary fertility, physically well adapted to irrigation, capable of becoming a highly productive country and ultimately of supporting a population of perhaps a million.

Remarkable and wholly unprecedented is the relation of the Colorado River to the Imperial Valley. On the one hand it is the sole reclaiming agency anywhere available. Water for irrigation, domestic supply, and so forth, must come from this river or not be had at all. On the other hand, the river, flowing along the upper rim of the basin, rests there in unstable equilibrium, liable at any time to burst its bounds and go into the basin instead of the sea. Thus the river is playing simultaneously the antagonistic rôles of possible savior and possible destroyer of this wonderful valley. While dispensing manna where all would be death without it, it hangs like a sword of Damocles, ready at any moment to destroy all that it has built up.

Both aspects of this situation have been vividly impressed upon local and

official attention in the past ten years. The river did break loose in 1906, and is still not fully under control. It wrought immense havoc. Most of us recall references in the press to the Salton Sea, which suddenly began to rise in the bottom of the basin. To control the river and get it back into its old channel to the sea has been one of the most stupendous and difficult of engineering problems. Already fully \$3,000,000 of public and private funds has been expended; and the real control of the river has scarcely begun.

The relation of this problem to the subject of the present paper may now be stated. The boundary between the United States and Mexico passes directly across the depressed basin. The topography is such that irrigation canals taken out of the river on United States territory, to reclaim United States land in the valley, have to be carried around high ground, across the boundary into Mexican territory, and back again. On the other hand, breaks in the river-bank, which are so liable to destroy the valley, can occur only on Mexican soil. The situation is one which it is impossible to handle except by works mainly south of the boundary; yet the majority interest to be served lies to the north. The whole problem, both of reclamation and of flood-protection, should naturally be handled by a single authority. Even under the most favorable conditions, joint control would be hazardous in times of emergency. When constituted authority disappears and anarchy takes its place, the situation naturally becomes extremely perilous. This is what happened at the most critical point in the dangerous state of things referred to in the preceding paragraph. Under the pressure of emergency, the United States went to the length of providing a million dollars for work which would all have to be done on

Mexican soil. It was not, however, permitted to make this expenditure directly, but only through a Mexican corporation. But even that unbusiness-like proceeding was hampered to a dangerous and exasperating degree by the lack of stable government south of the boundary. Labor became frightened, contractors hesitated to undertake the work, losses of property were experienced, and the most extortionate customs exactions were imposed upon everything passing the boundary. A situation of such gravity, in which the natural agencies at work care nothing for boundaries, treaties, or sovereign rights, and in which safety demands action, and destruction waits upon delay, is one which should certainly not be permitted to continue.¹

What is the rational, common-sense solution of this difficult problem? Manifestly this, that it be dealt with as a unit under a single jurisdiction. Any possible division of authority must produce less than the best result. The very immensity of the protection work requires enormous resources and positive action, while the reclamation work should be managed under a uniform system. Either the United States or Mexico should take exclusive charge of the problem, and the boundary should be modified so as to permit this to be done. Which should it be?

We may waive the question of financial resources for properly handling this gigantic physical problem; but there are other considerations which definitely impose the burden upon the United States. The Colorado River above the delta lies entirely north of the boundary. The proper handling of the flood and reclamation problems on

¹ Those who would like to understand to what lengths the present situation may lead should consult House Doc. No. 504, 62nd Congress, 2nd Session; and House Doc. No. 1476, 63rd Congress. — THE AUTHOR.

the delta and in the valley will ultimately require a comprehensive reservoir system which must necessarily be within the United States. Then, to transfer the whole Imperial Valley to Mexico would be to place the great southern railway route partly in that country, making it cross the frontier twice, with the enormous annoyance, inconvenience, and expense which would result. This would of course be inadmissible. Every consideration makes it important that this problem be assigned to the United States. It would require a transfer of about 2000 square miles of territory. It is simply a plain, practical

question of dealing with a problem which nature itself has created, and which can be rightly handled in only one way. It can indeed be 'muddled through' on the present basis, but never satisfactorily. A generous compensation to Mexico, equivalent to the present worth of her future tribute from that country, would, of course, be made. The question should be met in a liberal spirit by Mexico, without a thought or suspicion that the step springs from any lust of territory by the United States; and it should be determined solely on the basis of the permanent good of the valley itself.

LO, THE POOR IMMIGRANT!

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

IN 'The Modest Immigrant,'¹ Miss Repplier has presented a story that the Americans of this country very much need to know, especially at this time, when the whole question of our nationalism is so alive. Unfortunately, however, at the very time when it is most necessary to grasp conditions clearly and act courageously and aggressively, the article is likely to lull us to sleep, to make us feel guiltless of the results of our domestic immigration policy and puffed up with pride at our magnanimous hospitality. We must know both sides of the shield of American citizenship if we are to use this citizenship intelligently for offense or defense in the struggle before us.

We who like to lay stress upon Amer-

¹ Miss Repplier's article was published in the *Atlantic* for September, 1915. — THE EDITORS.

ica's tradition of hospitality need to be reminded that the hospitality of Lowell's time has been changed into widespread exploitation throughout this land. Many of our immigrant communities are not primarily to blame for the admittedly wretched conditions in which they live.

Go through the 'immigrant section' of a typical industrial town. Miserable shacks, overcrowded with lodgers because there are not enough houses; inadequate water-supply, lack of repairs, unequal enforcement of village laws — all these things characterize the section. Where the company owns the property, there is no security in the home, for eviction as trespassers follows the slightest protest. And on some of our great estates conditions are little better. The men who keep Tuxedo

Park so beautiful for the fortunate families who live there are crowded into sodden communities, unable to get their houses repaired, or indeed to secure a sufficient number of houses at a reasonable rent to enable them to live with fewer than ten in three rooms. I had occasion to visit one of the great estates in Central New York in the process of its evolution from a forest to a country estate. I found the hundreds of employees housed in tar shacks on the slope near the foot of the hill, compelled to take boarders because there were not enough shacks, and each paying two dollars a month rent. Some of the shacks had no windows; others had leaky roofs and damp, cold floors. There were no drainage facilities, and after a rain the little clearing in which the shacks had been constructed was a veritable mud-hole. Even in dry weather, there were stagnating puddles of water. Since no provision had been made for garbage collection and disposal, the women were compelled to throw animal and vegetable refuse in the bushes near by. The wooden privy vaults close by the shacks were seldom, if ever, cleaned, and the residents were compelled to use the fields. The water-supply was a spring into which the surface draining of the hill poured. There were no bathing or laundry facilities.

On interviewing a number of the men and women, I found that this had not been their standard of living abroad. One had been a butcher in a small town in Italy, where he had lived in a small wooden house and had had a good-sized truck-garden. Another had been a house-painter who had come here to better his condition and bring his family here, but was now anxiously awaiting the moment when he should have sufficient funds to take him back to the old home. Another had been a farmer on a small scale; he had come here to go into farming, but through lack of

proper advice and direction had drifted into construction work. His family was with him, but they were all going back as soon as possible.

This was really a community study in the methods by which American employers create the 'immigrant standard of living' in America, and incidentally the immigrant 'bird of passage' who contributes so much to American industrial instability. The determining factor in this place was one of the first families of America.

There are other phases of 'hospitality' which interest us greatly. There are Lawrence, Calumet, Trinidad, Roosevelt, Wheatland, Ludlow, where the sworn statements of witnesses lead us to doubt if we are living in free America. The report of the California Immigration Commission says of Wheatland: —

'There had occurred on August 3, 1913, on the Durst hop ranch near Wheatland, Yuba County, a riot among the hop-pickers employed on the ranch, resulting in the killing of two police officials and two pickers. It was the claim of the pickers that one of the primary causes of the discontent in their ranks, leading to riot and bloodshed, was the insanitary condition of the camp in which they were segregated on the ranch.' Before the trial of the men charged with inciting the riot and causing the murder, it was announced that 'evidence concerning the sanitary and living conditions in the camp would be introduced,' and the commission availed itself of the opportunity to conduct 'a careful investigation into the economic causes leading to the riot.'

They discovered that there were probably 2800 workers in camp at the time of the riot, of whom about half were women and children. Of the men, fully 1000 were foreign-born, — Syrians, Mexicans, Italians, Porto Ricans,

Poles, Hindus, and Japanese. These people were expected to camp out in a desolate, treeless field. 'There were a few tents to be rented at 75 cents a week, but the majority had to construct rude shelters of poles and gunny sacks, called "bull pens," while many were compelled to sleep in the open on piles of vines or straw.' The sanitary arrangements were unspeakably inadequate, foul, and unhealthy; drinking water was scarce, and some of the wells were infected from the surface water which drained back from stagnant pools that formed near the toilets and garbage piles. There were cases of dysentery, typhoid, and malaria in camp. 'While the wage-scale and other factors contributed to the feeling of discontent, the real cause of the protest of the pickers seemed to come from the inadequate housing and the insanitary conditions under which the hop-pickers were compelled to live.'

Even more interesting is the Colorado situation. The investigation of the most recent Colorado struggle brought to light among other things this significant fact: that within ten years after their arrival every new force of immigrant workmen brought there reached the climax of their protest against the living conditions forced upon them. These successive revolts after years of helpless endurance have only one significance: left wholly to themselves, with little help in education or organization, these immigrant workmen not only attain in ten years a desire for the American standard of living, but are prepared to starve and die for it.

At one of the largest mines in New York State, owned and operated by the descendants of one of the oldest families in America, the writer found that the company practically owned the town except the saloons. It employed one of the justices and its coun-

sel was county judge. A saloon-keeper and a padrone were the interpreters when one was needed. It was found in the case of both justices that bills and claims for fees had been presented to the supervisors and paid, which the docket did not substantiate; that they had failed to file records as required by law; that they had falsified accounts and settled cases in violation of law, there being no record kept; that they had neglected to transmit the fines to the clerk in their conduct of trials. How is an immigrant living and working in this town to learn to respect American hospitality or even to understand American justice?

There are graver evidences than these that the host, not the guest, is the violator of American hospitality. Some of the sons of the men who led the fight for the abolition of slavery in 1861 were fathering a peonage system among aliens in almost every state in the Union in 1909. The Federal Commission of Immigration verified the reports of the Department of Justice and found that foreign laborers were restrained in every state covered by its investigation, except Oklahoma and Connecticut, under conditions which, if substantiated by legal evidence, would constitute peonage as defined by the Supreme Court. According to the report of the Federal Immigration Commission, 'The peonage cases in the South relating to immigrants have been found to cover almost every industry — farming, lumbering, logging, railroading, mining, factories, and construction work. The chief causes of the abuses have been the systems of making advances to laborers, the operation of contract-labor laws, and the misrepresentations made to laborers by unscrupulous agents.'

And the cases of peonage in the North and East, described in the same report, are quite as flagrant.

The peonage conditions are sporadic. But the other conditions herein described prevail in many communities throughout our large industrial states. They have become an accepted accompaniment of industrial development.

These are the conditions, this is the community type, which we permit and which we make. Let us face the matter squarely. The immigrant, upon coming to this country, is suddenly freed from the most minute surveillance of his daily affairs, and from persistent official repression, direction, and advice. He understands that this is the land of liberty. He is suddenly freed from every familiar form of 'control'; in the midst of strange customs, institutions, and laws, he is more helpless than he was at home. Does America make the slightest effort to teach him the difference between liberty and license? No. At the very port of entry he is robbed by the cabman, and by the hotel runner, the expressman, the banker who exchanges his money, the steamship agent, and the hotel-keeper. His first lesson in 'property rights' in America is often the loss of his own small possessions. He is held in bondage by the hotel-keeper, who takes up his 'through railroad ticket' and keeps it until he has secured a fair return in board bill. The *padrone* gets him a job, and for the privilege of housing and feeding him at a price and under conditions about which the immigrant has nothing to say, keeps him in a job. If he rebels, he is promptly blacklisted. The employment agent gets him into debt with a prospective employer, and peonage results. In times of scarcity of labor, contingents of immigrant workmen have been made drunk, shut up in box cars, and landed in labor camps from which there is no return until spring.

After a year or two, or less, of 'Amer-

ican' experience of this kind, suppose the immigrant chances some noonday to hear an agitator of the Industrial Workers of the World. This agitator is often the first person to listen sympathetically to the immigrant's troubles. He represents America, he speaks of new liberty and new opportunity, and it is easy to convince the trusting ignorant alien that *his* way is the way out. No other way has been indicated. It is not that 'lawlessness and violence are the weapons he understands'; it is that they are the only weapons given to the immigrant. Moreover, the agitator addresses the immigrant in his own language. We forget the power of this appeal. In short, the I.W.W. has come to the immigrant, and the labor union has for years ignored him. There are aristocracies among labor unions as among Pilgrims. And the immigrant, ignorant of English and with no facilities for learning it, listens and follows the only 'American' message brought him in a language he can understand.

What we descendants of the first Americans have done is to substitute for that ancient tradition of hospitality a system of heartless exploitation and of neglect, urbane or resentful according to the occasion. A strong nation, with its intrenchments of position, power, and property, has found it possible thus to deal with the weaker peoples who are its guests and admittedly its prospective citizens. The determining factor in our hospitality has been the necessity for laborers — slaves if you will. For years a war has been waged by the workers, backed by the unions and restriction leagues, chiefly fed by race-prejudice on the one hand and by the employers on the other, over the question of *admission*. We have been so busy fortifying one or the other of the positions of these contestants that we have paid no heed

to the guests themselves. Left in new and strange circumstances to work out both their own welfare and their own conduct, they have been unable to do so in a manner satisfactory to us. It is small wonder that they have forgotten or have ignored or have been impertinent to their hosts.

If immigrants are lawless, what is 'the law' in America and how are they to know it? The Romans had one law. We have not only a mass of Federal statutes, but innumerable statutes in forty-eight states and many thousands of ordinances, all providing penalties of fine or imprisonment for their violation, and branding the accused as a violator of law, if not a criminal. How make the immigrant see what many of our oldest Americans fail to grasp? Is it the law that an immigrant may dig trenches in one state but not in another; is it the law that an immigrant may shave his countryman in New York but not in Michigan; that he may own a dog in Delaware but not in Pennsylvania; that he may catch fish in Louisiana but not in Florida? Is it the law that he is entitled to hear and understand the accusation made against him by means of an interpreter in one court, and that in another the accusing officer or the complainant is the interpreter?

Only a few months ago a New Jersey justice of the peace fined an old Hungarian woman for having in her possession on Sunday seven apples taken from a neighboring orchard. Although the woman had taken the apples with permission, and although the person who had given the permission testified to it in court, the justice still maintained that carrying the apples on Sunday was against public policy — and persisted in the fine. It is only fair to add that local sentiment in this case does not seem inclined to tolerate the justice's decision. However, a for-

eigner who could not speak English would, unaided, be helpless against such a decision.

Again, what is the immigrant to think when he commits larceny and the political leader gets him off if he promises to vote right at the next election? What is he to think when he is denied a license for a pushcart because he is an alien, but is advised to go on peddling and pay the fine each time he is caught, as his profits will cover the cost — with the proper influences? Wherever their own power and interests are at stake, it is the Americans who instruct him, not only to resent legal interference but to evade it.

It is true that our Puritan, Quaker, and Huguenot ancestors sacrificed temporal well-being for liberty of conscience and practiced the stern virtues of courage, fortitude, and a most splendid industry. But who shall say that courage and fortitude and industry are not still practiced when little immigrant children who go to school by day and have the free attention of doctors and dentists, sit in stuffy tenements at night making artificial flowers and picking nuts in order that they may have nourishment to carry them to these schools; or who work long hot days in canneries, taken out of these schools early in the spring and returning late in fall, so that they have but a limited portion of these blessings? Who shall say that these qualities are not practiced by the mother who has from three to ten children and ten boarders crowded into a shack, and must work eighteen hours a day for the three shifts of workmen required by our modern machinery? The machinery must be kept running and the human feeders also must therefore be always there. Who shall say that these virtues are not practiced by our seasonal workers, made idle many months of the

year and subject to all the temptations, vices, and deterioration that go with periods of heavy overwork and of other periods of idleness? Who shall say that the laborer under the padrone, housed in shacks and stables, from whose pay are deducted charges for things he has never had, whose money given to agents for transmission abroad never reaches home, whose wages remain uncollectable, is lacking in these virtues, especially in fortitude?

And in how many schools in this country do the children have the care described by Miss Repplier? We reply, surely in New York City. But Barren Island, in New York City, has three hundred little children that have never had any form of this care. Barren Island is the scene of New York City's garbage disposal; the workers are immigrants, and nobody cares. Yet the value which the immigrant sets upon education may be judged by the following quotation from the Federal Commissioner of Education, in a recent report: 'That these people are interested in the elementary education of their children or at least obedient to the school-attendance laws,' says Dr. Claxton, 'is shown by the fact that the *least illiterate element of our population is the native-born children of foreign-born parents.*'

When will the prevalent belief that the average immigrant has nothing but what we give him to commend himself to American civilization, be abolished by more careful knowledge of the immigrants? 'The immigrant frequently brings his contribution to enrich our civilization,' says an associate superintendent of the New York City public schools. 'The things of the higher kind — the spirituality, the reverence for authority, the love of art and music — are valuable to soften the materialism that has accompanied our great advance in prosperity, and they should

not be crushed in our attempt to remake the immigrant.'

I am advancing no thesis that all immigrants have these qualities to contribute. I am saying that many of them have, and that the average American never dreams that they have. We shall never have a sound *economic* judgment on the whole big immigration question as a national policy until we have a sound and well-informed *human* judgment of the immigrant from the rank and file of the American people.

But the height of the failure of the older Americans is reached in their assumption that, as Miss Repplier puts it, 'Dirt is a valuable asset in the immigrant's hands. With its help he drives away decent neighbors, and brings property down to his level and his purse.' Americans who would never have run from an Indian, who would have conquered the forests and spanned the rivers, run from the Italian and the Pole. Alas! we too have deteriorated. We see nothing dramatic, we feel no challenge, in the fight to raise the standards of our less fortunate neighborhoods. The reason that the tenement fire-escapes are cluttered in Rivington Street and free on Fifth Avenue is not, as we fondly suppose, that immigrants prefer fire-escapes draped with bedding and pillows and children. The answer is that they move to Fifth Avenue as soon as their income permits.

Mr. Ross, whom Miss Repplier considers an authority worth following, in *The Old World in the New* points to a typical Western town of 26,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of them immigrants, and gives a picture of the vice, intemperance, bad housing, and wretched standards of living resulting in this town from the immigrant population. We in America believe in majority rule. There was a safe margin of 6000 Americans in that town, free to establish and

insist upon any standard they chose. Why were the Americans beaten in the struggle? Because here as in many other places they ignored or definitely isolated the immigrants, permitting them to work all day with Americans in the mills or factories where they were needed, and then encouraging or compelling them to spend all the rest of their time in their own corner of the town, in Little Italy or Hungary Hollow, and to encroach no more than necessary upon the respectable streets and schools and churches and recreations of the American section.

To many thousands of loyal Americans, the attitude of the German-Americans and especially of their children born here has been a source of wonder and of grief. But here, too, we find that we Americans have been derelict. Setting aside that part of the alienation of sympathy due to family ties and to the daily loss of friends and relatives in the war, how far has the rest of that alienation been influenced by America's own policy? We have had no policy. Have we insisted upon English as our common language? We have allowed the development of community after community in which English is rarely spoken. The proceedings of one of our largest cities are still published year after year in German as well as in English, at the expense of the city. Have we encouraged naturalization and made our oath of allegiance

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mean something definitely American? Not at all. We have encouraged and fostered the hold of German organizations, publications, and institutions. The German press is allowed to say what it likes in America, but not in Germany. It is true that 'we have no mutual understanding, no common denominator,' but the first Americans whose opportunity and heritage it was to produce these have failed ignominiously. It was not expected that our newly arrived aliens should have the responsibility for this, — else what purpose have our Revolution and our Civil War served?

It is difficult in the face of the sins of omission by the American and the sins of commission by the immigrant to fix the responsibility for our failure to-day to have evolved one nation out of the many peoples in this country. We shall probably, in the absence of that information which makes sound judgments, be fair if we place the blame on both sides equally. But regardless of this, I am convinced that we shall never have a strong nation until the strong people cease exploiting the weak; until the people intrenched in position, power, and prosperity assume the burden and responsibility of the welding of that nation; until the Americans define what they want that nation to be, and then set in motion every resource and agency to achieve this result intelligently.

BLACK SHEEP

IV. THE LAST MAIL

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, WEST AFRICA,
February 5.

MY DEARS, — I write you at my old table, on the very same cracks. There against the wall is my little old fat chest of drawers, that still thrills me with a sense of actual opulence beyond any piece of furniture in the world. Last night, when I came into this room, I seemed to find myself and you, as I had found so many friends along the way, and happiness.

February 8.

You are to know about the journey hither from the beach. On Wednesday morning I left Batanga with two loads, and at Kribi I met Mameya and a man of the Mvele tribe with the Lehman's jinrickshaw. The jinrickshaw is like a small dogcart, and under the hood of it I jogged along for four days, along a perfect highway between two painted forests; and all the old things were seen to have passed away. Mameya's little strong body trotted in the shafts; Nkot pushed behind; myself, I lounged on the seat and pondered with a kind of degenerate homesickness on the past.

Where were the seven deaths to be met in the old way? Where were the swamps under their fathoms of green, and the hills which one climbed on one's face, and the perilous river crossings? All the sense of sweet intimacy with the forest has gone with the trail, and out of the terrific tumult of the building of the road runs this immaculate

highway quiet in the sun. When I think of the uproar of the days and the outraged earth and the great cries of the falling trees and the enforced efforts of the forest tribes among the debris, I feel some lack of zest in the journey on the complacent highway. Yet it is a wonderful road and most creditable to those white men who camped along it. I suppose that they are well out of this by now, travelling in other forests and glad not to have to live 'on top of the paths' they have completed.

I had a most comfortable journey, though Mameya did pull in at night to miserable towns, because he had relatives among the townspeople, I suppose, and I don't know the towns on top of this new road. But we did very well. I was happy with my hands between my knees all the idle day. I had a grass mat that I would spread out on the road or in a palaver house, and sitting on this I would drink hot tea out of my thermos bottle, and the carrier would give me a piece of smoking yam on a little pointed stick. I did not take my tent, but slept in little bark houses. Only the long divide of Pikiliki was familiar. There the river talks the very same palaver among the rocks and the forest drops peace upon the highway, and there I had to walk.

It is easy to talk about the path, but when I think about telling you about the people, I can't begin. So many Christians greeted me on the highway.

It did n't use to be so at all. But now I can't make any sort of time on a journey, for friendly greetings, and for little gatherings of townspeople who call me to speak in the houses which they have built for God, — little houses where they sit on logs and are immensely happy. I spoke in lots of such places, and lots of times I sat in my dogcart by the roadside and talked to the people. Once I was walking and in the shade of a tree I met a woman. She was a Christian, she told me, and held my hand and beamed upon me in a particular way they have. Presently she undid her head-covering, and out of the puffs of her hair she took a little coin — five *pfennigs* — and this she gave me. I was astonished, at the money and at the spirit, but I tried to be polite and to know just how to accept her five pfennigs.

I was surprised, too, by the emotion with which my friends met me, trembling and with tears. At Lam, where a church has just been organized, Bian and Nshicko and old Mejio laughed and cried and held my hands. 'We see your face again. Ah, Missa Makingia, this long time that we have parted, always we have prayed that we might see your face again. And God is willing. Did you forget us? Did you remember us? Do you remember how you said to us thus and so?' They put me in Bian's little clean brown house, and there was to be no parting from me, they said, all that day. Still it was allowed that Makingia had to bathe.

We had meetings, one in the church and one in the palaver house in the evening, by the wood fires. Lam is a big centre now; five hundred come to the service of a Sunday. The church was organized perhaps a month ago, and it is curious to see how deeply mystical a sense of the fact of the Church in their midst the older Christians have. We gabbled a great deal all the

sunny afternoon, and after the night came in among the palm trees in the village street. We were beautifully happy. After we said good-night I heard Bian and Nshicko laughing together under the eaves of the house, and when I asked why, they said they rejoiced because of some 'arguments' I had made in the meeting.

I arrived at Lolodorf at the end of a golden day. Mrs. Lehman met me about an hour out, and a little later down the road came those of the school-boys who knew me, capering with flags; and some of them are young men that were little boys, and those that are still little boys are younger brothers! It was sweet to see them and I was happy. Bitum was quite silly with pleasure. He was sure that my men were going to spill me out of the cart, and he shouted staccato directions as he ran in front of the jinrickshaw, where he had to be nimble or perish.

Lolodorf has changed almost beyond recognition. But the house is the same and the Lehmans are the same, and I could not sleep the first night for old familiar thoughts that came upon me in my old room.

LOLODORF, February 14.

To-day Mrs. Lehman and I were in a town where often I used to go to see a woman who is a Christian now, a tall woman furiously tattooed. I always loved her, and now when I sit in her house and think, 'This little brown house is the house of a Christian woman, and that is Nkata,' I feel the uses of the years.

She came in from her work, — cutting brush she had been, — and her body with its terrific mesh of bluish black tattoo was wet with the dew. Mrs. Lehman was telling her that her little daughter, who is to be graduated with Mrs. Emerson's advanced class of girls, must learn now from her mother

the works of women — gardening and fishing and hunting of firewood and cooking. But Nkata, it seems, has the old golden maternal dream for her one little daughter. She unwound her bit of rag from a cut on her leg, — the scars of her profession, — and she said that Mban must not work as her mother does. The humanity of this was of course very touching, but we called up the shade of a future husband, who for all his lack of definite feature knew his own mind and how to drive little Mban to her duty, without any particular care of her shins.

February 16.

Out under the bright moon and bright Sirius and the worshipful Canopus, I have been talking with the boys the old palavers. After all these years — is the world really round as the white people say? They do not doubt, they say, but they wonder! And beyond the stars, what? Ah, what indeed!

EFULEN, March 18.

I should like to tell you all about the trip across country. It was an interesting trip, rather rough but not rough the first day. The next morning we turned off the main way at Mebem, and into a cross-country path of which I may now say that it is as bad as they say it is. Which proves, as I told my men, that a scandal is not necessarily a lie. We walked for about two hours on an old path running through overgrown clearings, the worst kind of walking. At noon or so we came out on a cleared path, and passed through a populous district where is that great rock upon which God rested on his way from the interior to the beach. I shall be telling you more of this, for Parnassus it was and looked to be: really an adequate Parnassus, a tremendous granite crown to a hill dominating the hills of the forest. Nzwango told me tales of this place of which, as I say, I

shall write at length. We were 'tied,' you would think, to make all-day stages. It was all of five o'clock when we got into Nkotoven and were received by dear old Zamo, who was grieved to see her 'little daughter' so weary. Before you could guess it there was a kettle on the fire and I was in bed, with Zamo sitting by the door of the hut in the moonlight. Now I must hear much talk of the goodness of God and his power. Myself, I am always very conscious of the goodness of God when I am on the road.

I put up next night with Abote, a person habitually grave, but now all laughter because I had come, and with sudden gay notes in her lovely deep voice. That night, having no lantern, I went to bed in the moonlight, a mountain misty moonlight. I laced my tent flap to the ground and went cold to bed, to think of wild cattle and gorillas and driver ants. To such times of weakness are women prone.

EFULEN, April 1.

Your letter is a perfectly reasonable letter, and the women's questions are perfectly reasonable, except when they ask if I am 'making good.' Even that question, addressed to the right quarter, would be perfectly reasonable. As for me, I am a perfectly good dead cat. I have even perfectly good excuses that would read well in a missionary biography. I spare them.

Efulen station is the oldest Bulu station. It is now fifteen or sixteen years old. There are, as a result of the work, something over two hundred church members, and an immense parish, with adherents in innumerable villages. Two thousand people assemble of a Sunday. The work is exceedingly encouraging, the people exceedingly responsive. A minimum force for this station would be a minister and his wife, a doctor and his wife, a schoolteacher, and a single woman. That is. three men and three

women. This year we have had a minister, a teacher, and myself. We hardly touch the work. I have been at the head of the house, of the girls' school, and of the women's work. I run the house with a cook, a washboy, a steward, and a cook's mate. In the morning I oversee the girls' outdoor work and prepare sewing for the sewing classes, and hold meetings for the women for a few days before and after the first Sunday in the month, when they come in from outlying districts by the hundreds. In the afternoon I oversee the girls' work in school; and on Wednesdays I have a meeting with the women who are leaders in their districts and who report to me conditions in the towns to which I cannot find time to go in these days, and they report meetings held. We pray together for individuals; I have a list of such. Sometimes at night I go down the hill to the towns with a lantern, to do some business that I could not find time to do in the day, and always I visit the little girls' dormitories in the evening. And once in a while I help the poor schoolteacher struggle with a case of illness, for we have no doctor. It is horrible to see people die for lack of a doctor.

I must stop, and I have not given you the sense of a black face at every door, at every window, and the murmur of 'Mama! Mama!' that beats upon one all day; and how sometimes we must say to the women who have come to speak of their souls' salvation, 'Go away now, come to-morrow,' — because our voice is worn out.

I am always your friend.

LOLORDORF, September 3.

Yesterday I went from house to house in this neighborhood, and there were women who remembered me, said they, when I was a little girl. At noon I spread my mat on the pole bed across from Meyée's bed where she lies in her

little brown hut — some sort of nervous disorder — imagine it. We talked together through the noon hour; she was telling me that the people of the town were telling her husband, Woneli, that he must make magic for her or she will die. 'Let her die first,' says Woneli; 'what is death to a Christian?' Meyée quite bursts with pride at Woneli's vicarious fortitude.

I said I wanted to go to Abwang, whose child had died; Abwang is a church member. A woman who sat by the door of the hut said she would show me the path; I thought this just a common courtesy; I did n't know that we were to chin our way up the banks of the Bekui and hang on to sapling trees for an hour each way. She certainly was good to me. Once she turned around to find me hung up; back she clambered, and she said, very sweetly I thought, 'You are not alone in trouble.'

Coming to the river bank, we called, and a man came over for us in a canoe. One at a time we crossed, kneeling in the prow. Up the bank again and through a little stretch of forest to a hamlet on the hillside, very quiet in the sunny afternoon. Abwang lay on her pole bed with her newest baby by her side; three children she has left. I found that we were six women in the hut, all Christians; I was much struck with such a gathering in that little brown shelter. I asked did Bekalli, the father of the child who died — did he make the usual accusations against the mother? And the women said, No, he just sat in his house and felt grief as they did. By and by I saw him in his palaver house, where he just sat and felt grief.

When I got back to Lemizhwon, old Anzia Mpila gave me three cassava cakes, — a considerable present in these days of famine, — and the women said, I —

September 6 or 7 or 8.

Too bad, I have forgotten what they said. But here is what I saw to-night. I am in Zenebot, half way to Lam, staying with decent folk, Ze Mpioga — thick-headed but good. And this is what I saw:—

I went with my lantern into Ze's little hut; I sat down by the fire, and there was the family too. Mendom was heating some water in a big black kettle. The youngest Mpioga, still without teeth, was howling in the arms of little brother. Presently to the light of my lantern Mendom brings her three-year-old; she empties her hot water into a wooden bowl; with a sponge of crushed leaves she washes first one little foot, then the other. Kid howls. His feet are sore, poor little duffer — he holds out his hand for his father to hold. Mother is relentless until both feet are soaked; then she opens a little leaf packet: there is salve made of the bark of the redwood tree; she adds a little palm oil to this, and very carefully she anoints the little feet. The sobs subside and the child walks off on his heels. Now the mother pours more water into the bowl, takes the fretful baby out of the hands of little brother, stands the weeny thing in her belt of beads on the clay floor, and swabs her down with water. There is the familiar initial gasp. With her maternal hands she cleanses that little person all glittering with wet, and she says, looking at me and smiling, 'God has sent me much trouble.' And the father says, apropos of nothing, 'All these have been baptized.' I sit on my stool by the fire and feel steeped in the most human domesticity. Everywhere in the world at this hour little children are whimpering over their evening ablutions. It is a mistake to think that any child of a good mother escapes. — So much for the illusions of little boys who would like to be heathen.

LAM, September 8.

It is a sunny morning, a great treat in these days. I have Bella's little new baby for company; I heard about her the night I left Bibia. When I told the schoolgirls about her, up pipes one, 'Great thanks! The tribe is increased!' The conventional congratulation, I suppose. The little darling! The black women say of a sister's child, 'I did not bear it, but I see it my child.'

EFULEN, December 16.

Here, my dears, is Efulen, but not just as I left it, for where we were three there are now seven missionaries. Lots of nice young people. But here are the hills, in their most lovely moment of color; for it is the spring, and the rose and amber and pale green of the new leaf is everywhere under the morning haze. Lovely, lovely valleys; lovely, lovely mountains; like the mountains and the valleys in the backgrounds of primitive Italian pictures. So much beauty frees the spirit, and I would like to do nothing for quite a while but hang over the brink of the clearing.

I left Thursday morning, was on the road all day, turned off the highway at about four, and was in the Bulu town of Tyange before dark. Had a little meeting and then to bed. Off after prayers at daylight for a long, long day in the forest and over the most incredible, heart-breaking, beautiful hills. Paths brown with leaves, promising always to do better and then rearing like a mean horse. It is not much of a path for a chair, and I walked ahead of little Bama and big Se Menge, who felt outraged, I should suppose, by the treacheries of nature. We made the town of Abiete, rebuilt since my day, by four o'clock. A big clean town. I asked for the headman; was told, he is at the beach. Eké! I did not know then that he had gone to the beach a few days before tied up to a pole in a

blanket and carried by soldiers. Dr. Weber investigated a case of torture in this town, and found that the headman had tied one of his women to a pole, had beaten her, and had burned her with a torch. The doctor sent pictures of this woman to the executive at the beach, and the headman was arrested. Said he would not go, and so was carried. All this a day or two before my caravan put up for the night in the town of Abiete, where we were entertained with extreme and careful courtesy. Only this seemed to me queer — that no woman was allowed to see me alone, and when a group would come into my hut a man stood on guard. I knew there must be some palaver on; when I came here I found out just what.

I got in to Efulen the next day at three, a good journey, not a pain in my good little body nor a reproach for ill treatment. I must tell you, the day before I left for Efulen I attended an adjourned meeting of Presbytery, and heard six young fellows examined with a view to coming under the care of Presbytery — young bucks that want to be ministers, my dears, and I knew them when they were in knickerbockers (note, figure of speech). Ze Tembe, a dashing, handsome young man, full of innocent swagger and a very real eloquence. He has been a Christian for perhaps five years, has never since his conversion had a serious palaver, wears his beautiful youth and his Christian successes with a kind of spirited and happy humility, is as definite as Peter in his expectation of an unblemished devotion to his Master. Next him, fumbling at his cap and answering in a low voice, my Bitum — no dimples. Yes, he once had a palaver; no, never since; yes, he thinks in his heart that some may have been converted by his preaching, perhaps so, yes, perhaps so; and behind him sit his two brothers, who were indeed converted by his

preaching — Melom, a strong evangelist and a man; and Etundé, as old, perhaps, as Bitum, but childlike; beloved by his elders; just in from service to the Yaunde tribes; making naïve gestures upon this solemn occasion, stretching his arms and sprawling as men do in the palaver houses, and without any sense of the direction of questions, so that if he were not handled by as wise a man as Mr. Dager, our Etundé would lose out. Between these two brothers, Melandi, whom you may remember, who has been for years a faithful and blameless evangelist; who, imagine it in this country, went virtuous to a marriage with a virtuous girl. There is no emotional quality in his response, but a very convincing and steadfast devotion. Then there are Bikwe and Nna, another brother of Bitum, and Mengun — these last are not present.

LOLODORF, *March 2.*

To-day is the first Sunday of the month. We had a congregation of something like nine hundred fairly orderly Ngumba and Bulu people, who achieved the feat of rising to sing a hymn and reseating themselves when the hymn was sung, in quite a seemly fashion. We used, when we rose to sing, to stampede in a sort of stationary fashion; that is, we did not desert but we exercised within limits — great yawnings and stretchings and scufflings of feet. So for a long time we were suppressed; we sat through our hymns. Of late we rise from time to time, and with growing distinction. To-day over sixty men confessors presented themselves to Mr. Emerson, or were presented by the Christians of their neighborhoods.

BENITO, SPANISH GUINEA,
March 16.

I write to you in pencil, my dears, because it is easy and I must do the easy thing or just nothing at all. And

I would rather do that last anyway. Yesterday, on the last lap of my journey, I was wishing I were one of the old canoes under the eaves of the houses. When a canoe gets old here, they cut away the ends and turn it upside down under the eaves. There it is for a seat; it never journeys forth any more. All these little cabins by the sea have such a bench under the thatch outside the door. And all these little villages are full of the emblems of the sea, and the wind from the sea and the talk of the sea; it is extraordinary to what an extent the sea dominates its margins. At all my little meetings on this beach journey, I have heard the Lord's prayer in Benga, a most beautiful tongue; the sighing swell and ebb of it is like a voice of the sea, the voice of many waters, unified in a strain of passionate melancholy. I have never heard any spoken word so compounded of the elements and the emotions. But I have seen so much new beauty in this last week, and in such a perceptive fashion as fatigue produces, that I feel very wise, — you know that wisdom which answers from the deeps to the face of new beauty and then is submerged again, like perceptions in a dream.

From Batanga to the Campo the coast is of an extraordinary beauty. Here the cliffs to the east shut out the morning, and to the west the thin veil of the forest is pierced and slit and torn by the bright pallor of the sea. I always imagined that the forest by the coast was fairly inhabited, and so, used and stale. But there are empty miles between the villages where the virgin forest comes darkly down to the white foam of the sea; the little path runs between these in and out of the gloom, over the rocks and out upon the sands. Very few people travel north and south on this coast; one is alone for hours. In the afternoon is another beauty: then the forest is full of sifted light; there is

no mystery, but a kind of ordered magnificence of avenues and terraces and deliberate surf. Everything waits for something understood and adequate.

Thursday at one we came to Evune, where Mbule Ngubi is the Minister. You must read your Theocritus if you are to have any sense of that village by the sea, sunk in the shade of cocoa trees, the little bamboo houses filled with the wind and the murmur of the sea, nets drying in the sun or hanging furled under the eaves, canoes drawn up under the cocoanut palms that crowd about the path from the beach to the settlement. When I came out of the glare of the open into the dusk of the cocoa trees, grand young men shook me by the hand. I don't know who they were — the gilded youth of Evune.

Mbule Ngubi has what we call a 'deck house,' a house on posts with a plank floor. He is a tall man, perhaps fifty, with a grand manner and a beautiful simplicity. He put me into a clean room flooded with light and wind. Himself, he spread the bamboo slats of the bed with clean sheets. Water was brought me; I bathed and lay with my helmet over my eyes in that little chamber by the sea, and gave thanks. We had our supper together. 'My sister in the Lord is here,' says Mbule Ngubi, 'and shall I not kill a chicken?' We had a chicken and mashed plantain, with a sauce of palm oil. Here we had an evening service in that bamboo house which the people of Evune built for their Lord; quite a beautiful little chapel. So much order, so much kindness, so many bright stars above the little village and the wide sea!

BATANGA, KAMERUN, May 3.

We (myself and Mr. Cunningham, who has been visiting the people of God in the Gaboon) arrived from Benito in the middle of last night. We came up in the Robina, a thirty-foot boat that

carries a mainsail and a jib. There is a deck of adjustable planks over the stern and an awning above this, but the awning must come down with the change of wind. Mattresses are laid out on the platform and the passengers laid out on the mattresses. So sweet, my dears, to lie with the boat-side on a level with you and with your nose all but cutting the water when you hang over.

We had four of a crew and four black passengers mixed up with the rigging and our boxes. There was a great laughing and the characteristic bubbling of Benga talk — the crew are Benga men because this tribe are expert seamen. If you could only see our captain, Iveki, son of the great Ibia, born when I was, but, oh, my dears, of such a different kind of poetry. He is quite the perfection of his type, a type that you will never see — and that is a pity. I hunt the word that will present him to you. His beauty is all slim and eager in action, and in repose is fairly massive. He sits idly, his hands at ease, but his action is immediate and exact. He smiles for secret reasons suddenly and slyly, and again he smiles suddenly and frankly. His teeth are amazing, so perfect and small. His chin is slight above his strong neck; his nostrils are delicate; he has the beard of adolescence and the eyes of a woman. Sex plays with him a double game — and I have seen other Africans who show the same expenditure of charm — a feminine grace all velvet over the rock of heathen man.

The wind served us ill; we had long hours of rolling calm and of the most outrageous sunlight. One day we rowed for hours close in, to the sound of a tremendous surf; we were trying to land, and at last we came to the sacred rock of which it is not well to speak the name, and to which tobacco is offered and rum is poured into the sea for libation. We were too poor to

perform these rites — or too impious. Back of this rock is a little place of calm, a haven; we went ashore here and made a real meal in a town near by.

The nights were broken and memorable. We slept lying on our mattresses, and the gray water slipped by. There were clouds and stars in the sky, and to the east the dark line of shore. We heard the surf all night. When the sheet struck the water there was a line of phosphorescent fire, and new constellations whenever the men bailed the boat. One night it stormed, and I lay under the boom and the reefed sail as deliciously snug as the unfledged. 'There is no comfort,' think I, all cozy in my shelter, 'like the comfort of vagabonds!' And sleep again to find the wind fallen, the sky washed and tumultuous with stars, old Masongo trampling on his passengers and busy with the sail. When the shadow of the sail was plain on the water, that was morning; then the gray of the world paled, and the stars in the sky and the little fitful stars by the boat-side died.

We were three days coming up, and I had forgotten to expect to get anywhere, when I woke to find Mr. C. sitting up beside me in the stern of the boat, shouting out to 'mind the rocks!' 'You'll be on the rocks!' shouts Jimmie. It is customary to shout when you make a landing, and I always quake because I forget that it is customary. Lights were on the water's edge. As a matter of fact we made a good landing, riding in on the curling of surf to the light of the lanterns ashore. The black boys rush out to meet us, get a rope from the bow, hold her steady by this. I sit on the gunwale with my legs over the side, waiting to be picked off; in my eyes the lanterns and the incessant white surf are a dazzle. Presently along comes Masongo, tall and lean and kind. He presses through the surf. His head is about on a level with my

knees. When we next ease down a bit I let myself go into his arms and am carried ashore. And so, to bed. Old Masongo — how kind to me he was! Mr. C. teased the men about 'calling up the wind,' and they laughed. But once when Mr. C. and I were asleep, I saw Masongo looking for the land breeze and calling softly the old incantation: 'Viaka, epupu, viaka!' And of course the wind rose.

Eké! my dears, how far you live from these adventures!

June 6.

Yesterday some Ngoé women, who are much more naïve than the Ngumba, came to the house of Ze to dress, four or five of them just in from the garden, their bright cloths in their hands. 'Where is your mirror?' they ask Ze. 'My mirror? Where is everything I own? My girl Ntolo has taken it to school, with my handkerchief and my piece of soap.' But she produces a mirror, and there follows one of the most feminine performances you ever saw. There are as many ways of binding your head with a handkerchief as there are hats in a shop. In their bits of loin-cloths the women bound their bandanas, holding the little mirror between their knees as they stood. Such prinking, such laughing! Eyinga the middle-aged, lovesick to the point of death for Se Menge, but since recovered, was found to be adjusting the third handkerchief over the other two. 'Eyinga, you will kill yourself!' says Menge. But they all took a hand in the arrangement of this, a woolen one with fringe. It is fine to have a fringe of fringe! This done, it seemed that all was lost — her head was too big for the neck of her dress. 'It must be undone,' says Eyinga desperately, and they all laugh. — 'The perspiration runs down you like a river,' they tell her. And I say, 'She must be got into that dress somehow, and at once.' She

stands, smothered, her arms raised while they tug at her dress. She emerges, red woolen fringe and anxious face. Her coquetry is of a very serious type.

BATANGA, Sunday, May 4.

I have received Father's letter, with his judgment as to my next winter. I am turning things over in my mind. The idea of leave of absence does not appeal to me, as I don't see the logic of it. If I am — well, I don't see when I am likely to return, if I am needed at home; and if I am not needed at home I would stay on here.

To-night, my dears, at sunset, Kamerun mountain and Fernando Po rise out of the sea as blue as plums and as clear as Fujiyama in a print.

May 31.

I sent off my cable yesterday, and am perfectly satisfied that I have done the right thing. You need not worry about my being contented at home.

I am very much comforted by the attitude of the older missionaries. They think that my place is at home if I think so. And you must say very simply to every one, that I have come, since the changes of the last four years, to feel that my place is at home. If you just say those words, neither more nor less, you will speak my truth, and you will find how receptive of a natural truth people in general are. I have no question in my own mind that I am on the right track, and I have no question of my happiness at home.

I mean to take an inland journey during the dry season — nothing extreme, as I have not the strength to undertake an extended one. But a pleasant journey. I shall sail for home in the middle of October, or thereabouts.

['Black Sheep' will be concluded by a postscript in the February issue of the magazine.]

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF DRINK¹

WITH SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE PROHIBITION ARGUMENT

BY JOHN KOREN

I

ALCOHOL is a world-old and well-nigh universal article of consumption. For unnumbered centuries peoples in far-apart countries have habitually used a variety of alcoholic beverages made from grain, fruit, or milk (*koumyss*, *kefir*). When the art of distillation had been mastered and finally made a commercial venture, spirits of all kinds became generally available, and, through the improved channels of transportation, reached the uttermost confines of the globe. At the present time, according to Dr. Hartwich, the only 'alcohol-free' races are certain aboriginal remnants in Ceylon, Malacca, and among the Indians of South America. The consciousness of dangers (chiefly individual) from the intemperate use of alcohol is also of great antiquity; but it remained for modern times to discover in the abuse of alcohol a social-hygienic problem of the first magnitude. Great wisdom beyond this we have not yet attained.

Our temperance preaching has not wholly emerged from the vituperative stage. It is still the all-absorbing occupation of the reformer to denounce the wickedness and nefarious schemes of the 'trade.' But it is not helpful, for vituperation is a form, not of communicating truth, but of self-indulgence.

¹ Earlier papers by Mr. Koren have appeared in the last two issues of the *Atlantic*.

It is a dull weapon of attack, and bars the way to an objective and passionless consideration, without which progress halts. To a great extent, even the so-called 'alcoholology' of the latter decades savors of invective and extravagant rhetoric. But, more important, it astounds the critical investigator by the crudity of its methods of investigation, the triviality of much subject-matter, the glaring methodological defects, and the consequent questionableness of its general conclusions. But if evident untruths underlie some of the fundamental conceptions of the present-day systems of temperance doctrine, the protagonists of the *status quo* in liquor legislation are equally unscientific and guilty of untruths when they prate about the usefulness of alcohol in all its forms, shutting their eyes almost willfully to its menaces.

Like the common run of alcohol literature, the practical temperance policies insisted upon are not based on real knowledge won through methodical observation and intensive study of the social aspects of the drink question. Indeed, our fact basis is amazingly weak. We do not know definitely the extent to which alcohol is abused within any state or any of its civil subdivisions, such as city, village, or rural district. We have no clear conception of the characteristics of the different types of alcoholic persons; we have not penetrated their lives; the kind and amount

of injury they do themselves and others are known only in the most general way and have not been ascertained *in casu*. The development of alcoholism in the individual, and the circumstances of an individual or social character that give rise to and perpetuate it, have not been studied. We declaim about the use of alcohol as a social disease, yet are curiously ignorant of its deeper-lying causes, its manifestations and progression. There is no competent social organ delegated to observe the ravages of this disease and lay bare the many-sided conditions that determine it. In fact, we lack the expertness needed in devising new measures of protection, as well as in tracing the effect against the drink evil of those we have adopted.

Yet the temperance question touches various phases of community life which can be made the object of exact investigation. In this field as elsewhere, legislation must be preceded by accurate information, not only concerning social phenomena—the bad conditions of life—which instigate the reform work, but also about the circumstances that produce the phenomena. Unless such information is gained, all proposals for reform are likely to become one-sided and involve the danger that, in endeavoring to suppress an evident evil, we may originate others less easily discovered and perhaps more threatening.

Of course, the present directors of the temperance movement in our country will not accept this plea; for theirs is the enviable belief of not needing to learn. Are not the children of our forty-eight states taught the precise physiological effects of alcohol in small and larger doses, although the scientist may still grope for the truth? Are not our towns and highways adorned with 'posters' stating in exact percentages the human miseries that flow from intemperance? And are there not

traveling exhibits that have 'scientifically' charted every social relation into which alcohol enters, so that one may take in at a diagrammatic-statistical glance any fact—from the effect of one glass of beer upon a person's industrial efficiency to the hereditary influence of parental alcoholism upon the offspring? The finality of the case against alcohol seems indubitable since we are assured, under congressional frank, that the registered mortality due in some way to alcoholism equals the total registered mortality of all but infants for the whole country! Although the temperance question is fundamentally a problem in adjusting social conditions, physiology, medicine, and statistics are called upon, not merely as witnesses, but as judges who have rendered the unalterable verdict against alcohol.

In Europe, far-seeing temperance advocates realize the instability of the 'scientific' foundation upon which it has been sought to rear the dogma of universal prohibition. But the leaders in this country continue to misplace emphasis upon statements selected from the teachings of physiologists, medical practitioners, and investigators, as well as upon inferences from social statistics. This appeal to authority carries unreasonable weight with the general public; for as a people we are singularly prone to accept generalizations dressed up in a quasi-scientific garb, when they are given repeated currency by that portion of the press whose chief function it is to spread inaccuracies. Probably Dr. Karl Pearson goes too far in saying, 'We found that the whole "scientific" basis of the movement [temperance] was worthless.' Physiology and medicine are invaluable allies in the fight against alcoholism, but not as final arbiters of legislative policies. Nor does the state of our knowledge about the relations of social

ailments to drink enable us to prescribe a specific. But reformers assume generally that further pursuit of knowledge is superfluous; and it is therefore necessary to outline the more important 'findings' about alcohol resulting from recent authoritative investigations.

II

From the social point of view, the contentions between certain schools of physiology in regard to the precise effect upon the human organism of alcohol in large and smaller quantities is relatively unimportant. Their conclusions of general significance merely reinforce what observation and experience have taught: namely, that alcohol in large quantities operates as a dangerous poison, while in smaller quantities, particularly in certain diluted forms, it may not injure the adult body. The elaborate inquiries made in order to fix the safe minimal dose of alcohol have yielded quite varying results, some placing it at 25 grammes per day, others as high as 100 grammes.

No exact limit can be fixed, for the reaction of the individual to alcohol differs greatly, not only according to age and sex, but according to constitutional peculiarities and acquired qualities connected with the drink habits of the individual. There is no method by which we can measure the degree of individual tolerance to alcohol, and therefore it is impossible to generalize about the safe minimal quality. Then, too, much depends upon the purity of the beverage used, the concentration of alcohol, whether it is consumed at once or at intervals, with meals or before them, during a day's work or after its close, as well as upon habits of life generally. Again ordinary experience comes to our aid, teaching, among other things, that some adults are peculiarly susceptible to the toxic action of al-

cohol and should shun it, while others are not injuriously affected when using it in moderation; and that alcohol has no more place in the diet of the young than coffee, tea, and spices.

Also, from the social point of view, the dispute as to whether alcohol is a nutritious substance has only an academic interest and does not cover a real issue. One must accept as incontestable that, as alcohol is burned up in the body, it saves carbohydrates, fat, and albumen, and is therefore to be reckoned among the nutritive substances. Dr. A. Forel, the eminent Swiss temperance leader, admits this, but suggests that alcohol be designated as a 'poisonous nutriment,' whatever that may mean. The fact that alcohol in large quantities has a toxic effect does not detract from its position as a nutriment in the physiological view. Yet to advocate alcohol as an article of consumption for the sake of its food-value is clearly inadmissible. In its most wholesome form, in pure beers, it is a poor substitute for other food. Alcohol does not sound its own warning against use in unduly large quantities by producing that sense of repletion which is characteristic of ordinary foods. Simply the question of cost determines the unwisdom of regarding alcohol in any form as a food, unless it be in very special cases under medical direction.

In the layman it may seem almost presumptuous to dwell on the extensive scientific inquiries made in regard to the effect of smaller quantities of alcohol upon the different functions of the human body. The scientists themselves, however, do not assume to have reached final conclusions on many essential points. Moreover, their conclusions do not harmonize. Thus Dr. Kraeplin, who is perhaps most frequently appealed to as an authority on account of his great contributions to the study of the action of alcohol on the

nerve-system and the functions of the brain, believes himself to have demonstrated that, for instance, the ability to add numbers, read signals, set type, and so on, is weakened after the use of alcohol, at any rate after the lapse of some time. In particular does he believe that he has shown that the 'higher' psychic functions, such as the differentiation of mental impressions, the analysis of thoughts, and the control of expressions of the will, are disturbed even by the use of very minute quantities of alcohol; while the 'lower' functions, such as the repetition of a speech or poem, and the ability quickly to find a rhyme and the like, may be heightened by the use of alcohol. But several later investigators, among them Dr. Rüdin, Dr. Joss, and others, have arrived at quite other results, not nearly so damaging, regarding the effect of alcohol on the psychic functions. One must therefore conclude that in these respects the present standpoint of science does not permit hard-and-fast assertions of a general nature. This is particularly true in regard to the effect of alcohol on the more subtle psychic functions. Latterly investigators have begun to ask whether alcohol, in inhibiting certain functions and setting others free, may not in many instances perform a beneficent rather than a harmful service.

Few individuals, however, allow their personal habits to be swayed by the qualified dicta of scientists. Alcohol has become one of the most favored and widely used means of enjoyment because of its effect upon the subjective condition of being. Taken moderately, alcoholic beverages diminish the sense of lassitude, still the feeling of discontent and disquietude, heighten self-esteem, and unlock the doors to a livelier communication with one's fellow beings. The reasons why men drink thus also point to the deepest source of

the drink peril. It has been asked if a higher complex civilization can forego the use of alcoholic stimulants without danger to its continuous development. But that question at least is so far beside the mark, as from a physiological point of view alcohol is no more a necessity of life than tobacco or coffee; and this fact alone cannot decide the stand of society toward public temperance policies. Unnumbered sober-living people, who are capable of judgment, believe from personal experience that the use of alcoholic beverages benefits them in different ways. Science recognizes this and can at present make no other reply than that given by the seventy physiologists at the Physiological Congress held in Cambridge, in 1898:—

'Briefly, none of the exact results hitherto gained can be appealed to as contradicting, from a purely physiological point of view, the conclusions, which some persons have drawn from their daily common experience, that alcohol so used (taken in diluted form, in small doses, as indicated by the popular phrase, "moderate use of alcohol") may be beneficial to their health.'

III

Merely the denial of physiologists that alcohol, in the form of beverages commonly used, is to be regarded purely as an injurious substance or as a 'poison,' cannot determine our attitude toward prohibition. We are told to weigh the pleasures or benefits of drink against the misfortunes and social ill-being it causes. Yet, though evidence tell overwhelmingly against alcohol, there still confront us these two fundamental questions: Can national prohibition stop or in a notable degree ameliorate the evils resulting from alcoholism? Can the result be accomplished with greater certainty and less risk through other means? The second

question will be answered in the last article of this series. The reply to the first must be based on accurate knowledge of the kinds and extent of the injury wrought by the abuse of alcohol, for otherwise we cannot decide wisely about the protective measures to be taken or perceive the sacrifices it may be necessary to make.

Within the slender frame of a single article one can hardly attempt more than the most summary consideration of the social conditions and phenomena seemingly bound up with the alcohol problem. Perhaps none is more fundamental than that of the relation of alcohol to heredity. Many have come to regard alcohol as one of the most important causes of a family degeneration which manifests itself in different ways. The evidence is culled from numerous observations of families of alcoholists, in which the children exhibit more or less pronounced indications of mental and physical defect. Some go further and hold alcohol responsible for a diminished reproductiveness, the frequency of miscarriage, and increased infantile mortality. Doubtless the abuse of alcohol is not without influence in these respects; and most investigators agree to the extent that mentally or physically abnormal children are more frequently found in the families of drinkers than elsewhere. But opinions diverge sharply on the *interpretation of the causes* that determine such conditions.

Perhaps no modern investigator has subjected the mass of material relating to this subject to such a fair, thorough, and exhaustive test as Dr. Ulrik Quensel, Professor of Pathology at the University of Upsala.¹ The writer therefore feels safe in setting forth his judgment on the scientific value of the conclusions reached by writers like

¹ *Alkoholfrågan Från Medicinsk Synpunkt*, 1913.

Bezzola, Bunge, Forel, Gruber, Legrain, Laitinen, Saleeby, Helenius, and a host of less-known spokesmen for theories about the race-destroying effects both of acute and of chronic alcoholism.

Dr. Quensel, in summing up, considers whether the *a priori* assumable direct effect of alcohol in poisoning the sex-cells and their heredity-bearing substance, or the indirect effect of alcoholism on the family and the environment in which the children are reared, is of the greater significance. He rejects the theory, advanced by Forel and others, of a direct destructive effect of alcohol on the germ-plasm, in cases of both acute and chronic alcoholism, saying, 'The facts hitherto brought forward do not constitute binding evidence of the general validity of the theory.' Its theoretical possibilities he does not deny. In particular, moreover, he is skeptical as to the opinion that 'even a moderate use of alcohol or a single accidental intoxication, by its direct effect on the germ-plasm, can cause changes transmissible to the offspring.' But he is not blind to the possibility that a chronic misuse of alcohol may have an injurious effect on the organs of reproduction.

It is frequently the case, says Dr. Quensel, that the alcoholic himself has an inherited psychopathic tendency which made him a drinker in the first instance, and which eventually may be transmitted to his children. The statistical literature so largely called upon to prove the transmission of degeneracy and certain forms of mental disease through alcohol, he dismisses by citing the words of the eminent medical statistician, Dr. Weinberg, who says, 'Almost everything remains to be done to produce exact workable statistics free from objections.'

Of course, Dr. Quensel is not oblivious to the manifold indirect effects alcoholism may have upon family life,

and its consequences for the children. The obvious poverty resulting from alcoholism and the associated unhygienic conditions of living, hardly need mention; but justly to apportion the exact value of all such influences in the individual instance is almost insuperably difficult.

According to Dr. Quensel, we do not know definitely 'that alcohol, as such, diminishes reproductiveness.' The frequently excessive infantile mortality in the families of alcoholics, he finds may be due to a congenital weakness in the children, which nevertheless may also be explained by the untoward outer conditions referred to. The assumption that a psychic abnormality in the children of drunkards, especially in the form of feeble-mindedness, idiocy, and epilepsy, results from the parental abuse of alcohol, he regards skeptically, stating that the causation in this form of degeneracy is exceedingly complicated and not yet demonstrable. On the other hand, he believes that the indirect influences of alcoholism bear widely upon the development of the children, and may suffice to make its progress more or less abnormal.

The prohibitionist conception of alcoholism as the most potent race-destroying agency is therefore wholly untenable.

The Swedish committee of physicians concludes its chapter on alcohol and heredity as follows: 'To speculate about alcohol as a cause of the degeneration or dying out of whole nations, is under these circumstances unjustifiable, at least in case one bases its influence upon an assumed effect of the individual on the offspring. That alcohol through its social consequences under certain conditions, for instance among aborigines, may bring a people to the brink of destruction, is certain. But in regard to European civilized peoples — an impartial investigation of their

relation to alcohol seems to favor the hypothesis that "the organ of heredity," perhaps through selection, has acquired the ability to protect itself against alcohol, rather than the popular assumption that this organ — on account of its supposed fine structure — is especially exposed to all the poisons circulating within the body and thereby surrenders the generation to destructive agencies of all kinds.'¹

IV

Allied to the basic question of alcohol as a direct factor in degeneracy is that of its position as a cause of insanity. The popular picture of its importance in this respect is much overdrawn; and for this exaggeration the propagandist temperance literature is responsible. As a rule, the nerve and mental ailments of alcoholic origin are clearly distinguishable. This is true, for instance, of alcoholic polineuritis, which sometimes is associated with mental disturbances. Alcoholic hallucinations and delirium tremens, the commonest form of insanity caused by drink, are easily recognized. Of less certain etiology are rarer forms of derangement such as 'alcoholic paranoia.'

The causative relation of alcohol to other forms of mental disease is even more obscure. In general, the abuse of alcohol appears symptomatically in a number of dissimilar psychoses, such as dementia praecox, maniac and paralytic conditions of exaltation, and others. It is accepted that alcoholism may contribute directly or indirectly to upset the psychic balance of persons predisposed to mental disease and thereby help to give it form. The whole case can be put briefly in this way: The mental diseases occurring in intemperate persons are partly of a specific character, partly those in which alcoholism is

¹ *Alkohol och Samhället*, 1912.

contributory, and partly those in which it must be regarded less as a cause than as an expression of the abnormal psychic constitution which becomes more clearly revealed by mental disease.

Much of the flatulent statistical material invoked to prove that alcohol is a most prolific source of insanity is of the imaginative or made-to-order variety. The United States Census report on the insane in hospitals shows alcoholic psychoses to be the diagnosis in but 10.1 per cent of the whole number of patients admitted to all hospitals for the insane during 1910. Yet the inference that none of the persons involved would have become insane except for the abuse of alcohol is not at all permissible. Quite apart from any inclination to exaggerate, and apart from a frequently antiquated classification of mental diseases, the average hospital diagnostician does not or cannot procure the data which invariably enable him to determine whether alcoholism is of a mere incidental kind and a symptom of an abnormal make-up or an already existing mental disease, or a true etiological factor.

In curious contrast to the above-mentioned percentage of alcohol psychoses in all the hospitals for the insane in the United States, is the result of an investigation made in 1915 under the authority of the Massachusetts State Board of Insanity. It relates to 793 cases in the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. Of this number, no less than 340 were originally committed from the so-called State Farm, to which chiefly drunkards, tramps, and others of the same strain are sent; the remainder for the greater part being committed from other penal institutions. Thus the character and past of the inmates would seem to give promise of yielding high percentages of alcoholic psychoses. Yet the 'probable diagnosis agreed upon' (by the compe-

tent alienist in charge of the investigation), in conference with 'the Superintendent and other members of the staff,' discloses chronic alcoholic insanity in 8.8, acute alcoholic insanity in .3, chronic alcoholism in .1, and feeble-mindedness plus acute alcoholic insanity in .1 per cent of all the cases, or a total of 9.3 per cent with stated alcoholic psychoses. Such figures should at least make one very cautious about accepting current statistics purporting to establish alcohol as probably the chief causative factor in insanity.

It is finally to be remarked that mental diseases directly attributable to alcohol as a rule pass quickly away. This is particularly true of delirium tremens, and also of hallucinations. Alcoholism, especially in large cities, is 'certainly the cause of a large number of mental diseases, but only exceptionally of those which in popular parlance are designated by that name; and as alcoholic mental derangements are of a temporary character and due to a certain outward and not insuperable cause, they do not have such serious consequences either for the individual patient or for society, as commonly have the other mental diseases.'

The medical literature on alcohol as a factor in disease is perhaps more prolific than conclusive. To begin with, the effect of the abuse of alcohol on the human organism is of such a character that from a pathological-anatomical point of view it is hardly permissible to designate specific diseases as being of purely alcoholic origin. In other words, the disease changes which occur in different organs, and which are more or less conditioned by the abuse of alcohol, should not be regarded as peculiar and independent manifestations of disease, for they may be due to several other causes; they are not necessarily characteristic of drunkards, since alcohol is only one of their etiological fac-

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tors. Some of the 'approved textbooks' quite overlook this truth.

Of course, the question is not of a moderate use of alcoholic beverages, for this is conceived to mean one without deleterious effect upon the condition of health. That some persons react unfavorably to alcohol in any form and in the smallest quantities, usually points to a psychopathic condition or to a peculiar nervous make-up. An analogous example is that of otherwise healthy persons who, for instance, cannot use tobacco and coffee without disagreeable consequences, or who are 'poisoned' by eating certain foods.

The immoderate use of alcoholic drink frequently leaves unmistakable traces of its action, but may also be very obscure in its effects. The relationship between excessive drink habits and ill-health is made evident also from the fact that, after a period of complete abstinence, certain notable symptoms of physical derangement to which drinkers are subject may wholly disappear. Moreover, continued abuse of alcohol may reveal symptoms of disease, as well as changes in different organs, that are objectively demonstrable. But the positive connection between alcohol and disease can as a rule be determined only when a complication of different disease-symptoms has made its appearance, or when a single manifestation of disease can be viewed in the light of a previous abuse of alcohol.

Aside from this, ordinary experience tells us that through the economic conditions it creates, and by impairing one's vitality and in other ways lowering the power of resistance, habitual alcoholism predisposes and exposes to disease. The moral aspect of the case is a different story and does not belong to the present discussion.

The insistence of current anti-drink literature that alcohol is a direct cause

of certain diseases makes it desirable to mention briefly what deductions medical science appears to warrant. Among infectious diseases the greatest attention has been devoted to pneumonia in its relation to the drink habit. Many medical statisticians have endeavored to show an excessive mortality among alcoholic persons from this disease. Its fatality when complicated with delirium tremens is well known. But the latest and most extensive statistical investigations do not point to a marked difference in the proportion of deaths as between alcoholists and others who are stricken by pneumonia, especially when the relatively rare cases of delirium tremens are excluded. In other words, and in general, the evidence available is not of the supposed conclusive character.

A similar status exists in regard to tuberculosis. The common assumption that drinkers are particularly exposed and more quickly succumb to pulmonary tuberculosis than other persons does not always agree with direct observations; and the statistical inquiries made in this field are neither so extensive nor so complete as to make them authoritative. It does not suffice merely to ascertain the alcoholic habits of tuberculous persons; the investigations must be made to include large numbers of persons who abuse liquor generally, in order to ascertain the frequency of tuberculosis among them. The subject is still obscure.

The exceedingly common conditions of disease due to a hardening of the arteries have been made the subject of an unusual amount of research, but without establishing the exact rôle played by alcohol as a 'cause.' All one can say safely is that, as in many other manifestations of disease, the tendency is to exaggerate rather than to minimize the effect of alcohol.

Cirrhosis of the liver is habitually

designated as specifically a 'drunkard's disease.' The experimental investigations made are very far from justifying this. One thing only can be said with a degree of finality: that excessive drinking predisposes to this particular disease as to several others. It would carry us far beyond the scope of this article to mention even cursorily the different bodily ailments in their possible relation to alcoholism.

The actual mortality due to drink cannot be stated. American statistics on this point, also, must be received with great reserve, because they avowedly do not attempt to account for the facts. European statistics are not of general applicability; they seem to indicate an excessive mortality within certain occupations in which alcoholism is most likely to be prevalent, and are in harmony with everyday observation and experience. This field of statistics is largely unworked.

The returns of certain life-insurance companies are widely used for the purpose of proving the greater longevity of abstainers than of moderate drinkers. The classifications followed, however, have been so unsatisfactory and open to possible errors that the conclusions drawn are chiefly of speculative interest. Beyond doubt, the matter at issue can be ascertained, but only after years of patient labor of much more intensive and continued kind than any hitherto attempted. The material presented for this country has been singularly unsatisfactory because of the loose way in which it has been collected and presented. Necessarily, no proof is needed to show that the expectation of life is shortest among the habitually intemperate.

V

Undeniably, the abuse of drink results in more or less permanent economic distress, and even a moderate use

in the individual case may spell an indefensible waste. Citations of 'national drink bills,' however, are not especially impressive evidence on this point, since it cannot be shown that money spent for liquor would invariably be saved were the lawful opportunity for purchase cut off. Moreover, it is demonstrable that the sum spent annually in the United States on different articles of luxury, such as tobacco, confectionery, soda, tea, coffee, and many others, far exceeds the total sum expended for alcoholic beverages.¹

We know then that economic injury wrought by alcohol is very great, but lack definite information about its extent and manifestations in different places and in the different strata of society. Efforts to state statistically the relation between poverty and drink, particularly those of earlier date, are in part faulty and therefore misleading. Whenever the investigators found indications of the drink habit, it was set down as a cause or probable cause. But to-day it is understood that the scientific investigator must inquire, not only to what extent the individual constitutional defectiveness causes both alcoholism and poverty, but also how far alcoholism results from distress occasioned by a variety of economic and social conditions. The results, for instance, of the investigation into the re-

¹ The value of intoxicating liquors of all kinds produced in the United States and imported during a year may be placed, in round numbers, at \$610,000,000. The value of the tobacco manufactured and imported, of confectionery and mineral and soda waters produced, and of coffee and tea imported in a year amounts, in round numbers, to \$832,000,000. If other articles of luxury produced and imported during a year are considered, such as jewelry, precious stones, millinery and laces, artificial flowers and feathers, \$230,000,000 must be added to our bill of luxuries, which thus would reach a total of more than \$1,600,000,000. Of course numerous other things can properly be classified as luxuries. The actual selling value of the articles enumerated can only be surmised. — THE AUTHOR.

lation between poverty and drink made by the Committee of Fifty, which have been received as authoritative, and for which the writer had large responsibility, doubtless need to be revised in the light of modern teachings. All recent facts brought forward by social workers and investigators affirm this. Ignorance about the proportion of distress attributable to excessive use of drink we share with nearly every other civilized country. The most recent study of the subject is one just published by the Alcohol Commission of Norway and made by the Central Statistical Bureau of that country. The inquiry embraced all persons who received public poor relief in 1910. In the cities, drink is stated to have been the chief cause of distress in 4.8, a contributing cause in 1.8, habitual drunkenness during earlier years a cause in 2 per cent of all cases, — or a total of 8.6 per cent. The corresponding numbers for the rural district were 1.2, 0.8, and 2.5 per cent, or a total of 4.5 per cent. How far percentages for this country would correspond cannot be stated.

The technical and inherent difficulties of these inquiries are so great that mostly a dead statistical material results, which, however, may be useful in refuting popular fallacies. Even if it remains uncharted, the large economic misery caused by alcoholism cannot escape attention. Indirectly, it effects economic injury by impairing the physical and moral capacity for securing improved conditions of living; and a lessened demand for better things prevents social development generally from attaining higher levels. Directly, the abuse of alcohol leads to conditions of disease, loss of earning power, and unwillingness to labor. Permanent work-shyness is not under consideration, — for that has been shown to result from psychic defects acquired through mental ailments rather than

from alcoholism itself, — but that idleness which frequently occurs after a periodic or sporadic 'celebration.'

Cumulative evidence to show that the habitual use of intoxicants during work hours, even if it does not degenerate into drunkenness, tends to lower one's efficiency, is surely not needed. Alcohol and work do not belong together. How far even minute quantities of alcohol retard the normal responsiveness of muscle or mind when called upon for definite tasks is another question. So far experiments with the time-reaction of persons under the influence of certain quantities of alcohol and without it, cannot be regarded as conclusive; they have not been carried out on a sufficient scale to warrant generalizations, or with due regard to the tolerance toward alcohol on the part of the object of the experiment, or with the necessary freedom from psychic influences.

As a factor in industrial accidents, the abuse of liquor or intoxication by no means occupies the place popularly ascribed to it. The widely published statement that drink causes more than one half of all the industrial accidents in the United States is a fabrication and an absurdity. After a careful summing up of all available official data on this subject, Mr. Gustavus Myers says: 'The returns show that deliberate recklessness or intoxication is not frequent as the cause of accidents, and in fact is so exceedingly slight as not to require serious consideration in the analysis of the immense number of accidents occurring in the United States annually.'¹ The relation of drink to industrial accidents has recently been given attention in a study made in this country under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was found, among other

¹ Quarterly Publications of the American Statistical Association, September, 1915.

things, that both output and accident immunity in factories vary inversely to fatigue. In the fourth hour of a working spell, both output and accident immunity appear at a low ebb as compared with the earlier hours. In endeavoring to find an explanation of the rise in accidents in the fourth hour of the morning and afternoon spells, the investigator refers to the drinking of alcohol before starting the spell as the only other possible cause (than fatigue). He says, 'This explanation has been advanced by the Scientific Temperance Federation of Boston, and taken up by certain employers. To prove this contention, however, it would have to be shown, first, that the most debilitating effect of alcohol on control occurs just about four hours after the drinking, and not earlier or later, and consequently that such alcohol drinking is a regular habit among the workers.' The first point is of course not established either scientifically or from everyday experience. 'All that we can say for certain is that if alcohol is taken at all in large quantities, the tension and muscular control that avoids accidents is lost immediately and in the first hour.' The second, namely, that alcohol drinking is a regular habit among the workers, the investigator says, 'can certainly not be established at all in some of our records.'¹

VI

The assurance with which intemperance is held responsible for the mass of criminality has at any rate the merit of being quite natural. When an offense is committed in a state of intoxication or by an habitual user of strong drink, the causal relations seem unmistakable, even inevitable, no matter how infinitely complicated the problem appears to the criminologist. The many

¹ From the advance sheets of the report.

men and women who populate our minor penal institutions on account of habitual drunkenness may be dismissed briefly. An unintelligent community may persist in regarding public intoxication as a crime and punish it accordingly; alienists have shown that the greater proportion of habitual inebriates of this class are congenitally defective, and that drink is but a symptom of their pitiful state. But they figure heavily in our prison returns, and provide the less conscientious reformer with a plausible reason for incontinent speech.

Also in case of well-defined criminality, it seems easy to fix a relation between it and alcohol, provided we are willing to accept the personal statements of offenders at their face value. It is characteristic of humanity generally, and particularly of the criminal, to offer excuses for wrong-doing; and when questioned about his drink habits he eagerly offers them as a palliating explanation of his offense. Thus it happened not long ago that more than a thousand convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia declared drink to have precipitated their downfall, and solemnly petitioned for the enactment of national prohibition! The affair would not deserve serious mention except as a sample of the evidence offered, and doubtless accepted by many, as proof of the intimacy between drink and criminality.

Many crimes are known to be committed by persons while intoxicated or because they are intoxicated, especially those against the person. But the majority of crimes are offenses against property, which for their success require other habits than those of the confirmed drunkard. Those who prey upon society as gangsters, burglars, pickpockets, and gunmen are far more likely to be drug fiends than alcoholics. Police annals abundantly testify to

this, as does the experience of those who are set as guardians over convicts. These are commonplace and rather superficial observations.

Two circumstances refute the popular view of the intimate causal relation between alcohol and criminality. One is that thousands are annually committed to reformatory institutions at so tender or youthful an age that the drink habit, if indulged in at all, cannot yet have become fixed. At most there might be a question, in such cases, of parental alcoholism, which by affecting the moral as well as the mental and physical stamina of the children may predispose them to a criminal career. At this point, however, the evidence conflicts with the second circumstance: namely, that the young delinquents, particularly those of our greatest centres of population, are extensively recruited from two races, the Hebrew and Italian, which are acknowledged to be among the least alcoholized in the world.

Modern tests have proved beyond peradventure that among both juvenile delinquents and adult criminals many are feeble-minded. One may be dubious about the extraordinarily high percentages of such abnormal individuals found by certain investigators, and refuse to accept generalizations; yet there is a multitude of offenders who may be given to drink, but in

whom the habit signalizes a constitutional defect and is not the cause of a more or less irresponsible criminality. How far in these instances parental alcoholism affords an explanatory moment is unknown. Because the earlier statistical inquirers were oblivious to the presence of much feeble-mindedness in the criminal population, their findings are largely vitiated. So far from having proved the proportion in which drink is responsible for crime, the question still confronts us: Assuming that alcohol had never existed, how many and which of the criminal acts perpetrated during a given period would not have been committed?

In the present heated state of public opinion about the drink situation, he who attempts to differentiate the chaff of exaggeration from the known truth, in writing of its social aspects, must expect to be stigmatized as an advocate of drink. To the open-minded, however, the basic consideration is not how one may apportion the precise percentages of injury done directly or indirectly by drink, — the evil is patent enough, — but rather to learn by what means it most surely can be abated. And they will realize that to fashion safeguards to meet supposed social conditions not in consonance with the facts, is to court an unavoidable disappointment which can serve only to make the path of reform more difficult.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

AN APPRECIATION OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

I

WHEN Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau died the other day, many people wondered, suddenly realizing their impression that it was long years since he had joined the little band of heroes who have gone down in the battle against disease. And many must have asked themselves what manner of man this was who, sick unto death over forty years ago, could from scantiest materials build a little laboratory in the wilderness and exert an influence which cannot be measured by its practical materialization into five hundred sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis by fresh air, rest, and sound philosophy. Here was a man who, from his invalid's chair, revolutionized the sanitation of business offices and of uncounted homes where ignorance shrank from pure air and sunshine. If I assume the task of sketching that indomitable character, it is only because I was privileged for many years to be Dr. Trudeau's friend, to whom he chose occasionally to reveal in some degree his inner self.

It may, at the outset, be well to sketch briefly his voyage through the world which benefited so richly from his journeying. He was born in New York City in 1848 of French parents. His mother was a daughter of Dr. François Eloi Berger, a Parisian practicing in New York, and his father

a descendant of a Huguenot family, which, leaving France for Canada, later drifted down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Near the Southern city James Trudeau, who was an intimate friend and fellow traveler of the naturalist painter, Audubon, owned a plantation which was confiscated by General Butler in the Civil War. He died later as a result of wounds received while in command of a Confederate post, Island Number Ten, on the Mississippi.

When Edward L., the youngest of his three children, was but little over two years of age, his mother went with her father, Dr. Berger, to Paris. Here the boy was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte. When he was eighteen years of age Edward returned to New York, and found himself hardly able to speak the language of his native city.

He attended the Columbia School of Mines, and after graduation entered the United States Navy. An elder brother who had preceded him to Annapolis was stricken with tuberculosis. Edward nursed his brother up to the hour of the latter's death six months later, and thus first came into personal contact with that disease to the extermination of which he devoted the rest of his life. He entered the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in the year of his graduation, 1871, practiced medicine in New York City. In the same year, unconscious that he was doomed to his brother's disease,

he married Miss Charlotte Beare, of Douglaston, Long Island, to whom he ever attributed the inspiration of his labors through nearly half a century. The marriage was a perfect one, although attended by many sorrows. Three of their four children died. One son survives — Dr. Francis B. Trudeau. The death of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Jr., in 1906, was a great blow to his father and a loss to the medical profession.

It was in 1873 that Dr. Trudeau left New York City with the doom of tuberculosis pronounced upon him. He was only twenty-five; the gates of life seemed shut in his face, for it was believed that he had less than six months to live. Hardly able to stand alone, he was taken to Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks by a friend who was also a distant relation, — Louis Livingston. Smith's was then a hunters' inn in the heart of the wilderness, forty miles from the nearest railway point at Ausable Forks. The guide who carried Dr. Trudeau upstairs and put him to bed described his burden as 'weighin' no more'n a lambskin.' And the same guide lived to see that lightweight defeat a local champion in a backwoods ring!

A college-mate of Trudeau's, Edward H. Harriman, was then staying at Paul Smith's. Harriman, Livingston, and 'Uncle' Paul Smith took turns nursing the sick doctor through nights which he was not expected, in nature, to survive. And yet he outlived them all! He improved at Paul Smith's, then tried a winter at St. Paul, Minnesota. Here he suffered a relapse and was brought back to the Adirondacks, where he again improved. It was at about this time that, being joined by Mrs. Trudeau and their two children, Ned and Charlotte, the family passed through a terrible ordeal on a journey from Malone to Paul Smith's.

A blizzard arose, and the trip, which usually occupied less than a day, took over forty-eight hours. Paul Smith handled the team and wagon. After plunging through miles of snowdrift in the teeth of a biting norther, the horses fell down exhausted. The family's baggage had previously been abandoned at Barnum Pond. Paul Smith made the sick man as comfortable as possible, wrapped the children in blankets, and buried them for warmth in the snow. When the blizzard abated, the family reached the hunter's place, after two days of unspeakable hardship.

Surviving this ordeal, seeming even to have thrived upon it, Dr. Trudeau began to consider seriously the possible advantages in pulmonary diseases of exposure to pure cold air. He proposed to spend a winter in the Adirondacks, where the frigid season is prolonged and the thermometer occasionally stands at forty degrees below zero. His friends and medical advisers considered his proposition as a kind of suicidal mania, all except Dr. Loomis and Mrs. Trudeau. Dr. Trudeau had been impressed with the theory of Brehmer, the Silesian, and of Dettweiler, a patient and pupil of Brehmer, that the consumptive was not harmed by inclement weather, provided he accustomed himself to living out of doors, at rest. With the approval of Loomis and Mrs. Trudeau, the doctor carried out his experiment, the results of which practically revolutionized the science of treating tuberculosis. Trudeau so improved that presently he began to practice medicine among the Adirondack natives. He continued to do so for several years, often traveling forty miles in a day or night and in all sorts of weather, to usher, perhaps, some little woodsman into the world, or even to allay anxiety by his mere presence. It has been said that his bedside manner did more than physic in ninety per cent of

his cases. Half of his bills were never rendered and a quarter of the other half never paid; but tears would come into the eyes of many a woman when she saw him in after years; and men called him 'the beloved physician.'

I have beside me as I write some old prescriptions that were found in the ragged ledger of a general store in the wilderness of forty years ago, when stovepipes and pills were sold over the same counter. There are three of them that reveal as many phases of this humane country doctor, who often came in the night, dressed in mackinaw, pontiacs, and moccasins. Apparently, if the family pig or cow or dog was ailing, Dr. Trudeau was summoned through the wilderness. Here is a prescription calling for carbolic oil, tar, sulphur, and olive oil — which, a veterinary doctor tells me, could not be improved upon to-day as a cure for mange. '*Sig:*' writes Trudeau at the end of the prescription; then, remembering that his patient might lack appreciation even of dog-Latin, he dashes his pen through the word and adds, 'Rub on the dog several times'!

There was no liquor license in the woods in those days, and little whiskey, licit or otherwise; yet there was an all-abiding thirst, and men made their own poteen if they could get pure alcohol and some spirits of rye. Trudeau believed that, if a man liked an occasional drink, it was his human right to have it — in reasonable measure. But if the man abused the doctor's confidence, from that day on he went parched and prescriptionless.

Again, one finds an early prescription for a common symptom of tuberculosis. I brought this prescription to Dr. Trudeau not very long ago and asked him what he would prescribe now — after thirty-five years.

'That — if anything,' he said; 'but probably nothing — no physic at all.

Open the window — go to bed — and keep your nerve!'

During these early years Trudeau lived the life of the people in many ways. Being restored to health, he hunted and fished with the other sons of the wilderness. Every year up to 1913 he brought home his string of trout and killed his buck. His skill with the rifle was remarkable. It was a natural gift. On one occasion he outmatched all competitors, then, on a challenge, picked off his own empty cartridge shells suspended from the branch of a tree on strings. And as for boxing, it is said that one evening at Paul Smith's a local champion coaxed the doctor to put on the gloves.

'I promise not to hurt ye,' said the amateur bruiser.

Where the doctor acquired the gentle art no one seems to know; but when the local champion picked himself up at the end of the bout, he allowed that 'the doctor's the quickest thing with the mitts I ever run up ag'in!'

In 1877 Dr. Trudeau left Paul Smith's and moved into the adjacent hamlet of Saranac Lake, which was then a lumber centre with six houses and a sawmill. The railway was not constructed to that point until 1888. But when the doctor came to the village, gradual developments began. He was followed by a few patients who had placed themselves in his care as a last hope of cure or prolonged life. The town to-day is a small city, the metropolis of the Adirondacks, which grew up around the beloved physician and his great work. It has a remarkable sanitary system, and a health code after one portion of which New York is said to have reformed its own.

II

It was at Saranac Lake during his first winter there that Dr. Trudeau

literally dreamed a dream. Loomis had published a paper in the *Medical Record*, drawing attention to the climatic value of the Adirondack air for pulmonary invalids, citing the theories of Brehmer and Dettweiler and, no doubt, having in mind Trudeau's own case. Shortly after reading this paper, Dr. Trudeau fell asleep while leaning on his gun on a fox runway on the side of Mount Pisgah, near Saranac Lake. He dreamed that the forest around him melted away and that the whole mountain-side was dotted with houses built inside out, as if the inhabitants lived on the outside. As he said many years later, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, 'I dreamed a dream of a great sanitarium that should be the everlasting foe of tuberculosis, and lo! — the dream has come true!'

Shortly after a reception held on January 1, 1915, at which all of the sanitarium patients came to shake hands with the founder, I happened to remark to the doctor on the quaintness of his speech for the occasion. He had spoken of the strange new faces before him, and how there had been a time when he was personally acquainted with each and every one, 'his hopes, his fears, and very often the state of his bank account'; and how the girls even told him of their love affairs and of womanly dreams that too often were never fulfilled. The doctor suddenly leaned forward in his invalid's chair and said to me in a confidential stage-whisper, —

'Would you believe it? I did n't know what my tongue was saying. I felt strangely aloof for the moment. I saw a younger man thirty years before, leaning on his gun, waiting for a fox. There was not a house, not a sign of a human being. Now —'

His face was all aglow as he spread out his hands.

But even after the dream the beginning of the fulfillment did not occur for five or six years. He had built a house in the village. There, in that wonderful year, 1882, when Koch announced his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Trudeau, who could not read German, received, as a Christmas present from his friend, C. M. Lea of Philadelphia, a translation of that document which the doctor termed 'the most far-reaching, in its importance to the human race, of any original communication' — Koch's *Etiology of Tuberculosis*. This was young Trudeau's immediate inspiration. He had an 'indifferent medical education,' to quote himself, 'no apparatus, and no books'; and the remoteness of his surroundings had removed him from contact with medical men to whom he might apply for instruction.

During brief visits to New York — sometimes at the expense of his health — he learned some of the first principles of bacteriology; — and 'I taught myself the rest as best I could.'

His laboratory was a little room in Saranac Lake, heated by a wood stove (there was no coal). He had a home-made thermostat heated by a kerosene lamp, and in this he succeeded in growing the tubercle bacillus, although he had to sit up o' nights to see that the living organism was not destroyed by varying temperatures. To regulate this, he invented a little shutter arrangement which could be opened or closed. He obtained the bacillus in pure cultures, and with them repeated all Koch's experiments. The guinea-pigs used for immunizing tests he had to keep in a hole underground which was heated by another kerosene lamp. He again proved that fresh air and natural hygiene were the deadly foes of tuberculosis, by turning loose on an island rabbits that had been inoculated with the disease. Running wild, they soon recovered; while others, similarly in-

oculated and kept in unhygienic places, died of the disease in a very short time.

While his enthusiasm was thus running high, he built in 1884 on the side of Pisgah — on the place of the dream — a little shack which is still there and which is known among the great buildings now around it as 'The Little Red.' This was the nucleus of the present vast sanitarium. He began with two patients, whom he apparently cured by making them sit all day and sleep all night practically in the open air, the windows being open, with the mercury courting the thermometer bulb.

Meanwhile he himself was laboring with his cultures, his home-made thermostat, his guinea-pigs and rabbits. During the week in 1890 when Koch announced his tuberculin as a 'cure' for tuberculosis, Dr. Trudeau published in the *Medical Record* an article describing his failure to obtain any appreciable degree of immunity by injections of sterilized and filtered liquid cultures of the tubercle bacillus (tuberculin). Later experiments with Koch's tuberculin by thousands of others proved similar failures.

Not long after this, while Dr. Trudeau was lying ill and depressed in New York City, there came from Saranac Lake the news that during the night his house, cultures, guinea-pigs — everything — had been destroyed by fire! It was the last straw. The sick man was in despair; but his indomitable spirit came to the rescue again, and a letter signed by William Osler helped him to accept fresh battle.

'I am sorry, Trudeau,' wrote Dr. Osler, 'to hear of your misfortune, but take my word for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the phoenix trick!'

The phoenix rose from its ashes, with the financial help of George C. Cooper, of New York. Near the ruins of Dr. Trudeau's first house was built the

first and best-equipped laboratory in the United States for the study of tuberculosis. Here Trudeau labored for years, searching, as he often said, 'in the haystack for the needle that we know is there.' Here his followers still work at all hours in immunizing experiments and in the testing of proposed specific remedies for the cure of tuberculosis. Here many a 'patent remedy' of the 'cure-consumption' order has met its Nemesis. Here, years before either Friedmann or Piorkowski tried to commercialize his so-called remedies through the press of two continents, the turtle-germ of both was weighed in the scientific balance and discarded as useless. It is not a breach of confidence now to reveal the fact that an article entitled 'Has Dr. Friedmann found a Cure for Tuberculosis?' which appeared on two pages of the *New York Times* on the very morning when the Berlin physician landed in New York, came from the Saranac Laboratory and was the work of several scientific brains, with Dr. Trudeau's as the master-mind on the subject. That article changed overnight the opinions of many in the medical world regarding the merits of Friedmann's 'specific.' Dr. Trudeau had examined the turtle organism years before, and had labeled it, not only harmless, but quite useless, as an immunizing agent in human tuberculosis.

To go back to the early days of sanitarium work, the success Trudeau achieved by his open-air and rest methods attracted great attention. The sanitarium grew swiftly. Other states of the Union built institutions of somewhat similar design and for similar treatment. To-day, as already remarked, there must be fully five hundred sanitariums for this method of treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis throughout the United States and Canada. The valley of the Saranac itself, with the

adjacent Adirondack region, contains several private and state sanatoria that owe their inception, directly or indirectly, to the influence of Trudeau.

The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium is, and has been from the first, a semi-charitable institution which treats patients at a sum that does not cover the cost of their board and housing. The annual deficit of the institution is comparatively large, as a result, and up to the time of his death it was Trudeau's personality that attracted voluntary contributions for the continuance of the great work. Such names as Harriman, Sage, Schiff, Rockefeller, Tiffany, have figured in the contributors' lists. E. H. Harriman was ever a friend and admirer of Trudeau and of his altruistic labors for humanity. In the days when ministers of money sat in Harriman's antechamber, they were allowed to cool their heels while a frail country doctor was ushered in; and the railroad king let great affairs hang fire while he heard the latest yarn about 'Uncle' Paul Smith, or became enthralled by the idealism of the practical dreamer who sat opposite him, — a great head on an emaciated body, a voice resonant with faith's enthusiasm, even while it broke short in a gasp. This man was sending back to life and usefulness twenty per cent of his patients apparently cured, fifty per cent with the disease arrested, and the other thirty per cent with a fighting chance. And while the restless ministers of finance consulted their watches in the antechamber, Harriman listened — and reached for his check-book!

As for that annual deficit, a friend who merely sought information once wrote to me as follows:—

'What sort of a man is Trudeau? Is he what so many say he is, or just a clever doctor who has made a fortune out of the Adirondacks?'

In a rash moment I referred this to

the doctor himself. I do not know that he was ever more upset. He promptly sent me this:—

'I am always puzzled to know why people cannot understand the spirit of the sanitarium work. To give a patient for \$7 what costs \$12 or \$12.50, and to have a deficit of \$27,000 on running expenses for the year, can hardly be a business way to make a man rich! Perhaps it is the imposing appearance of my *equipage* which makes the world think me a coiner of money!!'

The 'equipage' to which he referred with irony was a regular country doctor's buggy, just large enough to accommodate himself (and Mrs. Trudeau, at a pinch), and drawn by a shaggy mare which the townspeople affectionately termed 'the old plush horse.' In his latter years some one presented him with a fine carriage and a high-stepping thoroughbred. When Trudeau was called out to inspect this real equipage, he looked worried.

'I — I can't ride in that thing!' he said. 'People will think I don't need any money for my sanitarium!'

He agreed to accept the gift, however, when it was pointed out that the ancient mare was on her last legs. Thereupon the 'old plush horse' was pensioned and given a comfortable stall for life. On the first day of her long holiday Dr. Trudeau visited the stable.

'Well, Kitty,' he said, patting the old mare, 'your troubles are all over. As for me — I expect this old horse will have to keep plodding along until his left ventricle ceases to contract.'

But the matter of that 'fortune' troubled him for some time. A month later he sent me another letter, accompanying a financial report underscored in places.

'This,' he wrote, 'is for the gentleman who sized me up as "a clever business man who has made a fortune out

of the Adirondacks." Tell him I begged all this money personally, but not for myself, as I don't own a cent of it and draw no salary.'

Whatever he earned from private practice barely covered his living expenses. He raised the money to cover that deficit by what he called his 'begging letters.' I remember he said to me one day after an anxious silence, —

'I've got a young fellow up there [at the sanitarium] who is a first-class radiographer. Then there is a bacteriologist, too. As soon as they get to feeling well they'll go off and leave me. They are married, or are going to be, I've no doubt. If I could only build houses for them and get their *wives* settled — That's it!' he broke off. 'I've got to raise the money for it somehow!'

He raised it, of course. Now there are two new cottages in the sanitarium grounds, and a permanent X-ray expert and a clever bacteriologist have been added to the colony there and to the cause.

When the doctor's end had been achieved, he told me of his success.

'But why is every one so good?' he asked. 'Why do people work for me?'

'They work for — you,' was suggested.

'No, no — I hope not,' he protested. 'They work for my work.'

'Well, did you ever consider how much your own personality inspires this work?'

'Oh, come, come!' said he, as pleasantly confused as a girl complimented for the first time on her looks.

'What do people call my work?' he presently asked.

I had never heard it given a name. It was unique. But I ventured the word 'philanthropy.' He shook his head.

'A distrustful word these days. Still — yes — say philanthropy, plus science. The sanitarium is the philanthropy — to cure or console; the labor-

atory is the science — to find a means of further immunizing toward ultimate, permanent cure.'

It was, as a whole, a science and philanthropy of Christ; a sort of Christian science without intellectual sacrifice. To this philanthropy Trudeau would never permit his name to be attached. It was the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium — not 'Trudeau.' It was the Saranac Laboratory — not 'Trudeau' Laboratory. It was usage and the postal authorities that labeled a little branch post-office, 'Trudeau, N.Y.'

His work and worth were recognized, however, during his lifetime. Among the honors conferred upon him were Master of Science, Columbia University, 1889; Honorary Fellow of the Phipps Institute, 1903; LL.D., McGill University, 1904; and LL.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1913. The last-mentioned degree he received *in absentia*. Yale offered to confer the degree of LL.D., but the doctor was too ill to be present at the exercises.

III

I had intended to omit anecdotes in this brief sketch of Trudeau's life, from the time that he was carried into Paul Smith's 'weighin' no more'n a lamb-skin' up to the latter days when he lay on a final bed of suffering. But the anecdotes would creep in; and now they may stay just where they are, for it was characteristic of Trudeau, even when addressing a grave body of physicians and master-surgeons, to lighten his most serious discourses with anecdotal humor; although the first time he ever tried to address his colleagues, — at Baltimore in the eighties, — he fainted from illness, and, while others restored him, Dr. Loomis read the frail doctor's address to the gathering.

Even in his own sufferings he found a text for interesting discourse that was

flavored with the grim humor of grit. It does not seem long ago that I stood by his bedside while he, with one poor portion of a single lung, labored for breath. The possible benefits of artificial pneumo-thorax had not yet been fully established, yet the doctor had been one of the first to submit to the operation, offering himself, it seemed, as a victim of experimentation, although he told the operating physician that he expected no good results, — 'For, after all, my dear fellow, the age of miracles is past.' Yet it eased his sufferings for several years, although at the time he was very ill. He assured me that he was not going to die right away.

'No such luck!' said he in the most cheerful manner. 'But,' he continued, as connectedly as breath would allow, 'what is the scheme of this business — of life — suffering — death? I don't understand. 'It reminds me of this English "Cat and Mouse" bill. They put a woman in a cell till she's near dead of starvation. Then they let her out for a square meal — so she can get strength enough to suffer some more. You've got to have feeling, you know, to suffer. There's a philosophy, by the way, for those who fear the agony of death. As you lose the enduring powers of life, you lose also the sensibility to suffering. It must be so. It is so. I have seen it many times. . . . Cat and mouse,' he half-mused, — 'life and death. Death's the cat — comes and paws until poor life is about dead to all feeling. Then the cat retires into a dark corner and purrs while the mouse gets a little life back, so as to be more sensible of suffering when the cat comes pawing again. I don't say there's no reason behind it — but I can't see it — can you?'

I may be pardoned personal intrusion for a moment to relate when and where I first saw this remarkable man.

I had gone to Saranac Lake in ill health. I asked why there was no statue in the community to the great Trudeau of whom I had read in Stevenson's Letters. Being reminded that it was not customary to erect statues to the living, I decided to see this (to me) resurrected person. It happened to be about the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the sanitarium. When he stood up on a platform and, in a voice tense with emotion, told of his dream that was now materialized, I was filled with a sudden comprehension of the amazing thing that was happening — the celebration of that which this frail man had *lived to achieve!* I wrote several verses and gave them to my own physician, merely as one way of expressing what I thought about it all.

The next morning I was called on the telephone. It was Dr. Trudeau himself; some one had pinned the verses on his pillow on the previous night, and they had added to the happiness of the doctor at the end of one of the proudest days of his life. He asked me to come and see him.

'Do you know,' he said when we shook hands, 'writing verses is something beyond my comprehension. I understand poetry, but not how one can write it. My case is like that of Zeb Robare, a guide over at Paul's. He was asked by some ladies he was rowing the name of a certain mountain up here. "That's Ampersand," said Zeb. "But, guide, how do you spell it?" "Ah," said Zeb, "that's the hell of it, ma'am. I can climb it easy enough, but I could n't spell it to save my life!" That's how I feel about poetry!'

Oddly coincident, Clayton Hamilton, a writer engaged in a book about Stevenson, called upon Dr. Trudeau to ask about Robert Louis's sojourn at Saranac Lake. Mr. Hamilton later confessed in cold type, 'I had come to

ask of R. L. S. and remained to admire this hero of innumerable, unnoted battles, — this maker of a City of the Sick, who, because of him, look more hopefully on each successive rising sun.' Trudeau marveled at the feat of juggling English; yet this author wrote in conclusion: 'And the best of our tricky achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labors and spirit of this man.'

Stevenson, by the way, produced some of his greatest essays during the winter of 1887-88, while he was under Dr. Trudeau's care at Saranac Lake. Stories of the relationship of the two men have been told and retold. At one time I sent a version of the oft-repeated 'oil' story to the doctor for confirmation. It was to the effect that Stevenson, after he had written 'The Lantern-Bearers' for the Scribners, went to see Trudeau's 'light' in the laboratory. Stevenson was shown, in the effects of tuberculosis in guinea-pigs, the ravages of the disease that kills one human being in every seven. The sensitive author bolted out of the house, declaring that while Trudeau's lantern might be very bright, to him it 'smelled of oil like the devil.' Fearing that the anti-vivisectionists might make capital of the story, I took the liberty of modifying it. Dr. Trudeau wrote, —

'I thank you for your motive in changing the end of the oil story. I had never thought of the anti-vivisectionists. Had I thought, I could have told you a little more about it. Stevenson saw no mutilated animals in my laboratory. The only things he saw were the diseased organs in bottles, and cultures of the germs which had produced the disease. These were the things that turned him sick. I remember he went out just after I made this remark: "This little scum on the tube is consumption, and the cause of more hu-

man suffering than anything else in the world. We can produce tuberculosis in the guinea-pig with it; and if we could learn to cure tuberculosis in the guinea-pig, this great burden of human suffering might be lifted from the world."'

It is true that Trudeau and Stevenson differed a great deal on a great many subjects, but so far as I have been able to judge from much that the doctor has told me, they agreed on so many of the greater things of life that they had to disagree about trivial matters for the sake of something to discuss. They actually got into heated argument over the great issue as to which is superior, the American system of *transferring baggage*, or the British method of *handling luggage*!

Dr. Trudeau assured me, incidentally, that Stevenson had no active symptoms of tuberculosis while at Saranac Lake, but had apparently had the disease and may have developed active symptoms after he went away. He did not die of tuberculosis, although this might have been a contributing cause. Trudeau had a full report made to him regarding the circumstances of Stevenson's death at Samoa in 1894.

This paternal interest in ex-patients was characteristic of Trudeau. Particularly he liked to address a word of parting advice to a young man going back, apparently cured, to a life of continued usefulness. Here is a typical letter of this kind: —

'Do take my advice and don't presume upon your physical endurance. When you have once been in the grip of the tiger you ought not to give him a chance to get you again, for he has downed many as good a man as you are; and you must not act on impulse, but use your head and self-control, even if you can't accomplish all you want to in life. If you can't have a whole loaf, try and be satisfied with a half one, or else the graham bread will

get burned in good earnest and you won't have any loaf at all!

His attitude toward the patients, who came to him from all lands, ranks, and conditions, was ever eloquent of the man's human kindness and sympathy. Many came as broken in spirit as in health, and often with but two hopes: one, that Trudeau would perform the great miracle; the other, that a physician of his reputation would not charge more than this latest victim of tuberculosis could scrape together. I know of one case in which the new patient said, 'Doctor — before you do anything — I have n't much money. How — how much will it cost?'

'Much depends on how much you've got, and how bad you are,' said Trudeau, himself assisting to unbutton the patient's collar. 'You see,' he went on disarmingly, 'if you are not very bad, it will cost you quite a lot, so I can use the money for those who are. If you are a really bad case — Well — Say "Ninety-nine," please, and keep on saying it while I listen to your chest.'

The doctor's face became grave as he noted the vibrations caused by the reiterated 'nine-nine-nine.' When the examination was over the patient asked, —

'How bad — I mean — how much will it be, doctor?'

For reply Trudeau — and one can imagine the great sympathy that flooded the beloved physician's face — handed the patient a ten-dollar bill.

'I owe you — that much — at least,' he said.

One can imagine the rest — that speech which he employed so often and to so many: —

'Don't take it too seriously, but just seriously enough. I am no better off in health than you are, and both you and I, old man, will be a great deal worse before we're better.'

When, however, he sent some promising young man back into the battle of life, a repaired asset to the world, he liked to refer to him as 'another young gladiator with a new blade in his sword.' The following, which he sent to me one day, explains the simile: —

'My sympathies are naturally in the world with the vanquished. My favorite statue is that great one of Victory carrying the dying gladiator, his broken sword in hand. The world applauds and bows before success and achievement; it has little thought for those who fall by the way, sword in hand; and yet it takes most courage to fight a losing fight!'

Speaking of this same statue, 'Gloria Victis,' a fine copy of which stood in the hall of his house, he said one day early in the great European war: 'When he created that thing, I wonder did the sculptor, Mercié, realize that he was modeling the glory of Belgium in ruin?'

Others saw something of the doctor's own heroic spirit in that figure, with the broken sword in the drooping right hand, and the left arm still held aloft as if the dying warrior challenged even death — '*Moriturus, te saluto!*'

The last active labor of Dr. Trudeau was the writing of his autobiography, and perhaps the last service of the writer on behalf of the beloved physician was the proof-reading of its pages. The doctor was seized with his mortal illness just after the last pages were written and before he had decided upon a title for his work. The single word, 'Aquiescence,' was proposed as descriptive of the life of a man who accepted adverse conditions and, like the master of a ship, turned the ill wind to advantage. The word was taken from a sentence which he had once written to me, 'The conquest of Fate comes not by rebellious struggle, but by acquiescence.'

When the title was suggested to the doctor, he was unable to speak, but smiled and shook his head. Later, when he was a little better, he dictated to his secretary, 'If the world finds a sermon in my life-story — good; but I don't want any one to think I was trying to preach one.'

Possibly the impression has been given in these pages that Trudeau was an approachable person. He was, to some; to many he was quite unapproachable, especially interviewers. He feared a scribe. To the present writer he repeatedly said, 'Remember — I trust you; but don't you ever publish what I'm telling you until after I am where I won't care what the world says about me.'

Even to his most intimate friends he was difficult of approach when, after 'studying the ceiling' for many long days, he was irritated beyond human self-control by his sufferings. But even then he could be played like a fine instrument if the player had technique. If the doctor was in that depth of depression out of which he would chant a 'De Profundis' of blackest pessimism, all that was necessary was to agree with him that life was 'a senseless business'; whereupon he would draw his sword of optimism and flash the text engraven upon its bright blade: 'O ye

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of little faith!' But if you told him he looked well and you hoped he felt so, he would say, 'I don't. I'm utterly miserable!' and sink back in his invalid's chair with a smile that seemed to add, 'There's little sport in an easy game.'

Characteristic of the man's philosophy was his own comment on his fits of melancholy, vouchsafed once to a fellow sufferer who had been in depths of depression: 'If you go down to the depths at times, you have many glimpses of higher things that people of more even temperament never get; and after all, the ideal is the beautiful in life; the facts of life are hideous.'

He once told a visitor some tales of his experiences with the great human tragedy — told them as if they belonged to the great human comedy, for his humor was irrepressible. But the visitor did not laugh; he went away a sadder and a wiser man. Possibly he thought the doctor hardened; but I shall never forget the expression of Trudeau's face when I asked him directly if he had not become so accustomed to tragedy that it no longer touched his emotions. The smile left his face; his eyes looked out and beyond with a suddenly moist softness, and he said slowly, 'Pity, as an emotion, passes. Pity, as a motive, remains.'

MID-ATLANTIC

BY LAURENCE BINYON

If this were all! — A dream of dread
Pierced through me: I looked on waves that fled
Pale-crested out of hollows black;
The hungry lift of helpless waves,
Like million million tossing graves,
A wilderness without a track
Beneath the barren moon.
If this were all!
The stars of night, remotely strewn,
Looked on that restless heave and fall.
I seemed with them to watch this old
Bright planet through the ages rolled,
Self-tortured, burning splendors vain,
And fevered with its greeds insane,
And with the blood of peoples red:
I watched it, grown an ember cold,
Join in the dancing of the dead.

The chilly half-moon sank. The sound
Of naked surges beat around;
And through my heart the darkness poured
Its surge as of a sea unshored . . .
Oh, somewhere far and lost from light
Blind Europe battled in the night!
Then through that void of blackness came
The sudden vision of a child,
A child with feet as light as flame,
Who ran across the bitter waves,
Across the trembling of the graves —
With arms outstretched he smiled!

I drank the wine of life again,
 I breathed among my brother men,
 I felt the human fire.
 I knew that I must serve the will
 Of beauty and love and wisdom still;
 Though all my hopes be overthrown,
 Though universes turn to stone,
 I have my being in this alone
 And die in that desire.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

VANITY is as old as the mammoth. Romantic lying, obviously connected with vanity, is justly alleged to be developed in woman. No doubt woman's chief desire has been to appear beautiful, and it is quite open to question whether the leaves that clothed our earliest ancestress were gathered in a spirit of modesty rather than in response to a desire for adornment.

But it should not be too readily assumed that vanity is purely a feminine characteristic. It is a human characteristic, and the favor of any male savage can be bought at the price of a necklace of beads or of an admiral's cocked hat. The modern man is modish too, as much as he dares. At Newport as at Brighton the dandy is supreme. It would be inaccurate, however, to limit

¹ Mr. George's earlier article was published in the December number. — THE EDITORS.

vanity to clothes. Vanity is more subtle, and I would ask the reader which of the three principal motives that animate man — love, ambition, and gold lust — is the strongest. The desire to shine in the eyes of one's fellows has produced much in art and political service; it has produced much that is foolish and ignoble. It has led to political competition, to a wild race for ill-rewarded offices, governorships, memberships of Parliament. Representatives of the people often wish to serve the people; they also like to be marked out as the people's men. There are no limits to masculine desire for honors; seldom in England does a man refuse a peerage; Frenchmen are martyrs to their love of ribbons, and not a year passes without a scandal because an official has been bribed to obtain the Légion d'Honneur for somebody, or, funnier still, because an adventurer has blacked his face, set up in a small

flat, impersonated a negro potentate, and distributed for value received grand crosses of fantastic kingdoms. Even democratic Americans have been known to seek titled husbands for their daughters, and a few have become Papal barons or counts.

Male vanity differs from female, but both are vanity. The two sexes even share that curious form of vanity which in man consists in his calling himself a 'plain man,' bragging of having come to New York without shoes and with a dime in his pocket; which, in woman, consists in neglecting her appearance. Both sexes convey more or less: 'I am what I am, a humble person . . . but quite good enough.' The arrogance of humility is simply repulsive.

Ideas such as the foregoing may proceed from a certain simplicity. Woman is much less complex than the poets believe. For instance, many men hold that woman's lack of self-consciousness, as exemplified by disturbances in shops, has its roots in some intricate reasoning process. One must not be carried away: the truth is that woman, having so long been dependent upon man, has an exaggerated idea of the importance of small sums. Man has earned money; woman has been taught only to save it. Thus she has been poor, and poverty has caused her to shrink from expenditure; often she has become mean and, paradoxically enough, she has at the same time become extravagant. Poverty has taught her to respect the penny, while it has taught her nothing about the pound. If woman finds it quite easy to spend one tenth of the household income on dress, and even more,¹ it is because her education makes it as difficult for her to conceive a thousand dollars as it is for a man to con-

ceive a million. It is merely a question of familiarity with money.

Besides, foolish economy and reckless expenditure are indications of an elementary quality. In that sense woman is still something of a savage. She is still less civilized than man, largely because she has not been educated. This may be a very good thing, and it certainly is an agreeable one from the masculine point of view. Whether we consider woman's attitude to the law, to social service, or to war, it is the same thing. In most cases she is lawless; she will obey the law because she is afraid of it, but she will not respect it. For her it is always *sic volo, sic jubeo*. I suspect that if she had had a share in making the law she would not have been like this, for she would have become aware of the relation between law and life. Roughly she tends to look upon the law as tyrannous if she does not like it, as protective if she does like it. Probably there is little relation between her own moral impulse, which is generous, and the law, which is only just. (That is, just in intention.) This is qualified by the moral spirit in woman, which increasingly leads her to the view that certain things should be done and others not be done. But even then it is likely that at heart woman does not respect the law; she may respect what it represents, — strength, — but not what it implies, — equity. She is infinitely more rebellious than man, and where she has power she inflames the world in protest. I do not refer to the militant suffragists, but to woman's general attitude. For instance, when it is proposed to compel women to insure their servants, to pay employer's compensation for accident, to restrict married women's control of their property, to establish laws regulating the social evil, we find female opposition very violent. I do not mean material opposition, although that does occur, but mental

¹ See my article, 'Uniforms for Women,' in the *Atlantic* of November, 1914, and observe extreme figures and details of feminine expenditure on clothes. — THE AUTHOR.

hostility. Woman surrenders because she must, man because he ought to.

That is an attitude of barbarism. It is a changing attitude; the ranks of social service have during the last half-century been disproportionately swollen by woman. Our most active worker in the causes of factory inspection, child protection, anti-sweating, is to-day woman. Woman is emerging swiftly from the barbarous state in which she was long maintained. She will change yet more, — and further on in this article I will attempt to show how, — but to-day it must be granted that there runs in her veins much vigorous barbarian blood. Her attitude to war is significant. During the past months I have met many women who were inflamed by the idea of blood; so long as they were not losing relatives or friends themselves, they tended to look upon the war as the most exciting serial they had ever read. Heat and heroism, what could be more romantic? Every woman to whom I told this said it was untrue, but in no country have the women's unions struck against war; the suffragettes have organized, not only hospitals, but kitchens, recreation rooms, canteens for the use of soldiers; many have clamored to be allowed to make shells; some, especially in Russia, have carried rifles. In England, thirteen thousand women volunteered to make war material; women filled the German factories. Of course, I recognize that this is partly economic: women must live in wartime even at the price of men's lives, and I am aware that a great many women have done all they could to arrest the spread of war. In England many have prevented their men from volunteering; in America, I am told, women have been solid against war with Germany. But let the reader not be deceived. A subtle point arises which is often ignored. If women went to war instead of men, their attitude

might be different. Consider, indeed, these two paragraphs, fictitious descriptions of a battlefield: —

'Before the trenches lay heaped hundreds of young men, with torn bodies, their faces pale in the moonlight. The rays lit up the face of one that lay near, made a glitter upon his little golden moustache.'

'Before the trenches lay heaped hundreds of young girls. The moonlight streamed upon their torn bodies and their fair skins. The rays fell upon one that lay near, drawing a glow from the masses of her golden hair.'

Let the masculine reader honestly read these two paragraphs (which I do not put forward as literature). The first will pain him; the second will hurt him more. That men should be slaughtered — how hateful! That girls should be slaughtered — it is unbearable. Here, I submit, is part of woman's opposition to war, of the exaggerated idea people have of her humanitarian attitude. I will not press the point that as a savage she may like blood better than man; I will confine myself to suggesting that a large portion of her opposition to war comes out of a sexual consciousness; it seems horrible to her that young men should be killed, just as horrible as my paragraph on the dead girls may seem to the male reader.

Some men have seen woman as barbarous and dangerous only, have based their attitude upon the words of Thomas Otway: 'She betrayed the Capitol, lost Mark Antony to the world, laid old Troy in ashes.' This is absurd; if man cannot resist the temptation of woman he can surely claim no greater nobility. Mark Antony 'lost' Cleopatra by wretched suicide as much as she 'lost' him. If because of Helen old Troy was laid in ashes, at least another woman, guiltless Andromache, paid the price. To represent woman so, to suggest that there were only two peo-

ple in Eden, Adam and the Serpent, is as ridiculous as making a woman into a goddess. It is the hope of the future that woman shall be realized as neither diabolical nor divine, but as merely human.

II

We must recognize that the emotional quality in woman is not a characteristic of sex; it is merely the exaggeration of a human characteristic. For instance, it is currently said that women make trouble on committees. They do; I have sat with women on committees and will do it again as seldom as possible: their frequent inability to understand an obvious syllogism, their passion for side issues, their generalizations, and their particularism whenever emotion is aroused, make committee work very difficult. But every committee has its male member who cannot escape from his egotism or from his own conversation. What woman does man does, only he does it less. The difference is one of degree, not of quality.

Where the emotionalism of women grows more pronounced is in matters of religion and love. There is a vague correspondence between her attitude to the one and to the other, in outwardly Christian countries, I mean. She often finds in religion a curious philter, both a sedative and a stimulant. Religion is often for woman an allotrope of romance; blind as an earthworm she seeks the stars. I cannot enter here into the question which a mediæval council so boldly discussed, — Has woman a soul? — for it would compel an opinion as to whether man can pretend to such a thing; but it is curious that religion should make so powerful an appeal to woman, considering how she has been treated by the faiths. The Moslem faith has made of her a toy and a reward; the Jewish, a

submissive beast of burden; the Christian, a danger, a vessel of impurity. I mean the actual faiths, not their original theory; one must take a faith as one finds it, not as it is supposed to be, and in the case of woman the Christian religion is but little in accord with the view of Him who forgave the woman taken in adultery. The Christian religion has done everything it could to heap ignominy upon woman: head-coverings in church, practical tolerance of male infidelity, kingly repudiation of queens, compulsory child-bearing, and a multiplicity of other injustices. The Proverbs and the Bible in general are filled with strictures on 'a brawling woman,' 'a contentious woman'; when man is referred to, mankind is really implied. Yet woman has kissed the religious rods. One might think that indeed she was seduced and held only by cruelty and contempt. She is now, in a measure, turning against the faiths, but still she clings to them more closely than man because she is more capable of making an act of faith, of believing that which she knows to be impossible.

The appeal of religion to woman is the appeal of self-surrender, — that is, ostensibly. In the case of love it is the same appeal, ostensibly; though I suspect that intuition has told many a woman who gave herself to a lover or to a god that she was absorbing more than she gave: in love using the man for nature whom she represents, in faith performing a pantheistic prodigy, the enclosing of Nirvana within her own bosom.

But speculation as to the impulse of sex in relation to religion, in Greece, in Egypt, in Latin countries, would draw me too far. I can record only that to all appearances a portion of the religious instinct of woman is derived from the love instinct which many believe to be woman's first and only motive. It

is significant that among the sixty-five cases upon which this article is based¹ there are several deeply religious single women, while not one of the married women shows signs of more than conventional devotion. I incline to believe that woman is firstly animal, secondly, intellectual; while man appears to be occasionally animal and primarily intellectual.

Observe indeed the varying age at which paternal and maternal instincts manifest themselves. A woman's passion for her child generally awakes at birth, and there are many cases where an unfortunate girl, intending to murder her child, as soon as it is born discovers that she loves it. On the other hand, a great many men are indifferent to their children in infancy and are drawn to them only as they develop intellectual quality. This is just the time when woman drifts from them. Qualified by civilized custom, the attitude of woman toward her child is very much that of the cat toward her kitten; as soon as the kitten is a few weeks old, the mother neglects it. A few months later she will not know it. Her part is played. So it is not uncommon to find a woman who has been enthralled by her baby giving it over entirely to hired help: the baby is growing intellectualized; it needs her no more except as a kindly but calm critic. And frequently at that time the father begins to intervene, to control the education, to prepare for the future. Whether in the mental field this means much more than the difference in temperament between red hair and black hair (if that means anything), I do not know; but it is singular that so often the mother should drift away from her child just at the moment when the father thinks of

teaching it to ride and shoot and tell the truth. Possibly by that time her critical work is done.

Indicative of the influence of the emotions is the peculiar intensification of love in moments of crisis, such as war, revolution, or accident. Men do not escape this any more than women: the German atrocities, for instance, largely proceed from extreme excitement. But men have but slender bonds to break, being nearly all ready to take their pleasure where they can, while women are more fastidious. Woman needs a more highly charged atmosphere, the whips of fear or grief, the intoxication of glory. When these are given her, her emotions more readily break down her reserves; and it is not remarkable that in times of war there should be an increase in illegitimate births as well as an increase in marriages. Woman's intellect under those pressures gives way. A number of the marriages contracted by British soldiers about to leave for the front are simple manifestations of hysteria.

As for caprice, it has long been regarded as woman's privilege, part of her charm. Man was the hunter, and his prey must run. Only he is annoyed when it runs too fast. He is ever asking woman to charm him by elusiveness and then complaining because she eludes him. There is hardly a man who would not to-day echo Sir Walter Scott's familiar lines, —

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.

It is not woman's fault. The poetry of the world is filled with the words 'to win' and 'to woo'; one cannot win or woo one who does not baffle; one can only take her, and men are not satisfied to do only that. Man loves sincerity until he finds it; he can live neither with it nor without it; this is true most

¹ Mr. George explains in his earlier paper that the specific source of his information is the study of sixty-five women representing, as he believes, typical classes of society. — THE EDITOR.

notably in the lists of love. He is for falsehood, for affectation, lest the prize should too easily be won. Both sexes are equally guilty if guilt there be.

More true is it that many women lie and curvet as a policy because they believe thus best to manage men. They generally believe that they can manage men. They look upon them as 'poor dears.' They honestly believe that the 'poor dears' cannot cook, or run houses, or trim hats, ignoring the fact that the 'poor dears' do these things better than anybody, in kitchens, in hotels, and in hat shops. Especially they believe that they can outwit them in the game of love. This curious idea is due to woman's consciousness of having been sought after in the past and told that she did not seek man but was sought by him. Centuries of thralldom and centuries of flattery have caused her to believe this — the poor dear!

In ordinary times, when no world-movements stimulate, the chief exasperation of woman resides in jealousy. It differs from male jealousy, for the male is generally possessive, the female competitive. I suspect that Euripides was generalizing rashly when he said that woman is woman's natural ally. She is too sex-conscious for that, and many of us have observed the annoyance of a mother when her son weds. Competition is always violent, so much so that woman is generally mocking or angry if a man praises ever so slightly another woman. If she is young and able to make a claim on all men, she tends to be still more virulent because her claim is on *all* men. This is partly due to the marriage market and its restrictions, but it is also partly natural. No doubt because it is natural, woman attempts to conceal that jealousy, nature being generally considered ignoble by the civilized world. In this respect we must accept that an assumption of coldness is considered a means of entic-

ing man. It may well be that, where woman does not exhibit jealousy, she is with masterly skill suggesting to the man a problem: why is she not jealous? On which follows the desire to make her jealous, and entanglement.

Because of these powerful preoccupations, when woman adopts a career she has hitherto frequently allowed herself to be diverted therefrom by love. Up to the end of the nineteenth century it was very common for a woman to abandon the stage, the concert platform, and so forth, when she married. A change has come about, and there is a growing tendency in women, whether or not at the expense of love I do not know, to retain their occupations when they marry. But the tendency of woman still is to revert to the instinctive function. In days to come, when we have developed the individual and broken up the socialized society in which we live, when the home has been swept away and the family destroyed, I do not believe that this factor will operate so powerfully. In the way of change stand the remnants of woman's slavish habit. No longer a slave, she tends to follow, to submit, to adjust her conduct to the wish of man, and it is significant that a powerful man is seldom henpecked. The henpecked deserve to be henpecked, and I would point out that there is no intention in these notes to attempt to substitute henpecked husbands for cockpecked wives. The tendency is all the other way, for woman tends to mould herself to man.

A number of cases lie before me: —

Case 61 married a barrister. Before her marriage she lived in a commercial atmosphere; after marriage she grew violently legal in her conversation. Her husband developed a passion for motor-ing; so did Case 61. Observe that during a previous attachment to a doctor, Case 61 had manifested a growing interest in medicine.

Case 18 comes from a hunting family, married a literary man, and within a few years has ceased to take any exercise and mixes exclusively with literary people.

Case 38, on becoming engaged to a member of the Indian Civil Service, became a sedulous student of Indian literature and religion. On her husband's appointment to a European post her interest did not diminish. She has paid a lengthy visit to India.

There are compensating cases among men: I have two. In one case a soldier who married a literary woman has turned into a scholar. In the other a commercial man, who married a popular actress, has been completely absorbed by the theatre, and is now writing successful plays.

It would appear from these rather disjointed notes that the emotional quality in woman is more or less at war with her intellectual aims. Indeed it is sometimes suggested that where woman appears narrowness follows; that books by women are mostly confined to love, are not cosmic in feeling. This is generally true, for reasons which I hope to indicate a little farther on; but it is not true that books where women are the chief characters are narrow. Such novels as *Anna Karenina*, *Madame Bovary*, *Une Vie*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, make that point obvious. As a rule, books about men, touching as they do, not only upon love, but upon art, politics, business, are more powerful than books about women. But one should not forget that books written round women are mostly written by women. As women are far less powerful in literature than men, we must not conclude that books about women are naturally lesser than books about men. The greatest books about women have been written by men. But few men are sufficiently unprejudiced to grasp women; only a genius can do so, and that

is why few books about women exist that deserve the epithet great. It remains to be seen whether an increased understanding of the affairs of the world will develop among women a literary power which, together with the world, will embrace herself.

III

In the attempt to indicate what the future may reserve for woman it is important to consider what she has done, because she has achieved much in the face of conservatism, of male egotism, of male jealousy, of poverty, of ignorance, and of prejudice. These chains are weaker to-day, and the goodwill that shall not die will break them yet; but many women, a few of whose names follow, gave while enslaved an idea of woman's quality. Examine indeed this short list:¹—

Painting: Angelica Kauffmann, Madame Vigée le Brun, Rosa Bonheur.

Music and drama: Rachel, Siddons, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Teresa Carreño, Sadayacco.

Literature: George Eliot, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné, Christina Rossetti, Elizabeth Browning. More recent, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Miss May Sinclair, 'Lucas Malet,' Mrs. Edith Wharton, 'Vernon Lee.'

Social service and politics: Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Miss Jane Addams, Madame Montessori, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Ennis Richmond, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Clementina Black, Josephine Butler, Mrs. Pankhurst, Elizabeth Fry. Observe the curious case of Mrs. Hetty Green, financier.

¹ I associate the arts with intellectual quality for reasons that I cannot explain here. Broadly, I believe that all achievements, artistic or otherwise, proceed from intellect. — THE AUTHOR.

This list could be enormously increased, and, as it is, it is a random list, omitting women of distinction and including women of lesser distinction. But still it contains no unknown names, and, though I do not pretend that it compares with a similar list of men, it is an indication. I am anxious that the reader should not think that I want to compare Angelica Kauffmann with Leonardo, or Jane Austen with Shakespeare. In every walk of life since history began there have been a score of men of talent for every woman of talent, and there has never been a female genius. That should not impress us: genius is an accident; it may be a disease. It may be that mankind has produced only two or three geniuses, and that one or two women in days to come may redress the balance, and it may be that several women have been mute inglorious Miltons. We do not know. But in the matter of talent, notably in the arts, I submit that woman can be hopeful, particularly because most of the names I give are those of women of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century was better for woman than the eighteenth, the eighteenth better than the seventeenth: what could be more significant? In the arts I feel that woman has never had her opportunity. She has been hailed as an executive artist, actress, singer, pianist; but as a creator, novelist, poet, painter, she has been steadfastly discounted, — told that what she did was very pretty, until she grew unable to do anything but the pretty-pretty. She has grown up in an atmosphere of patronage and roses, deferential, subservient. She has persistently been told that certain subjects were 'not fit for nice young ladies'; she has been shut away from the expression of life.

Here is a typical masculine attitude, that of Mr. George Moore, in *A Modern Lover*. Mr. George Moore, who

seems to know a great deal about females but less about women, causes in this book Harding, the novelist, who generally expresses him, to criticize George Sand, George Eliot, and Rosa Bonheur: 'If they have created anything new, how is it that their art is exactly like our own? I defy any one to say that George Eliot's novels are a woman's writing, or that *The Horse Fair* was not painted by a man. I defy you to show me a trace of feminality in anything they ever did; that is the point I raise. I say that women as yet have not been able to transfuse into art a trace of their sex; in other words, unable to assume a point of view of their own, they have adopted ours.'

This is cool! I have read a great deal of Mr. George Moore's art criticism: when it deals with the work of a man he never seeks the *masculine* touch. He judges a man's work as art; he will not judge a woman's work as art. He starts from the assumption that man's art is art, while woman's art is — well, woman's art. That is the sort of thing which has discouraged woman; that is the atmosphere of tolerance and good-conduct prizes which she has breathed, and that is the stifling stupidity through which she is breaking. She will break through, for I believe that she loves the arts better than does man. She is better ground for the development of a great artist, for she approaches art with sympathy, while the great bulk of men approach it with fear and dislike, shrinking from the idea that it may disturb their self-complacency. The prejudice goes so far that, while women are attracted to artists as lovers, men are generally afraid of women who practice the arts, or they dislike them. It is not a question of sex; it is a question of art. All that is part of sexual heredity, of which I must say a few words.

But, before doing so, let me waste a

few lines on the male conception of love, which has influenced woman because love is still her chief business. To this day, though it dies slowly, the male attitude is still the attitude to a toy. It is the attitude of Nietzsche when saying, 'Man is for war, woman for the recreation of the warrior.' This idea is so prevalent that Great Britain, in its alleged struggle against Nietzschean ideas, is making abundant use of the Nietzschean point of view. No wonder, for the idea runs not only through men but through Englishmen: 'woman is the reward of war,'—that is a prevalent idea, notably among men who make war in the neighborhood of waste-paper baskets. It has been exemplified by the British war propaganda in every newspaper and in every music hall, begging women to refuse to be seen with a man unless he is in khaki. It has had government recognition in the shape of recruiting posters, asking women 'whether their best boy is in khaki.' It has been popularly formulated on picture postcards touchingly inscribed, 'No gun, no girl.'

All that—woman as the prize (a theory repudiated in the case of Belgian atrocities)—is an idea deeply rooted in man. In the eighteen-sixties the customary proposal was, 'Will you be mine?' Very faintly signs are showing that men will yet say, 'May I be yours?' It will take time, for the possessive, the dominating instinct in man is still strong; and long may it live, for that is the vigor of the race. Only we do not want that instinct to carry man away, any more than we want a well-bred horse to clench its teeth upon the bit and bolt.

We want to do everything we can to get rid of what may be called the creed of the man of the world, which is as repulsively suggested as anywhere in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties':—

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid
thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward — get out!
She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the
nose who are lacking in lore.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the
manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the
terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.
Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart is
vext,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in
the pain of the next.

There is a great deal of this sort of thing in Molière, in Thackeray, in Casanova. The old idea of woman eluding and lying; of woman stigmatized if she has 'been there before,' while man may brag of having 'been there before' as often as possible; of man lovelacing for his credit's sake and woman adventuring at her peril.

IV

I submit that each man and woman has two heredities: one the ordinary heredity from two parents and their forbears, the other more complex and purely mental—the tradition of sex. Heredity through sex may be defined as the resultant of consecutive environments. I mean that a woman, for instance, is considerably influenced by the ideas and attitudes of her mother, grandmothers, and all female ascendants. They had a tradition, and it is the basis of her outlook. Any boy born in a slum can, as he grows educated, realize that the world lies before him; literature and history soon show him that many as lowly as he have risen to fame, as artists, scientists, statesmen; he may even dream of becoming a king, like Bonaparte. To the boy nothing is impossible; if he is brave, there is nothing he may not tear from the world. He knows it and it strengthens him; it gives him confidence. What his fath-

ers did he may do; the male sexual heredity is a proud heritage, and only yesterday a man said to me, 'Thank God, I am a man.' Contrast with this the corresponding type of heredity in woman. Woman carries in her the slave tradition of her maternal forbears, of people who never did anything because they were never allowed to; who were told that they could do nothing but please, until they at last believed it, until by believing they lost the power of action; who were never taught, and because uneducated were ashamed; who were never helped to understand the work of the world, political, financial, scientific, and, therefore, grew to believe that such realms were not for them. I need not labor the comparison: obviously any woman, inspired by centuries of dependence, instinctively feels that, while everything is open to man, very little is open to her. She comes into the arena with a leaden sword; in most cases she hardly has energy to struggle.

A few days ago, when Britain was floating a large war loan, one woman told me that she could not understand its terms. We went into them together and she found that she understood perfectly. *She was surprised.* She had always assumed that she did not understand finance, and the assumption had kept her down, prevented her from understanding it. Likewise, and until they try, many women think they cannot read maps and time-tables.

With that heredity environment has coalesced, and I think no one will deny that a continuous suggestion of helplessness and mental inferiority must affect woman. It means most during youth, when one is easily snubbed, when one looks up to one's elders. By the time one has found out one's elders it is generally too late; the imprint is made, and woman, looking upon herself as inferior, hands on to her daughters the old slavery that was in her for-

bears' blood. To me this seems foolish, and during the past thirty or forty years a great many have come to think so too; they have shown it by opening wide to woman the doors of colleges, many occupations and professions. Many are to-day impatient because woman has not done enough, has not justified this new freedom. I think they are unjust; they do not understand that a generation of training and of relative liberty is not enough to undo evils neolithic in origin. All that we are doing to-day by opening gates to women is to counter-influence the old tradition, to implant in the woman of to-morrow the new faith that nothing is beyond her powers. It lies with the woman of to-day to make that faith so strong as to move mountains. I think she will succeed, for I doubt whether any mental power is inherent in sex. There are differences of degree, differences of quality; but I suspect that they are mainly due to sexual heredity, to environment, to suggestion, and that indeed, if I may trench upon biology, human creatures are never entirely male or entirely female; there are no men, there are no women, but only sexual majorities.

The evolution of woman toward mental assimilation with man, though particularly swift in the past half-century, has been steady since the Renaissance. Roughly, one might say that the woman of the year 1450 had no education at all; in this she was more like man than she ever was later, for the knights could not read and learning existed only among the priests. The time had not yet come for the learned nobleman; Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Surrey, the Euphuists, had not yet dispelled the mediæval fogs, and few among the laymen, save Cheke and Ascham, had any learning at all. In those days woman sang songs and brought up babies. Two hundred and

fifty years later the well-to-do woman had become somebody; she could even read, though she mainly read tales such as 'The Miraculous Love of Prince Alzamora.' She was growing significant in the backstairs of politics. Sometimes she took a bath. Round about 1850 she turned into the 'perfect lady' who kept an album bound in morocco leather. She wrote verses that embodied yearnings. Often she had a Turkish parlor, and usually as many babies as she could. But already the Brontës and George Eliot had come to knock at the door; Miss Braddon was promising to be, if not a glory, at least a power, and before twenty years were out John Stuart Mill was to lead the first suffragettes to the House of Commons.

To-day it is another picture: woman in every trade except those in which she intends to be; woman demanding and using political power; woman governing her own property; woman senior to man in the civil service. She has not yet her charter, and still suffers much from the tradition of inferiority, from her lack of confidence in herself. But many women are all ambition, and within the last year two young women novelists have convinced me that the thing they most desire is to be great in their art. Whether they will succeed does not matter much; what does matter is that they should harbor such a wish. Whether woman's physical disabilities, her present bias toward unduly moral and inadequately intellectual judgments, will forever hamper her, I do not know; but I do not think so. Whether the influence of woman, more inherently lawless, more anarchic than man, will result in the breaking down of conventions and the despising of the law, I do not know either. But if the world is to be remoulded I think it much more likely to be remoulded by woman than by man, simply because

that as a sex he is in power, and the people who are in power never want to alter anything.

Woman's rebellion is everywhere indicated: her brilliance, her failings, her unreasonableness, all these are excellent signs of her revolt. She is even revolting against her own beauty; often she neglects her clothes, her hair, her complexion, her teeth. This is a pity, but it must not be taken too seriously: men on active service grow beards, and woman in her emancipation campaign is still too busy to think of the art of charming. I suspect that as time passes and she suffers less intolerably from a sense of injustice, she will revert to the old graces. The art of charming was a response to convention; and of late years unconventionality, a great deal of which is ridiculous, has grown much more among women than among men. That is not wonderful, for there were so many things woman might not do. Almost any movement would bring her up against a barrier; that is why it seems that she does nothing in the world except break barriers. How genuine woman's rebellion is no man can say. It may be that woman's impulse toward male occupations and rights is only a reaction against the growing difficulty of gaining a mate, children, and a home. But I very much more believe that woman is straining toward a new order, that the swift evolution of her mind is leading her to contest more and more violently the assumption that there are ineradicable differences between the male and the female mind. As she grows more capable of grasping at education she will become more worthy of it; her intellect will harden, tend to resemble that of man; and so, having escaped from the emptiness of the past into the special fields which have been conceded her, she will make for broader fields, fields so vast that they will embrace the world.

GERMANY AND COTTON

BY W. J. ASHLEY

I

CLOTHING is a human need second in importance only to food. Indeed it can be called second only because it lasts longer, and because, as the consumption of wear takes more time than the consumption of digestion, the need on any particular day is usually less urgent. Since it is a universal need it gives rise to great industries; while the conditions which cause international division of labor enable particular countries to manufacture for the rest of the world. Accordingly the textile trades have for centuries been largely export trades; and the woolens of England, the silks of France, and the linens of Holland and Germany found extensive markets abroad before the advent of steam and machinery. When the age of machinery came, a cheap supply at home of coal and iron gave so great an advantage to countries possessing it, that they found themselves able to continue to produce textiles for themselves and for foreign markets even if they used imported materials.

These considerations apply, it need hardly be said, very directly to the case of Germany. Though before the war the textile industries of that country still furnished about one eighth of the total exports of the Empire, they had been deprived of their pride of place at the head of the list by the marvelous expansion of the iron and machinery trades; and with the improvement in textile machinery there was, as in other countries, some slackening

in the rate of increase of the operatives. Yet the decline in relative importance had not prevented an increase in positive magnitude. Taking the figures for the last five-year period before the war, and comparing it with a period ten years earlier, we find that the average annual value of the exports of German textile fabrics, measured in millions of marks, was as follows:—

	1899-1903	1909-1913
Cotton	246.2	388.7
Woolen	235.3	261
Silk	125.5	187.2
	607.0	836.9

But while the exports of these stuffs increased some 38 per cent, the population increased only 15 per cent.

The effect on a country of the loss of foreign markets depends naturally on the relative size of the home demand. So far as can be made out from German official statistics, the foreign sale, in the case of cotton goods, is between a third and a half of the whole; in the case of woolens, rather more than a quarter; in the case of silks, rather more than one half.

Of its place in national life a very imperfect idea is given by the numbers employed. A stoppage in the production of clothing must in the long run be as fatal as a stoppage in the production of food. Long before that point is reached, the slackening of output involves so much less demand for those other things which men produce to exchange for clothes. It implies a *malaise*, a discomfort, a feeling of straitened circumstances, which gradually spreads

itself over the whole of society. But even if we look only at the particular industries primarily concerned, the numbers involved are quite considerable. The last returns of the factory inspectors, for operatives engaged in textile factories employing at least ten workpeople, were, in round figures: 1910, 911,000; 1911, 922,000; 1912, 947,000. But these figures do not include either persons employed in smaller workshops, or those working at home, or those with whom the occupation is a secondary one. If they could be added, the number would probably be found to be somewhere between 1,200,000 and 1,300,000. Intimately bound up with 'the textile industry' proper are the clothing trades, to which the inspectors assigned in 1910, 385,000; in 1911, 398,000; in 1912, 423,000. But in these trades there is notoriously a far larger proportion of home-workers and workers in small shops; probably the factory figures give not more than a quarter of the whole number who found employment.

Rather more women than men are employed in the textile trades, and more than twice as many in the clothing trades; so that relatively fewer people are dependent on those at work than is the case in the heavier and better-paid industries mainly carried on by men. The last occupation census, that of 1907, made an attempt to ascertain the total number dependent on the several groups of trades and their proportion to the total population. The conclusion was a percentage of 3.1 for the textile group and 4.3 for the clothing group, or 7.4 for the two together. These percentages may look small at first sight; but on the same authority all the metal-producing trades accounted for only 4.6 per cent of the population, and all the engineering trades for 3.6 per cent. It will not be forgotten that, large as the manufactures of Ger-

many are, agriculture still accounts for about a third of the whole population.

Not content with these census groupings, the well-known political writer Naumann attempted some years ago a fresh combination of census figures, and reached the conclusion that, counting those branches of the metal and engineering trades occupied in turning out textile machinery, somewhere about a tenth of the whole German population was concerned in, or dependent upon, the production of clothing and clothing materials. So far as dependence on earnings is concerned, this may be an overestimate. But even this fraction is far from giving a just impression of the direct and immediate importance of this side of the nation's economic activity. For the textile factories furnish the wares ('dry goods') for legions of retail traders — drapers, haberdashers, and the like. Nor can we leave out of sight the many thousands of the German population who have invested capital in textile mills and are, to that extent, dependent upon their success. In the years 1910-1912 there existed some 350 joint-stock companies in the textile trades proper, with a paid-up share capital rising from 616 million marks in the first of those years to 651 millions in the last, and earning on that capital the not unsatisfactory profit of 12.59, 7.87, and 5.36 per cent for the three years respectively, after the deduction of all losses on the part of every single company carrying on business.

II

Enough has been said to give a general impression of the place of textiles in German national life. Let us look more closely into the constitution of the industries themselves. Herein Germany differs from England in important respects. Each of the two main trades,

cotton and woolen, is more widely distributed over the country: there is nothing as yet resembling the almost complete concentration of the former in Lancashire and the latter in the West Riding. Cotton and wool, moreover, are not, in Germany, kept apart from one another, industrially or geographically, to anything like the same extent. And, finally, the briefer history of machine industry in Germany is evidenced by the survival of a certain amount of handloom weaving, especially of linens.

But the forces of capitalism pull in the same direction in Germany as elsewhere. The factory has almost displaced the domestic workshop in all the chief branches of textile manufacture, and there has been a steady movement toward geographical concentration. As in other countries, mills tend to multiply near coal; and when concentration has once set in, it is hastened and strengthened by transportation facilities and by the presence of subsidiary trades. And so, although there were thriving textile manufactures elsewhere, — in Alsace, Württemberg, Bavaria, and even in Brandenburg, — two provinces before the war stood out from the rest for the magnitude and compression of their textile activity. A portion, side by side, of Rhineland and Westphalia, with the woolen industries of Aachen, Barmen, and Elberfeld, was coming more and more to resemble industrially the West Riding of Yorkshire, though it was diversified by the silk of Crefeld and the cotton business which found its centre in München-Gladbach. Similarly the southern half of the Kingdom of Saxony, with the adjacent petty territories, was coming to resemble Lancashire, and Chemnitz was a great cotton-spinning centre; though here again the other textile trades, with all sorts of half-woolens and other combinations of fibre, flourished in the same district.

Whether factory- or home-work, whether concentrated or scattered, all this extensive and expanding department of industrial life was almost entirely dependent, before the war, on the importation of raw material from overseas or from what have since become enemy countries. In the case of cotton this dependence was practically complete. The only other source of supply was Turkey; and the contribution from that country — larger in 1913 than usual — was only one two-hundred-and-thirtieth part of the total net importation. Asia Minor can certainly in time produce more cotton than it does; but it will first be necessary to carry out extensive works of irrigation.

Sheep's wool Germany does, to some small extent, produce for herself; but before the war the Empire certainly received nineteen twentieths of its supply from outside. For many years the number of its sheep has been steadily declining: from 25 millions in 1873 to less than 10 millions in 1900 and less than 6 millions at the last cattle census in 1912. The number can be only gradually increased, and even then not without a serious change in agricultural practice and a concurrent diminution of food-supplies other than mutton. Almost all the outside supply of wool came from overseas; and of that which came by land the only contribution from countries not now hostile was the few hundred tons from Austria-Hungary, amounting in 1913 to about a hundred-and-forty-sixth part of the total net import. Austria-Hungary has more sheep: about 13 to every 5 in her ally's territory. But considering that before the war Austria-Hungary herself imported two thirds of her requirements, it is most improbable that in time of war she will be able to spare any quantity worth considering.

Silk is for Germany entirely a foreign product. About two thirds of it

used to come from Italy, and considerable quantities from France. The only country not now engaged in war from which she obtained any notable amount was Switzerland. But Switzerland was of course only an intermediary.

The linen industry is much smaller and produces more exclusively for the home market. Its dependence on the outer world is therefore limited to the supply of material; but there it is very marked. Cotton and silk Germany cannot produce at home; wool and linen she can; but in each case she has chosen to risk dependence on the foreigner in order to make a more immediately profitable use of her territory. And so the fields of flax once conspicuous in certain provinces have been dwindling, — from 335,000 acres in 1878 to 37,000 acres in 1910, — until before the war four fifths of the flax worked up in Germany came from abroad, and three quarters from Russia.

III

That with a vitally important branch of the nation's activity so dependent for its materials upon overseas sources of supply, the country would be in grave danger in a war with a great maritime power, has long been quite obvious. It was perfectly well known to the more instructed men in German political circles. A sufficient example is furnished by the writings of the late Professor von Halle. Von Halle's first important book, on Cotton Production in the Southern States (1897), was dedicated to the present writer; his second, on the Economics of the Sea (*Volks- und Seewirtschaft*, 1902), was dedicated to Von Tirpitz: I hardly know whether to be gratified or humiliated by the juxtaposition. In the interval Von Halle had put his great abilities, I doubt not with sincere conviction, at the service of the Big Navy party; he

had been attached as economic expert to the German Admiralty; he had organized, behind the scenes, the agitation for the naval programme in the universities and had been suitably decorated in reward; and he had early reached the goal of German academic ambition, a professorship at Berlin. It was his function to formulate, and to confirm with all the appropriate statistics and historical facts, every possible economic argument in favor of the naval programme, both in official memoranda and in anonymous publications. Among the latter was the well-known *Nauticus* yearbook. In the issue for 1900 appeared two substantial essays from Von Halle's pen: one on the blockade of the Southern ports during the Civil War, the other on its consequence, the Lancashire cotton famine. The facts are set forth clearly and carefully, with this conclusion: —

'As the other industries of England were flourishing at the time, and in fact were actually to some extent given occupation by the American war, and as the supply of all other raw materials continued unbroken and transportation to and from the country was unhindered, it was possible to carry the Lancashire population over the difficult time. . . . A similar measure, applied to a highly industrialized country itself engaged in war, would threaten its whole future, and, if the war ended in defeat, would have consequences impossible to realize.'

The moral that Von Halle suggested from this, as from every other piece of his writing during these years, was, 'Build a large navy.' There was never any hint that safety could possibly be found in any distinction between the military and civil use of imports. It was assumed that an enemy who had the power to cut off the supply of necessary industrial materials would not hesitate to use it.

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IV

Nothing, however, will strike the future historian as more remarkable than the reluctance of the British government to make this use of its naval power, and its long delay before proceeding to effective measures. Germany was cut off from Australian and South African wool, from Egyptian and Indian cotton, and from Indian jute, simply in consequence of the prohibition of trade by British subjects with enemy countries. A similar cause cut off Russian flax and hemp. But for several months no restriction was placed on the arrival of American cotton by way of neutral countries. Early in 1915 I calculated that, even working half-time, the German cotton mills could not go on for more than about nine months from the beginning of the war, allowing for the confiscation of Antwerp stocks, 'without fresh supplies.' The occupation of Lodz, the home of the cotton industry of Russian Poland, would relieve the situation a little. But the fact is that Germany was enabled for some months to obtain very considerable fresh supplies from oversea. During the nine months from September, 1914, to May, 1915, there arrived in the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands 114,280 metric tons of cotton in excess of the imports in the corresponding period of the preceding year. It can hardly be doubted that at least this much found its way to Germany, even if high prices did not bring over some of the normal import also. But the consumption of cotton in Germany in ordinary times is some 415,000 metric tons a year (the average for 1909-1913). That is, Germany was able, during this period, to replenish her stores by a quantity equal to more than fourteen weeks' ordinary consumption. It is notorious, and the common belief is borne out by the official

figures, that by far the larger part of this cotton traveled by way of Sweden.

On January 7, 1915, the British government declared, with truth, that they had 'been most careful not to interfere with cotton, and its place on the free list had been scrupulously maintained.' 'On every occasion when questioned on the point,' they went on to say, 'they have stated their intention of adhering to this practice.' Week by week, however, evidence was accumulating that the cotton was in fact being largely used for military purposes. I am not now referring to its use in the manufacture of ammunition; to that I shall return later: I am referring to its employment for a hundred and one other requirements of the army and navy, — bedding, underclothes, canvas, tarpaulins, waterproof materials, medical stores, aeroplanes, and Zeppelins; as well as, in consequence of the shortage of wool, as an admixture even in uniforms. An order, for instance, of the Austrian Ministry of War of last July directed that 'in view of the present position of the wool market' army clothing previously made of fresh wool should henceforth contain 35-40 per cent of shoddy and 10-15 per cent of American cotton. Looking back on my article of June last in the *Atlantic*, I see that I then still shared the common opinion that the cotton industry 'could not be much helped by government orders.' But the perusal, since then, of dozens of German trade reports has made it very clear that, throughout the war, the cotton factories of Germany, almost if not quite as much as the woolen factories, have lived upon government orders. Their foreign markets are lost; and the lessening purchasing power of the community due to the rise in the price of food, concurrent with an increase in the price of cotton goods due to the cost of materials, has brought down the ordinary civilian de-

mand to narrow dimensions. For a fact of such capital importance as the military consumption of cotton goods, it may be well to adduce some evidence. Here is a report from München-Gladbach in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for January 20, 1915: —

‘The continuous and enormous demand of the military authorities for all kinds of goods produced in the district has brought it about that the firms are now fully supplied with orders down to next May or June.’

The same journal reports from the same district a few months later: —

‘In May new orders for summer clothing for the army came in. . . . The cotton-spinning mills are very busy now.’

Reviewing the three months, March to May, the Berlin *Börsen-Zeitung* remarked: —

‘Business in the cotton-wearing branch has been somewhat less active than in earlier months. Army orders often ran low, and few fresh orders came in.’

And such indications could easily be multiplied.

Nevertheless the British government might have long hesitated about keeping out from Germany what before this war — with its unprecedented numbers in the field and their unprecedented equipment — might fairly have been regarded as mainly civilian supplies. So long as there was any likelihood that the accepted usages of war would continue to be observed, it would not lightly, in its own future interest, declare cotton liable to seizure. Nothing but the declaration by Germany of the submarine blockade of Great Britain, with the announced intention and speedily exhibited practice of disregard for the lives of noncombatants, would have brought Great Britain as early as March 11 to the point it then reached: the decision, in exercise of ‘an unques-

tionable right of retaliation,’ ‘to adopt measures to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany’; even though, as we have seen, that policy in the case of cotton was sufficiently justified by the commonly accepted principles as to ‘warlike stores.’ On the same date, indeed, the British government declared ‘raw wool, wool tops or noils, and woollen and worsted yarns’ absolute contraband. The intention evidently was to cut Germany off from its one remaining source of sheep’s wool, namely, Argentina. When it is realized that there is no longer any very substantial difference between the extent to which cotton and wool respectively are capable of military use, it is evident that the English government’s abstention for some months from a like announcement in the case of cotton must have arisen, not from any doubt as to principle, but simply from regard to the large American interests involved. It was anxious to avoid the severities hitherto incident to treatment as contraband, especially the confiscation of vessels. And under an agreement made with representatives of the American cotton-growers, cotton shipped before a certain date to neutral destinations was purchased when diverted to British ports. Some indication of the magnitude of the supply that would otherwise have reached Germany is afforded by the fact that for twenty-five of such shipments there was paid over by the British government, before the middle of July, a sum of nearly £700,000.

Before looking at the effects of the stoppage of cotton to Germany, it will be convenient to complete the list of measures of restriction. Lest consignments of cotton to neutrals from England should indirectly reach the enemy, a proclamation of April 26 prohibited its export from British to neutral ports; cotton waste had been subject to a like

restriction from the beginning of the war. The special difficulty of Holland was met by the formation of the Netherlands Oversea Trust, which was made responsible for seeing that cotton imported into Holland was not sucked into Germany by higher prices. Sweden also saw her way to prohibit the export of cotton and ceased to be any longer, what a German trade journal frankly called her, 'an agent for Germany.' Finding the Scandinavian and Dutch avenues blocked, German merchants turned their attention to Italy; but on May 23 Italy joined in the conflict, and though she did not actually declare war on Germany, she promptly requisitioned the huge stock of cotton that had lately been accumulated at Genoa on German account—to a value, according to a Berlin trade expert, of quite 40 million marks. Germany, before the war, had been in the habit of buying from England a not inconsiderable quantity of cotton yarn; to prevent its reaching her through neutrals, its export was restricted on July 24. Before the next large step was taken, the declaration of cotton as contraband on August 21, the whole problem had entered upon a new phase.

v

The declaration of cotton as contraband was grounded, by implication, on its capacity for use in the manufacture of explosives; for the entry in the list runs thus, —'raw cotton, linters, cotton waste, cotton yarns, cotton piece-goods, and all other cotton products capable of being used in the manufacture of explosives.' It is sometimes supposed that the motive assigned was not a motive really operating; and it is pointed out that the British government had itself protested against the threat of Russia, during the Russo-Japanese war, to declare cotton con-

traband for the same reason, on the ground that the quantity employed in ammunition was too small in proportion to its ordinary consumption for civilian use to justify the proposed action. Official opinion in England was long disinclined to the measure, precisely because it had thus more or less committed itself in the opposite sense. But by the summer of 1915 the whole world had been taught by experience that this was a war of munitions as never before. Whatever may have been the case ten years earlier, the quantity of cotton used for ammunition in the present struggle is quite sufficient to justify the new departure. But this needs some explanation.

There is a certain confusion in the public mind, owing to ambiguity in the use of terms. The substances commonly grouped together as 'explosives' really fall, so far as the great bulk of them is concerned, into two distinct classes. There is the explosive the purpose of which is to *burst*, and which is used in mines, torpedoes, shells (except shrapnel), and hand-grenades. For this purpose lyddite to some extent, and now the new compound known as T.N.T. to a much larger, are commonly employed; and neither contains cotton. But there is the much more important explosive the purpose of which is to *push*, and which serves as a *propellant*, both in small arms and in guns and heavy cannon of all classes. To avoid misunderstanding, it might be as well, then, to speak simply of 'propellants' in this connection.

For a long time the military propellant was gunpowder; and, while that was so, it seemed perfectly natural that sulphur and saltpetre should be treated as contraband. But, toward the end of the nineteenth century, gunpowder was displaced for military purposes by compounds based on nitro-cellulose. Now nitro-cellulose can be made only

from substances which contain cellulose: this rules out all animal substances such as wool. There is a choice between vegetable fibres that contain cellulose; but at the outbreak of the war the propellants universally employed were all of them forms (such as cordite) of nitro-cellulose made from cotton waste. Cotton waste is simply material rejected in the ordinary processes of the cotton industry; it was used for the production of cordite and so forth, because it could be obtained in large quantities from the mills, at low prices and of sufficiently uniform quality; and the advantage to a country, in this respect, of possessing a considerable cotton manufacture, continually turning out cotton waste, is too obvious for comment. It is a further illustration of the impossibility, under present conditions, of retaining the old distinctions between military and civil purposes. It need hardly be added that, in default of cotton waste, there is no difficulty in using for the purpose raw cotton, cotton yarn, cotton cloth, and cotton rags.

The new and essential importance of cotton for fighting purposes was very properly pressed upon the attention of the British government by the leading chemists and artillery experts of the country. As was natural, exaggerated estimates were put forward in some quarters as to the quantities involved. But it seems possible, on the basis of the known amounts actually employed in propellants in certain armies and the known size of the operations, to arrive at a tolerably reliable notion of the magnitude of the problem. According to careful calculations, a year's consumption, at the probable present rate, by the German and Austrian armies (leaving out the Turkish) amounts to some 110,000 tons of cotton. But this is between a sixth and a seventh of the total normal consumption of the Central Monarchies in time of peace, as

calculated from the years 1909-1913. Evidently this proportion, especially when added to the other military uses of cotton before described, is more than an adequate reason for treating cotton as contraband.

With so enormous a consumption of ammunition as this war has witnessed, it is almost beyond belief that the German government, with all its foresight, could have accumulated stocks of cotton before the war for more than a few months' requirements. As we shall see in a moment, as soon as cotton supplies from overseas were effectively excluded, last summer, the military authorities began to draw upon civilian reserves. It might be asked whether the ingenuity of their chemists cannot find a substitute. The ingenuity of chemists, even before the war, had succeeded in producing a nitro-cellulose out of wood-pulp, though it had never actually been used in heavy guns. But as a propellant it is weaker; and this means that its use would necessitate new firing-chambers and new sighting in all existing guns. Rifles might possibly be altered with field appliances; heavier guns would have to go to a workshop. There are rumors that propellants are now being made in Germany from wood-pulp; and it is even said that the Krupps have begun to make suitable guns. But conceive of the difficulty of shifting from one propellant to another in the midst of war, and the complications resulting from the simultaneous use of non-interchangeable ammunition. That the stoppage of cotton might conceivably force Germany to use an inferior substitute is no reason against the stoppage. The necessity of resorting to such a substitute would be a grave military disability, which the governments of the Entente are bound to impose upon the Central Monarchies for purely military reasons, if they have the power.

VI

All I propose to do now is to give an account of some events in Germany since the effective exclusion of cotton, and of the measures to which the government has resorted. I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. As to the facts there is no doubt; there is no need to rely on the biased newspapers of adjacent countries, on the reports of traveling neutrals, or on secret information. In order that the government's measures may be carried out, they have to be published: the *Reichsanzeiger*, with its official notifications, regularly reaches other countries. Unless all the leading papers of all parties are suppressed, the facts about prices and employment get into print somehow, sooner or later. Though the German War Office warned the public, early in September, not to answer inquiries about trade, even from neutrals in Germany, without first getting permission, a great amount of exact statistical information does get out. In what follows I shall have no occasion to make any assertion which is not derived from reliable German sources.

I have neither time nor space to deal with Austria-Hungary. It is sufficient to say that in most of its economic measures — in all, I think, that have to do with textiles — Austria-Hungary imitates Germany, lagging behind by an interval which varies from one month to four.

In Germany the command of the situation has been taken, almost from the first, by the War Raw Materials Department of the War Office, with its series of control offices and information bureaus for each of the chief textiles. The primary intention of its action is, not to provide for the needs of the civil population, but to secure, if possible, the supplies required for the army. And the measures on which it

decides are announced, and presumably more or less enforced, by the military commanders of the several Army Corps districts.

It will complicate the story if I try to include the minor textiles — silk, flax, hemp, jute. And cotton and wool it will be necessary to take together; partly because a stringency in the supply of one quickly makes itself felt in the other, owing to the possibility of substitution; partly because most textile districts are dependent on both; partly because the operatives belong to the same unions of 'textile workers.'

The war began by bringing great distress. In the first two months there was much short time and a great deal of unemployment. But the situation was relieved in two ways: by the progressive calling-up to the army of male operatives and by the pouring-in of government orders. Unemployment rapidly decreased until, in the largest of the two textile unions, that of the Social Democrats, it was in March only 4.1 per cent. The price of raw cotton in July, 1914, was 65½ pfennigs per pound; in December it had risen to 91; the price of yarn, at the two yarn exchanges, those of München-Gladbach and Stuttgart, rose 40 per cent, or to much the same extent. But, with the arrival of fresh supplies of the material at the beginning of the new year by way of Sweden and Holland, as already mentioned, raw cotton dropped to 75 pfennigs, and the price of yarn fell in like proportion.

The import of wool was severely curtailed some months before that of cotton, simply because the chief exporting countries were British. Prices rose more rapidly; and before the end of November military-clothing manufacturers were complaining of the scarcity of imported wool. The government thought it necessary to take strong measures quickly; and on December

22, 1914, it enacted a set of maximum wool prices. But I believe there is no important commodity as to which a policy of maximum prices has been found successful in Germany: the holders invariably keep back the supply, if there is any chance (and there often is) of somehow getting better terms. So it was with wool; and early in March the government declared an embargo on all stocks of native wool of the 1914-15 clip, whether already shorn or not, reserving the whole for army contracts.

The same month of March saw the end, also, of relatively inexpensive cotton, as a result doubtless of the new English policy of March 11; and in spite of the large number of both men and women who left the mills for munition work, the unemployment figures began slowly to rise. In May, both the chief industries received a fillip from the new army orders for summer clothing. But apparently the tightness of the woollen market had not relaxed; and in the middle of the month all existing stocks of army cloth or of materials for it, in any stage, were commandeered.

In the beginning of June, with the blocking of the Italian avenue, the situation in the cotton trade began to look threatening. The Saxon export business was confessed to be quite gone; and, with the rise in cotton prices, the spinners of South Germany began to insert cancellation clauses in all their contracts. The government's first tentative measure, on June 1, was to call for the notification of all stocks of old cotton rags and new cotton waste, and to declare their expropriation for the use of the state. The War Materials Department next held a conference of representatives of the cotton interests; and although it was assured, on inquiry, that there were stocks to meet the normal demands of peace times for eight months, it determined, 'purely as a pre-

cautionary measure,' to set on foot a plan for 'the conservation of supplies.' These conclusions were arrived at, it would seem, a few days before June 12, 1915; the eight months' lease of life, therefore, if it is a valid one, and if it is not renewed, may be expected to run out about the first week of February, 1916. But the trade journal which reports the calculation expressly limits it to peace-time consumption, and adds, 'The present abnormally large military requirements cannot and must not be reduced.' The price of cotton, which had been 96 pfennigs in May, went to 128 in June; though even that figure now seems moderate in comparison with prices subsequently paid for any small lot of cotton obtainable on the market. A standard count of yarn, No. 30, Pinkops, was quoted on the Stuttgart exchange before the war at 202-206 pfennigs; on June 21 the quotation was 342-352. We are not surprised to learn that the officials of the exchange determined, therefore, to publish no more quotations. In the Rhenish-Westphalian district quotations went on being published, at any rate down to the end of August. They remained on the high level of June, occasionally moving up a few pfennigs; but the fact seems to be that there have long ceased to be any ordinary market transactions, owing to the measures of the government now to be described. A competent German trade expert gave it as his opinion that during June 'not a gramme of cotton had found its way into Germany.' The consequence was the order of July 1, to take effect on August 1.

The purpose of this order — recognized as its purpose by all the German papers — was to reserve for military requirements a very large part of all the cotton in the country. Unless the materials could be proved to have been imported since June 15, 1915, it was

prohibited to manufacture wholly or chiefly of cotton (1) stuffs for domestic and table use, (2) stuffs for house-furnishing, (3) ribbons, tapes, and haberdashery in general, (4) embroidery, lace, and velveteen, and (5) stuffs for body-linen, bed-linen, and clothing 'for which yarns under No. 16 or over No. 32 are used, also all cloths in the manufacture of which more than five shafts are used.' Evidently the exact scope of the order depends largely on the qualification quoted. I have not the technical knowledge necessary for a personal opinion. Some of the German newspapers, while allowing that 'the production of many articles used in civil life is no longer permissible,' minimized the order on the ground that it would affect only 'superfluities' or 'luxuries.' On the other hand, the trade journal of the clothing industry describes the order as practically amounting to 'the total stoppage of the German cotton industry, except in so far as it is engaged in the production of military supplies or of certain specialties.' Anyhow, there was a great outcry in the textile districts. The first effect was to set the mills feverishly at work to use up as much of their stock as possible during the month; but there were gloomy forebodings of the future. In the Chemnitz area it was declared, possibly with some exaggeration, that 30,000 hands would be thrown out of work; it was judged expedient to prohibit all meetings in that neighborhood unless the resolutions had been first submitted. The order came into force on the appointed day; but the remonstrances were so numerous and weighty that, on August 13, the order was so far relaxed as to allow of the manufacture, for three weeks only, of articles of all kinds for all purposes (including military), to one third of the normal amount, reserving to the government the right to requisition any part of it.

Even this the *Frankfurter Zeitung* characterized as a weak 'concession to existing prejudices.' The control of textile materials, it declared, was going to be in future the 'most pressing' of all the raw material questions; and though 'policy' might necessitate a temporary postponement of severer measures, the sooner they were resorted to the better. The government did its best to live up to the spirit of these injunctions by ordering, on the same date, that no stocks of raw cotton should be kept back by merchants: they should be disposed of to spinners within two weeks.

It is not easy to ascertain exactly how far the more or less complete limitation of the cotton and woolen mills to military orders has so far affected the operatives. If sufficient material were forthcoming, it might have made a difference only to those skilled workers in luxury branches who could not adapt themselves to army work. There is reason to believe, however, that the two great trades, whether working on army account or not, have for some time been shrinking. The big Social Democratic union before the war had 80,902 male members and 52,122 female. In the first twelve months of the war 37,074 men were called up to the army. But instead of 43,828 men remaining in the factories and on the books, only 37,650 retained their membership in July last, — a shrinkage of some 14 or 15 per cent; while of the women the shrinkage in membership was 23 per cent. The loss was apparently due to their going into munition works. Of those remaining on the books, 6.4 per cent were out of work in July, and 24.6 per cent were 'on short time and reduced wages.'

Such was the state of things the month before the new forcible restriction came into effect, and while there was the temporary burst of activity.

How the situation presented itself a month later may be gathered from an article contributed to *Soziale Praxis* on August 19, by Herr Schiffer. *Soziale Praxis* is known to all economists for its very competent editing, and Herr Schiffer is the chief official of the Federation of Christian (that is, non-Socialist) textile workers, which is strong in Rhineland and Westphalia. Here are some portions of it: —

‘The British naval predominance tends to cut off completely from Germany and Austria all oversea imports of raw materials,’ though it ‘concedes to neutral countries just the minimum of materials required for their own industries. Hence a distressing scarcity of raw materials for the textile industry cannot be avoided. . . . The economic results manifest themselves inevitably as time proceeds. . . . It is urgently necessary that those male and female operatives, whose employment is rapidly dwindling, should be drafted into other occupations as soon as possible.

‘The difficulties, however, are not slight, for the male workers in the prime of life have been called to the colors. The workers who remain — elderly men, lads, women, and girls (constituting before the war 53 per cent of workpeople employed) — cannot well be transferred to other occupations, except to a comparatively slight extent. The peculiarities of the textile industry render difficult any large transference of operatives to other industries. Generally the operatives are settled residents; and for them compulsory sudden migration would be a serious hardship. Moreover, the industry is generally confined within well-defined districts; and in these it is the predominant occupation. For this reason the communes concerned (which are mostly poor) find that their resources are inadequate to sustain the demands made

upon them for the relief of unemployed operatives. . . .

‘It will hardly be possible to assume that in the ensuing autumn and winter, when the crisis has been reached, the transference of unemployed textile workers to other occupations will be an adequate measure of relief. Offers of work in unfamiliar urban occupations, or in agriculture far from home, will be inadequate for bread-winners, unless the wages be high enough to allow them to remit considerable sums to their families. Hence imperial and state subventions in aid of wages will become necessary.’

I shall not try to pursue the matter further in detail. But apparently the subsequent course of events has been such as might have been predicted. In August, during the three weeks’ respite the unemployment percentage in the largest textile union rose from 6.4 to 8.1., and in September to 10.4. In the middle of September the whole of the new wool clip of 1915–16 was taken on requisition for the army. Early in October, in preparation for the coming winter, the military authorities laid an embargo on all blankets and coverlets of wool, cotton, or mixtures. Meetings were now arranged of the local authorities in the several textile districts to create the necessary organization for dealing with unemployment; which was staved off in the Elberfeld district only by the shortening of hours and the introduction of ‘holiday shifts.’ And before the month was half over, the imperial government, which had repeatedly told the people that labor could easily be transferred, agreed to contribute 75 per cent of the public relief given to unemployed textile workers.

VII

If the German submarine blockade of Great Britain, shocking as it has

been to feelings of humanity, had exercised any serious effect upon Britain's supplies of food or raw materials, there might have been something to say for a proposal that Britain should abandon her effort to exclude cotton from Germany in return for the removal of the submarine peril. Although it might not have been acceptable, considering the military use of cotton for explosives and equipment, it could have been seriously put forward. But the submarine peril, never very formidable, has already been overcome, and it never seriously endangered Britain's food.

During the first six months, the losses by war of British cargoes, according to most carefully compiled statistics, were only two thirds of one per cent of the values carried; during the second six months, they fell almost to one third of one per cent. The prices of food have indeed risen—approximately half as much as in Germany. But that rise is itself largely due to the extraordinarily high wages the people are earning. Explain it as we may, there is no doubt that the material condition of the British working classes is one of unprecedented prosperity.

THE BALKANS AND DIPLOMACY

BY J. W. HEADLAM

I WAS reading the other day, in some English paper, the observation that the quarrels of the great powers were now transferred to Eastern Europe and had involved the Balkan States. Nothing could be further from the truth. The recent events in the Balkans are not a mere extension of the great European war; we must never forget that in the East we must find not only the occasion but the cause of it. For a hundred years it has been foretold that when the inevitable catastrophe of Turkey took place, the fire which arose in the East would spread through the world. This has now happened. Not only was the difference between Serbia and Austria the occasion of the war, but in the East is a deeper cause to be found.

And in the East, too, we can see most clearly the great principles which are at stake. Writing at a moment when the whole world is watching hour

by hour the tragic issues of a struggle in which the future of the nations is involved, it may be worth while to pause for a moment to consider, not the daily bulletins, but the greater issues for which the war is being waged. Whatever may be the event of battles and diplomacy, this cannot be changed. On the one side we have the effort by Germany, in alliance with Turkey, to establish herself as a predominant power in the Near East; on the other, the Allies fighting for the establishment of the Balkan States on the principle of the self-government of the peoples.

To understand all that is involved, we must go back to the past.

I

To those who are acquainted with the past of the Eastern problem, nothing can appear more paradoxical than

that Great Britain should be fighting on the side of Russia against Turkey and Germany. That this is so is the result of the great change in British policy that has taken place during the last generation. A hundred years ago it was a maxim that the Turkish Empire must be maintained. The reason for this (it had first been asserted by Pitt) was that Turkey controlled the whole of the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and it was essential for Great Britain to keep open and free the road to India. Napoleon's expedition to Egypt had been the first stage of the advance on India. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire would in those days have meant, not the establishment of separate and independent states, but the extension of French or of Russian influence. The preservation of the Turkish Empire was, therefore, the key of British policy; though even then we find an important exception made when England supported France and Russia in the establishment of the kingdom of Greece.

With this general principle there came to be associated, as an essential part of it, the reform of the Turkish government. I say essential, for the English nation would never have consented to be a party to keeping other races permanently under Turkish misrule, unless there had been some hope of ameliorating the government. The founder of this policy was Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ablest European who has ever had to do with Eastern affairs. Won over, as many others have been, by the genuine esteem which he felt for the fine qualities of the Turkish peasant and the Turkish gentleman, he was strong enough to impose his will on the government and the nation, and to enlist their full support for the double policy, the maintenance and reform of Turkey.

This policy failed. With the experience we now have, we may say it was bound to fail; the history of the twenty years that followed the Crimean War showed that Turkey had not within herself the capacity, and scarcely had the wish, to change the nature of the government, which remained effete, corrupt, and often abominably cruel.

It was the events of the year 1877 and the Bulgarian atrocities which opened the eyes of the nation to the true nature of Turkish rule; it is true that for a time the government continued their older policy, but thenceforth no government has been able, even if it had wished to do so, to put the maintenance of the Turkish Empire above the welfare of the people, whether they be Mohammedan or Christian. As Mr. Gladstone said in 1880, 'Desirous as we are to avoid the complications which would arise from the destruction of the Turkish Empire, the accomplishment of the duties of the Turkish government toward its subjects is for us no longer the secondary question, it is the first question. It is the principal aim to which our efforts are directed.'

In using these words, Mr. Gladstone was speaking, not only for himself and his party, but for the country and the future. If there could have been any doubt, it was removed by the character of Abdul Hamid and the nature of his government. It is not necessary here to recount the story of his reign; it is enough to recall that his government was such as to make it impossible for any English administration to extend to it their support. The work of 1877 was completed by that of 1896; and it is interesting to note that Lord Salisbury, who in his earlier years had assisted Lord Beaconsfield in his pro-Turkish policy, was in his later years won over to the recognition that it could no longer be maintained.

Two other factors have been influential in altering the attitude of Great Britain. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the weakening of Turkey would necessarily have meant the transference of power and territory to other European states. Since then the gradual working of the forces of civilization has changed this. One of the greatest events in modern history was the gradual recovery by the oppressed Christians in the East of the will and the capacity to assert themselves as elements in the European community. This process, which began with the revolt of the Serbs, the Roumanians, and the Greeks, culminated when, by the help of Russia, Bulgaria was set up in 1878 as an autonomous principality. It was the discovery of a nation whose very existence had been forgotten. The Balkan question assumed a new form when it became evident that the subject population, as it was rescued from Turkish rule, could be incorporated with the self-governing states already existing.

Equally important was the establishment of British control over Egypt. On the merely political side, it gave to Great Britain so strong a position in the Levant that an extension of Russian influence would no longer be a danger to be guarded against by every means. Coöperation between the two empires became possible. Moreover, the admirable results of British government in Egypt made by contrast the continuance of Turkish misgovernment more intolerable. Thirdly, it showed — and this is of the greatest importance for England, which rules over so many Mohammedan subjects in India — that the revised Eastern policy was not inspired by any conflict between the Cross and the Crescent, but that it would be for the benefit of Mohammedans and Christians alike. It must always be remembered that the

rule of Turkey has been as intolerable to her Arab as to her Slavic subjects.

The combination of these influences, therefore, freed British policy from what had in truth been a constant hindrance and limitation. The change did not necessarily imply any active enmity to Turkey or active coöperation with Russia; what it did was to render it possible to take a free and unprejudiced view of circumstances at any particular moment. It must not be supposed that the older influences completely disappeared; they subsist indeed even to the present day; they naturally long remained in the Foreign Office and the diplomatic service, and even now no one will find in England anything but a real and strong personal good-will to the Turks as individuals. England does not quickly give up an ally of many generations.

II

Great Britain has then resigned the post of the protector of Turkey. Germany has stepped into the vacancy, and she has done so with characteristic energy and ability. Her Eastern policy shows a clearness of conception, a recognition of real possibilities, which forms a great contrast to the vague, ill-defined, and visionary motives which have been apparent in her colonial policy. She saw that in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia there was a great field open for German influence, organizing power, and capital. The key to this was in the hands of the Turkish government. Germany would give her support to the maintenance of Turkish power; Turkey would grant the necessary concession for the railways by which her Asiatic possessions would be opened up to German enterprise. And behind was a more grandiose conception: Germany, the ally and patron of Turkey, might become the organ for

a general reassertion of the power of Islam which would be the strongest weapon against England and France. Here at least was a field for expansion in which sea power would be useless; once let a reorganized and powerful Turkish government, with an army disciplined and trained by German officers, be established in Syria and Bagdad, and then would come the time for a move from the most vulnerable side on Egypt and on India.

The reasons which had brought about the weakening of sympathy between England and Turkey would not affect Germany. Rather was there a natural sympathy with Abdul Hamid. It is related of the Sultan that he, on one occasion, said that the worst of the English was that they always cared more for the welfare of the subjects than the prosperity of the state. His ideal, which he shared with the rulers of Germany, was the authoritative state, the power of which was based on the army, and which was held together by a militant and religious nationality. To it the subject nations must bow, and those who would not do so must pay the penalty. It is a principle of which the German Emperor has made himself the most eloquent exponent. We know the phrases, 'Suprema lex regis voluntas' — 'Him who opposes me will I crush.' As German writers have themselves pointed out, there was indeed a close affinity between Islam and German Christianity, for German official Protestantism is in truth a militant deism, and the logical expression of this belief in such acts as the massacres of the Armenians was no deterrent. Lest sympathy might be aroused among the people of Germany, the discussion of the massacres in the press was forbidden.

It was a result of this policy that German influence in Turkey always began by the reorganization of the army,

for in the Germanic states the army was the foundation.

There was one obstacle to success. It was necessary that there should be secure and easy access from Germany and Austria to Constantinople; but the Slavic states interposed. If they became powerful, prosperous, and self-sufficing, then they might form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of these great plans. To these plans, therefore, they must be sacrificed; it was their part to be brought into the Germanic system; if any refused, then it would be destroyed. The ambitions of Germany were bound up with the Austrian supremacy over the Western Balkans.

And so it came about that just at the time when Britain, taught by a long experience, had been converted to the recognition that the future of the Balkans is with the Balkan peoples, the German and Austrian empires were ready to take up her discarded policy.

Whatever may be the result of the war, the British nation has no reason to disown the policy which has led to it.

III

This was the situation when two events took place, each of them quite unforeseen by European diplomatists — the revolution in Turkey and the formation of the Balkan League.

Nowhere was the revolution of 1908 hailed with more delight than in England and in France. There were many who believed that the dream of a liberal and enlightened reforming government in Turkey was to come true. The British government, while it did all that it could to show its sympathy, necessarily had to act with more reserve; and events were soon to show that the hopes which had been created were to be disappointed.

It required, indeed, only small his-

torical knowledge and political insight to show the difficulties of creating a strong and well-governed state in Turkey on the basis of a constitutional government, especially when the revolution was due to a secret conspiracy and owed its success to the support of the army. In a country such as France, which forms both a national and geographical unity, a popular revolution might become the foundation for a strong and effective government. In Turkey every such condition was absent. There were two directions which reform might take. The first was the greater development of local self-government, and the division of the Empire into half-autonomous provinces, each of them with its own representative assembly. This would give free scope to the different races and religions within the Empire; but it could be foreseen that in Turkey, as in Austria, the population of each of these provinces would aim at more and more self-government, and eventually at complete separation and association with the nationalists beyond the borders of the Empire. In Austria the progress of this tendency has been prevented chiefly by geographic and economic considerations. Bohemia, Hungary, and Croatia were each in a way necessary to each other. But what reason can be found, economical, political, or geographical, why the Arabs of Yemen, the Syrians of Lebanon, the Armenians, the Albanians, the Greeks and Bulgarians of Macedonia, should remain under the same government? There was only one, that which had brought them together, — the Turkish conquest, the Turkish army and the power of the central government at Constantinople. This was seen by the Young Turks; and indeed, from the beginning, the chief motive power among them was the strengthening of the Empire. Their chief ambition was to elim-

inate the control of the European powers, and to present Turkey to the world as a national and autonomous state such as is Germany or Italy or France.

In order to do this it was necessary to strengthen rather than weaken the central institutions, and to lay stress on those elements which bound the Empire together, — the army, Turkish nationality, and the faith of Islam. As this became clear, once more the influence of Germany became predominant, for Germany had carefully dissociated herself from the proposals for giving provincial autonomy, and the more the Empire was endangered, the more did the young Turks look to Germany for military advice and support.

IV

Great revolutions are always followed by civil and foreign war. Turkey was no exception to this rule. The effect of the revolution was at once to intensify every difficulty of government, and to bring about the dissolution of the Empire by internal convulsions and foreign attack.

We cannot recount the complicated events of the next years. In Crete, in Bosnia, Albania, and Arabia, fresh disturbances and fresh problems arose; the government, in its desire to maintain the integrity of the Empire, was driven to the most extreme measures in order to crush the forces which were driving to dissolution. This was particularly the case in Macedonia; in that unhappy country anarchy increased; it appeared to be the policy of the government, by settling Moslem refugees from Bosnia, gradually to diminish the weight of the Christian element in the population. It was probably this, rather than the massacres, that was the immediate cause of the formation of the Balkan League, the object of which was to rescue Macedonia.

There is no event in history on which we can look with such complete satisfaction as the Balkan War. It has in it a singular dramatic justice. After the long and wearisome troubles arising from the misgovernment of the Turks in Europe, after the dilatory and futile procrastination of the powers, always postponing effective action in the fear of their mutual jealousies, it was not from them that in the end the decisive and saving action came, but from the descendants of the Christian states which five hundred years before had fallen under the cruel bondage of the Turk. It is noticeable that of this aspect of these great events we find in Austrian and German writers no recognition, and the governments still represent the whole merely as a move of Russia in her struggle for influence with Austria.

As a matter of fact so far as our information goes, the Balkan Union was not definitely founded as the result of pressure exercised from St. Petersburg. It seems to have sprung from the Balkan peninsula itself. Help and encouragement were undoubtedly given by some of the able and energetic Russian diplomatists, as indeed they were given by at least one Englishman; and of course the Russian government was kept informed, for the programme was based on Russian approval; but the government seems to have maintained a good deal of reserve and avoided committing itself. Russian diplomatists are allowed and use a large amount of freedom. German and Austrian writers always ignore the possibility of spontaneous action on the part of the smaller Slav states, and indeed a student of German writings might easily forget that after all it was the Christian inhabitants of the Balkans who were primarily concerned; they consistently regard them merely as pawns to be moved about by the great powers.

If the foundation of the League was unexpected, equally unexpected was its success. In particular, Austrian and German opinion looked for an easy victory for Turkey. As a matter of fact, within a month the Turkish armies were crushed in every field, and the victorious Bulgarians were marching to Constantinople. This very success was to be fatal for the League, and the present war is the immediate result of its rupture. In truth the allies had been too successful. 'The war which had begun as a war of liberation ended in one of conquest and personal ambition.' The immediate cause for the rupture was the division of Macedonia; behind it lay the great ambitions of Bulgaria.

How this came about is well known. In the original treaties between Greece and Bulgaria, M. Venizelos, with much wisdom, had refrained from asking for any agreement as to the division of territory acquired after the war. Between Serbia and Bulgaria an agreement had been made; it was to the effect that Bulgaria should have the centre and south of Macedonia and all territory to the east; Serbia the north of Macedonia and all to the west and north. A small intervening strip on which no agreement could be come to, including Uskub, the capital of old Serbia, was reserved for the arbitration of the Czar. No sooner was the war over than it became apparent, firstly that the rival claims of Greece and Bulgaria to the coast of Macedonia, including Salonica, could with difficulty be reconciled; and secondly, that Serbia would not be content with that portion of territory assigned to her, and would have to ask for a revision of this treaty.

The request of Serbia for a revision of the treaty was not in itself unnatural. The conquest of the whole of Thrace and Adrianople had given to Bulgaria a large increase of territory,

including a commanding position both on the Black Sea and the Ægean. Had Serbia succeeded in her desire to gain access to the Adriatic, the gains of the two states would in these spheres have been commensurate. The intervention of Austria, the refusal of a portion of the Adriatic, and the establishment of an independent Albania completely altered the whole situation. Had the treaty been carried out, the result would have been that Bulgaria would have won the whole coast from Enos to Salonica and the interior as far as Monastir; she would have gained a predominance in the Balkans which would have permanently altered the relations of the two states. She would in addition have had an extremely favorable geographical position, for the nature of the frontier would have given her a very strong claim to the eventual acquisition, if not of Constantinople, at least of Gallipoli and the control of the Dardanelles.

Serbia, on the other hand, would have been placed in a most unfavorable position; with the exception of Montenegro she would have been entirely inclosed by Austria, Bulgaria, and the new Albania, which would have been under Austrian influence; she would, as before, have been completely cut off from the sea, and any alliance between Austria and Bulgaria would at once have threatened her very existence. Even the offer of commercial advantages in some ports on the Adriatic could not have remedied this, because in the case of war Serbia would have had no frontier by which she could establish communications with possible allies. The danger of this is illustrated by the present situation; at this moment the whole existence of Serbia as an independent state is threatened, simply because she has no means of independent communication with the outer world. This is the case even after

the revision of the treaty, a revision which at least has given her a common frontier with Greece; by the original treaty even this would not have been secured.

We may, therefore, say that, even though there may be much to criticize in many of the proceedings of Serbia, her general claim was one which could in equity be maintained.

Bulgaria pressed her claims to the utmost; she refused to consider the Serbian request; she refused all concessions to Greece; she refused a claim made by Roumania for some rectification of the frontier, supported though it was by Austria; and it was to Bulgaria that the final rupture was due. Negotiations were still pending; delegates were actually starting to lay before the Czar the claims of the rival states, when suddenly, and without warning, the Bulgarian armies fell upon their former allies. The responsibility for this action has never been fixed; the council of ministers had never been consulted; so far as our knowledge goes, it was due to an order from the commander of the forces, General Sabof. It is probable, but it has never yet been proved, that he was acting under the immediate instructions of the King.

The result was an immediate attack upon Bulgaria from all sides; in a moment the great hopes that Bulgaria would become a supreme and dominating power in the Balkans were dashed aside, and the final arrangements made by the treaty of Bucharest saw her deprived of nearly all that she had won in the first Balkan War.

V

The treaty of Bucharest was a disaster; it left a sure basis for future wars. The unrestrained ambitions of Serbia and the enmity to Austria — which had been increased by the events of the

last year, and by Austria's unremitting opposition to all Serbian extensions toward the west — made war between Austria and Serbia inevitable. In any such war Austria could now hope for the assistance of Bulgaria, who was thirsting for revenge, and could reckon upon support from Germany. As we have seen, the establishment of the Balkan League was a fatal barrier to German ambition; now that it was destroyed, an opportunity was given for securing by one bold stroke control over the Western Balkans, which would bring with it the road to Salonica and Constantinople.

As against this, the policy of the Allies was clear. It was the restoration of the Balkan League, — if not in name, at least in fact, — and the consolidating of the Balkan League by the adherence of Roumania. If this could be established, even supposing these states remained neutral, an effective barrier would have been set up between Germany and Turkey, and a Turkey isolated was not a formidable enemy.

Equally important was it that in this way, and in this way alone, could be established the basis for permanent peace in the East. If a restored Balkan League were willing to join the Entente, then the forces available would have been sufficient to settle once for all those matters of nationalities which have been for centuries the cause of so many wars and disturbances.

We have then clearly defined the objects of the two groups of powers, and it is for these that a diplomatic struggle took place which has occupied the past year.

We must at once recognize that, admirable though the case of the Allies was, the attainment of their object was extraordinarily difficult. There was no ground for surprise if after many months of negotiations they failed.

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The Central Powers had good cards; they had three kings — and they had Fear. Whatever the feelings of the nations might be, the courts of Bucharest, Sofia, and Athens were bound by the closest ties to Austria and Germany.

The King of Roumania, himself a Hohenzollern by birth, had gone so far as to enter into a definite alliance with Austria. Had he had his way, Roumania would have given armed support to Austria on the first day of the war. He was prevented, for his ministers declared that they were not bound by a treaty which had been entered into without their consent. The King of Bulgaria, who had himself once been an Austrian officer and holds large estates in Hungary, had little cause to share the gratitude to Russia which his people still felt. The King of Greece, himself a brother-in-law to the German Emperor, though he had not actually entered into any binding agreement, had, if report is true, given a private pledge that his soldiers should not fight against the German army.

All these monarchs shared the feeling which is predominant in the higher staffs of nearly every European army. Soldiers by birth and tradition, they were held completely by belief in the invincibility of the German army. This is probably the strongest element against which the Allies have had to contend. At least for Bulgaria and Roumania, the naval power of England had little meaning; France was far distant. There was little belief in the efficiency of the Russian army. Germany and Austria were near by.

And so, it was rather by fear than by wisdom that these states would be guided. And who will blame them if in fact fear was the strongest motive? They had heard of the fate of Belgium; they knew, almost as eye-witnesses, something of what happened in Serbia during the Austrian invasions; war,

always ruthless, takes a peculiar complexion of cruelty in these lands which have been so long acquainted with the Turkish customs.

The truth of this was well understood in Germany. So far from wishing to cast a veil over what happened in Belgium, they welcomed the circulation of the fullest reports; they hoped that they might profit by the fear which their deeds would cause, and that the destruction of the Belgian towns would serve as a deterrent to prevent the Roumanians from embarking on a war against them.

We shall, therefore, not be surprised that throughout the first part of the war the chief desire of the Balkan states was to maintain neutrality and not to commit themselves to either side until victory should have declared itself.

Against these influences the Allies had to contend. Their object was clearly not an agreement with one or other of the states; for this would have brought about, at the best, a slight military diversion that would have perpetuated the disastrous situation left by the treaty of Bucharest. The object was an agreement with them all. Now an agreement of all the states depended on the action of Bulgaria. To bring Bulgaria, still sore and smarting from her humiliation of a year ago, into an alliance with her late enemies, Greece, Serbia, and Roumania, was a task of profound difficulty; it could be performed only by a complete revision of the terms of the treaty of Bucharest. This would have implied, as regards Roumania, the restoration of Silistria and Dobrudja. This Roumania could assent to only if she received from Russia that part of Bessarabia which she had lost in 1879, and also a promise of those large portions of Austria-Hungary inhabited by Roumanians. A promise, however, would not be sufficient. She would require the immediate

cession of Bessarabia, and she would require evidence that the Allies would be able to impose their will upon Austria. But a victorious Russia was not willing to hand over Russian territory; and a defeated Russia could not give any effective hopes of the acquisition of Austrian territory. All depended on the campaign in the Carpathians. Had the Russian army descended on the other side of these mountains Roumania would have been won; it failed to do so, and she maintained her neutrality.

The negotiations with Serbia were probably more important; there was a time when it is possible that Bulgaria would have given way, if she could have recovered that part of Macedonia which she lost by the treaty of Bucharest. This, however, required the consent of Serbia, and this consent was refused. And just at the moment when these negotiations were being carried out, a new difficulty arose on the side of Italy. During the critical months, in fact, the diplomacy of the Entente powers was chiefly occupied with the arrangements by which Italy would come into the alliance. Italy, however, required a considerable extension of territory in the islands and on the coast of the Adriatic; this naturally created some apprehension in Serbia, for the latter state could not view with indifference any suggestion by which her access to the sea would again be endangered. It will be obvious that the discussion on this point would make it all the more difficult to procure any concession as to the Macedonian question.

And as to Greece: the Allies would bring strong pressure to bear on Greece to surrender at least a portion of the coast of Macedonia and Thrace. In return for this they could open out glorious prospects of a maritime development of great power over the shores and islands of the Ægean. Greece had to make the choice between two lines

of development, — on the one side the Byzantine idea of extension on land and supremacy over the Slavic people, on the other a great future in the ancient home of the Greek race. M. Venizelos, himself an islander, would gladly have seized the opportunity for what we may surely call the true development of the Hellenism. It is not the first time in history that a great statesman has seen his plan frustrated by an alien king.

VI

And so the precious months went by until the tide turned. The Russian advance was checked, the great German assault took place, and on August 5 Warsaw fell. Then indeed the negotiations were continued with a new urgency, but then it was too late. One hope there was: had the English forced their way through the Dardanelles and so balanced the Russian defeats, the diplomatists would have profited by the successes of the generals. They did not do so; the long delay opened the way for the fresh German advance into Serbia, and as soon as that began success was no longer possible.

It has even been said that the Allies, and especially England, depended too much merely on negotiations, and that their policy was not, as it ought to have been, supported by the offer of military assistance. It is indeed true that probably at any time the promise of the dispatch of a large force to the Balkans would have turned the scale. Had this country been in possession of a superfluity of soldiers, this might have been done; as a matter of fact, however, at least until far on in the summer of 1915, there were no troops available. Every man was required to strengthen the line in France, and military advisers, English and French alike, were unanimous in warning against the danger of the dissipation of strength. The is-

sue of the war would depend upon what happened in France, and to risk success there by spending strength on distant and local expeditions was contrary to the whole teaching of strategy.

As regards England the accusation completely fails. After all, though she was not able to send soldiers, she did what she could and sent ships. There is much which still remains obscure as to the origin of the Dardanelles expedition; this, however, is obvious, that, even if on technical naval grounds it was rash, the very fact of its dispatch completely frees England from the accusation that she did not attach sufficient importance to the strengthening of diplomacy by naval and military support. Had the expedition been successful, it would probably at once have solved the Balkan problem. When started it was perhaps, as has been said, something in the nature of a gamble. We had a number of ships which we did not immediately require in the grand fleet; it was desirable to do something to support diplomatic pressure on Greece and Bulgaria; there were no men to be sent; it seemed then justifiable to use these ships in an attempt to break through the Dardanelles. The fault, if fault there was, seems to have lain in this: first, that it did not sufficiently take into account the moral effect of failure, and secondly, it will probably eventually be shown that the offer to send this expedition was not used with sufficient energy before the expedition started, as a means of strengthening pressure on Bulgaria.

Another criticism is that the Allies, and especially England, were not sufficiently awake to the danger that Bulgaria was, in fact, during the whole course of the negotiations only marking time until a favorable opportunity should occur of joining the Central powers. The danger was indeed an obvious one, and ample and repeated

warnings were given of it. The strongest and immediate object of Bulgaria would naturally be revenge on the Allies, by whom she had been deprived of the fruits of her victorious campaign against Turkey. She had every reason to hope that she would get good terms from Germany and Austria. To have her coöperation was, in fact, to them essential. Her geographical position seemed to give her the decision of the war in the East; for it was only by using the railway to Constantinople which passes through Sofia that the much-needed reinforcements and ammunitions could be conveyed to the Turkish army. It eventually became clear that, unless reinforcements were available, the Turks would be unable to maintain their resistance to the British. Bulgaria could therefore hope to get, as a reward for her coöperation, terms far more favorable than any which Russia or England could offer. After all, more could be won from Serbia crushed and dismembered than by a friendly arrangement preparatory to an alliance.

The danger must have been foreseen. There was no doubt a tendency to overestimate Russian influence in Bulgaria; men forget that in politics, gratitude is the rarest of virtues; the sense of an injury is greater than that of a benefit, and much had happened since 1878 which might dim the memory of the days of liberation. It could be foreseen that the King would pursue with an entire absence of scruple that policy which would open to him hopes of gratifying the great ambitions which had once already been disappointed.

It seemed, however, that there was always an easy method of meeting this danger. A treaty between Serbia and Greece bound each state to come to the support of the other in the case of an attack from Bulgaria. Any proposal,

therefore, by Bulgaria to join Austria and attack Serbia, could be easily countered, for that would involve war with Greece, and Greece would have the full support of the Allies.

During the course of September, in fact, this situation arose. The new attack on Serbia was developing, and it became apparent that Bulgaria was preparing to join in it. Here again we see how the diplomatic situation was always governed by military results. The decisive influence was a failure in Gallipoli: this made it certain that there was no immediate prospect that the Dardanelles would fall. When this became clear, Bulgaria mobilized. As had been foreseen, the immediate answer came in the mobilization of the Greek army. The Allies at once assured Greece of their full and unconditional support with an army of 150,000 men. This would be amply sufficient to check the danger to Serbia.

It was at this moment that the dramatic change took place in Athens. The King refused to consent to the policy of Venizelos. The minister resigned; mobilization indeed took place, but no action followed; a new ministry was formed, and on their advice the King repudiated his obligation to Serbia. Greece would not embark on what she called an adventure; what this meant was that she would give her help only after victory was secured; she was willing to share in the profits, but not to participate in the danger. It was a lamentable position; it was one of those acts from which the reputation of the nation will not easily recover. It was an act of treachery and cowardice: treachery to her ally and treachery to her own future. She had been willing to share with Serbia the spoils won from Bulgaria; she refused her help when it was necessary to defend them. We can easily see that it was an act fatal to the future of the country; it

would deprive her of the support of the Allies; and even in the event of a German victory, what prospect would Greece have, placed between a greater Bulgaria and a Turkey reinforced under German influence?

It was not the first time that Great Britain had been disappointed by the failure of other states to maintain their engagements.

Greece, then, had failed; there was no alternative but to go forward without her; menace would have been useless. You cannot compel a nation to become a cordial and willing ally. One course only was possible: it must at least be required that Greece should not oppose the use of Greek territory as a base for an army which should march to the rescue of Serbia. For such action there was ample justification. Though Greece could not be forced to coöperate, she could at least be required not to offer any active opposition to a campaign in which she was bound both by treaty and by honor to take part.

An attempt has been made to argue that the use of Salonica by the Allies as a base for operations against Bulgaria is a violation of neutrality, similar to that of the violation of Belgium. The accusation, of course, is absolutely groundless. It ignores fundamental facts: first, that Germany had definitely and repeatedly plighted herself to respect Belgian neutrality; secondly, that Greece had in the same way bound herself to come to the help of Serbia. To state that the two cases are similar is merely to say that treaties and engagements are without force. In addition it is to be remembered that the landing at Salonica was only determined on after a definite request had come from M. Venizelos, who was then Prime Minister, — a request given probably with the sanction of the King. It has been said that this re-

quest was accompanied by a formal protest; this is a combination which no self-respecting government could accept; and if in fact any such protest were suggested, it is obvious that when once the definite and formal request had been made, the protest could not be received.

VII

Here we must stop. The future rests not with statesmen but with generals, not with diplomacy but with arms. Whatever the result may be, certain consequences will always remain. First, the creation of the Balkan League, short-lived as it was and sudden as was its fall, will never be forgotten, and its work — even if for the time it was destroyed — will reappear. Whatever may happen in the future, it can never be forgotten that by their own efforts the Christian states expelled the Turk and established the principle that it is to them that the Balkans belong, by the same right as that by which Western Europe belongs to the French, the Spaniards, and the Germans. Even though in the future there are long and cruel wars between them, though they may struggle for centuries for the borderlands of Macedonia, as Germany and France have struggled for Belgium and Lorraine, it is on the mutual recognition of these states that the possibility of any sane and orderly political system rests. And even if it should come about that for a time success in arms brought with it the establishment of foreign dominion, they would once more be driven together to reassert their independence in the same way that they asserted it against the Turk.

And if we look to the part taken by Great Britain and her Allies in these affairs, though it may be shown that there has been now and again a false step, that there has been some want of skill and insistence, and perhaps also

of local knowledge, and that thereby opportunities may have been missed, of one thing there can be no doubt: that Britain has from the beginning pursued with the greatest perseverance and patience a policy success in which would have restored all that had been gained by the First Balkan War and lost by the Second. The real tragedy of the Balkans is this: each of these states — Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece — has legitimate objects which it wishes to attain; each of them represents a genuine national feeling; and though they still show much of the primitive and barbarous passions which are the inevitable consequences of their previous history, the solid establishment of each one on a national basis

would at once give a possibility for peaceful progress which has hitherto been denied to them. In a large sense the aims of each are in no way incompatible with those of the others. Apart from a few districts in Macedonia, there is no real difficulty in the apportionment of the territory on a racial basis. But such an apportionment would be accepted only when Serbia and Roumania are enabled to reunite to themselves the Serbians and Roumanians now living in Austria-Hungary. For the attainment of this there is one sure means, and that is union between them. It is this union that Great Britain attempted to bring about; and even if she has failed at the moment, it is the policy she will continue to pursue.

CAN SEA POWER DECIDE THE WAR?

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE progress of the German armies has raised insistently in the minds of those of us whose traditions, beliefs, and training cause us to feel with the Allies, a fear that the worst may come, that the Germans may win on land, and that only Great Britain's sea power will be left to oppose them. We are assured of its potent might: Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill declare it 'will finally decide the fate of the warring nations.' That such was its influence in past crises we know. That its part in the present war has been striking and significant we do not so readily accept. But it is already clear that its achievements — the quiet closing of the seas to the Central Empires, the prompt

transportation of colonial and Indian troops whose presence was of incalculable moral value, the steady stream of food and supplies from America, the arrival of which may prove eventually to have been the decisive element of the first months of the defensive campaign in France — have been as truly important as they have been lacking in dramatic appeal. Yet, after all, the real issue before us to-day is not the importance of sea power as an element in the situation never to be underestimated and least of all forgotten, but the ability of Britain's sea power to decide the war ultimately in favor of the Allies. We are really comparing the relative offensive strength of sea

power and land power. We wish to know whether the sea power, easily able to protect Great Britain, can also save France and defeat Germany.

We have been accustomed to speak in what was perhaps an unwarrantably loose fashion of Great Britain's sea power, when we have really meant the totality of effort which Great Britain has exerted directly or indirectly through the sea power. The navy has been only one element in a number of factors whose action and interaction have produced the offensive and defensive strength of the sea power.

So peculiarly are the British Isles located in relation to the Continent, so extraordinary is the play of winds and currents around them, that the commerce of the world has been practically forced to use the English Channel as its highway. Chance located nearly all the available harbors on the English side; chance made it necessary for sailing ships to hug the English coast and utilize English harbors in case of storm; chance provided winds and currents so variable that large fleets seldom found conditions favorable for the crossing of the Channel; the result being that only three of about fifty attempts to invade England succeeded, and the majority of the fleets never left the Continental harbors. The interrelation of the Channel weather and the British fleet made England invulnerable. Yet this invulnerability was in large measure dependent upon the limitations of wooden sailing ships. Scarcely less important was the fact that adequate supplies for the construction or repairing of wooden fleets were to be found only in the Baltic. The French and Spanish fleets, once demolished by Nelson, could not be rebuilt because overland transportation was not capable of providing the necessary materials.

A scarcely less important arm of the sea power has been Great Britain's

merchant marine. Two centuries ago it became clear that England could not feed herself or consume the swelling bulk of her own manufactures. Her merchant marine must be capable of carrying, under any circumstances, and without assistance, her food and her exports of manufactured goods. For the successful performance of this defensive duty, the merchant marine must have access to the source of the needed supplies. It must be protected by the fleet, which must therefore control the water routes leading to these supplies. The defensive aspect of the sea power became subtle and complicated — the interaction and interrelation of a number of factors, only a few of which were primarily naval.

The great offensive strength of England's sea power in the past lay primarily in its control of the foreign and domestic commerce of Europe. Until very recently the transportation of bulky goods overland was difficult and expensive, and the bulky goods, which were all that Europe then produced, were exchanged necessarily by water. Western Europe, however, has no east-and-west water communication. Commerce between the Rhine and the Elbe, or the Rhine and the Seine, proceeded down the river, through the North Sea or the Channel, and up the other river. This reliance upon water transportation, and the routes it necessarily took, made it possible for the British fleet to control the greater part of the commerce of Western Europe, domestic as well as foreign. Not in the fleet itself lay the true offensive strength of Britain's sea power, but in the river system of Europe, the peculiar position of the British Isles, the formation of the English Channel.

The strength of Britain's economic position in the past, her comparatively greater wealth, her more highly developed commercial fabric, were all impor-

tant factors in the sea power, and their coöperation with the navy has at times made the latter irresistible. True, these coöperating factors were themselves the legitimate children of the sea power. Whence else came the early attainment of domestic peace and security, the opportunity to develop the Industrial Revolution behind the secure wall of Channel and fleet? But the many forms of this economic strength became, none the less, themselves indispensable members of that bundle of factors, each century more numerous, complex, and subtle, which we have become accustomed to regard as Britain's sea power. They, and not the fleet itself, enabled her to furnish her European allies with money, food, manufactured goods, and munitions of war. For this reason was her influence decisive in the Seven Years' War; for this reason was it conclusive in the defeat of Napoleon. The more carefully we analyze the history of Great Britain the more tightly do we find the sea power interwoven in its development, the more we become accustomed to find its unmistakable traces where at first we least looked for them. Yet the more we study, the more conscious we become that the sea power itself has been a complex tangle of interrelated forces, whose conjunction and interaction have been themselves essential elements of the subtle but potent institution.

Although the British navy has never been more efficient or adequate, although the British have to-day as great a natural superiority in seamanship over other nations as they ever had, the sea power is to-day defensively different, and in it the fleet itself and the seamanship of its admirals and men play a preponderant part where before their rôle was at best secondary. Old factors, vital in the past, have disappeared — changes not necessarily fatal, but vastly significant. The Channel as

an almost impregnable defensive barrier, requiring only occasional aid from the fleet, has succumbed to the steamship, with whose movements the winds and currents so long fatal to sailing ships are unable to interfere. The fleet is now itself Britain's primary defense. Nor can the annihilation of an enemy fleet in battle have ever again the same results as at Trafalgar. Fleets are now built of materials which no nation can monopolize, and by processes which no country controls. Seldom, in the past, did enough ships for a successful coalition exist in the combined European navies; to-day such a potential coalition is already afloat. Never again will fleets be defeated by preventing their construction, nor coalitions made impossible by Britain's existing control of the approaches to the Baltic supplies. Here are significant changes in the old sea power's most fundamental elements, whose disappearance or alteration cannot fail to exert a potent influence upon its subtle and intricate structure.

With its secondary factors, which fleets originally did not create and which they are powerless to maintain, the nineteenth century has also been busy. The natural difficulties of internal communication, which gave the sea power for so many generations such peculiar offensive strength, have disappeared. The railroad has conquered the geographic obstacles to overland communication; and a wonderful network of canals also affords Germany and France adequate water communication from one end of the country to the other, entirely out of reach of the British navy. Hardly less significant has been the disappearance of the artificial obstacles to overland trade in the customs lines which restricted commerce by enhancing the ultimate cost of the article to the consumer. It used to be cheaper for the world to trade with

London than with Berlin or Munich, which had to be reached across many customs boundaries.

An important part of British influence in Europe was long due to her control of a part or the whole of the supply of sugar, coffee, tobacco, dyes, — the well-known colonial goods. It was this monopoly which Napoleon found it so hard to combat. Europe declined to go without sugar, tobacco, and tea, and refused to observe, wherever they could be broken, his commercial regulations. The sea power was of course a main element in the monopoly, but the monopoly and not the sea power itself produced the important result. Great Britain no longer possesses any such control of these necessary supplies. Germany and Austria supply themselves with beet sugar, and contact with the Far East and its great supplies of such products is perfectly possible by rail, out of reach of British sea power.

Nor should we forget for a moment that a part, if not a major part, of Britain's decisive action against Napoleon was due not only to her monopoly of colonial goods, but to her monopoly of the then new manufacturing processes. She was the only nation in Europe able to produce anything like an adequate supply of manufactured goods for the European market, and she was able therefore, not merely to blockade European ports, but to control the stream of importations at its source. To the extent that Europe did buy British goods, Napoleon's own subjects were financing the campaign that Great Britain was prosecuting against him. Her isolation from Europe by Napoleon's regulations did little harm, for she herself was the source of supplies.

She is not to-day as independent of the rest of Europe, nor is she, by any means, the only adequate source of European supply. A boycott of Europe against Britain would be far more de-

trimental to her than any boycott of Europe that she could enforce by sea power. In the old days when she could put an end to all cheap domestic transportation and force the continental countries to trade with one another overland, she wielded a weapon of the utmost potency. To-day the overland communications in continental Europe are as normal as was water transportation in the days of Napoleon, and they are infinitely more adequate. Moreover, as the British have frequently pointed out to the Germans, to prove to them that colonies are unnecessary, the trade of nearly all the continental countries with each other is far more lucrative than their trade with the Americas and Asia, and forms in fact the major part of their business.

When, now, we address the issue of the ability of the present sea power of Britain to decide the war in favor of the Allies, we must admit that the changes of the nineteenth century in the component parts of the sea power and in their relation to each other, have lessened its chances of deciding the issue. Certainly it can no longer decide it by use of the old weapons. As a military asset, it is practically limited to the moving of troops of its own or another nation from one part of the world to another, or to the supplying of armies by water. Its influence on the military situation will therefore be directly proportioned to the necessity of these operations to the armies. Formerly both were vitally important. Then water transportation was much swifter than any pace at which an army could march, and frequently enabled the British to outdistance their enemies or to land an army in a place inconvenient to defend; and the supplying of armies by sea power was incomparably more important still. An army of any size can remain together only so long as it can be fed; and, when it must

live off the country or be sustained by overland transportation, its size was in former wars seriously restricted and its operations circumscribed. The armies supported by sea power did possess a significant advantage of real military importance, and an army which could be augmented by the sea power had a still greater advantage over one which must depend upon reinforcements proceeding overland.

To a very large extent, the railroad has robbed the sea power of its importance as a military adjunct. Armies are now moved and fed by rail with greater ease and certainty than they ever were by water; and they are also free to campaign wherever they wish, without regard to the configuration of the country or the location of the rivers. Even the ability of the sea power to land troops in unexpected or inconvenient places is of doubtful value to-day; the British ability to transport troops to France and to the Near East has not yet proved decisive, nor has the stupendous feat of moving armies from India and the colonies yet had military significance, though its moral effect has been striking.

The sea power must to-day prove itself a military factor by limiting the importation of supplies by its enemies and by preventing their exportation of their own goods. It will be quite obvious that this factor will be decisive only when the enemy imperatively needs imports, or when that country is itself incapable of consuming its own manufactures or of providing its own raw materials. The measure of the sea power's importance will be solely the result of this interference upon the efficiency or size of the enemy forces actually in the field; the suffering of the civilian population, which does not impair the power of enemy armies, will be neither decisive nor important. If importation or exportation are vitally

necessary and a commercial crisis follows the blockade, crippling the ability of the enemy to maintain the army in the field, and leading to its defeat, the sea power will then have been the decisive element in the military campaign. On the other hand, should the enemy country be self-sufficing or able to re-adjust its industrial organization in time to produce itself what had previously been imported, and to consume what had been exported, the offensive weapon of the blockade will not exert any considerable influence. The offensive strength of the sea power will then be reduced to its naval forces, which in turn will be important only so far as naval operations are essential to defeat the enemy armies.

Such a decisive economic result the British blockade of the Central Empires has not yet had. Not only has it failed to impair noticeably the size or efficiency of their armies, but most observers, even in Great Britain and France, hold that it has yet to affect seriously the prosperity of industrial Germany. The war itself, the necessary shift of industry from a peace to a war basis, has been in Germany as elsewhere the chief economic difficulty. Its paralyzing effects upon industry and the difficulties caused by the blockade have both been obviated in large measure by forethought and coöperation between the government and business men, and by the inventive ability of German industrial scientists. The blockade has annoyed the Germans, compelled a somewhat more extended transformation of industry than would otherwise have been needed, postponed its completion for some months; but the principal losses directly resulting from the blockade have been borne by neutral nations. That any serious economic blow can now be inflicted upon the Central Empires by the present British sea power under existing cir-

cumstances, seems improbable; and that there can now be dealt a blow sufficiently telling to result in a victory for the Allies, seems almost incredible. The readjustment in Germany to the blockade, as to the war itself, will become more and more perfect month by month; the worst problems have already been solved, and the rest are even more capable of easy solution.

Indeed, the unexpected has happened. It has been German and not British sea power which has exerted decisive influence upon military operations. The German control of the Baltic and of the Black Sea has been vastly more significant in a military sense than the much more difficult feat performed by the British navy of blockading Germany and of driving her commerce from the seas. Russia's grain would be of immense value to Britain, and ability to export it would provide Russia with an outlet for produce which she cannot herself consume, and enable her to buy with it manufactured goods which she desperately needs and which she is not capable of producing. The Russian industrial fabric is still weak; her munition factories are even more inadequate than was feared before the war; and her needs are truly imperative. The Germans claim, probably with some truth, that the economic straits of Russia will compel her to export food and oil to the Central Empires and buy their manufactured goods. She will thus be forced to relieve the worst straits of the latter's civilian population. There are indications already, despite the censorship, that the leakage into Germany and Austria through the blockade, from both Great Britain and Russia, is very considerable and is constantly increasing. Not improbably, if the Germans can maintain their hold on the Baltic and the Dardanelles, Russia will be compelled to trade freely with the Central

Empires or face economic ruin. The longer the war lasts the more imperative will her need be, and the more completely, therefore, this trade will relieve the pressure upon Germany of the British blockade. It may indeed assume proportions which would go far to offset the effects of the war itself upon German industry. A monopoly of Russian trade in manufactured goods is a thing to conjure with.

There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that this war, like most previous wars, must be ended on the battlefield. If the Allies are to win, there must be another Waterloo. It may be that the British control of the seas will blaze the path of her Allies to victory, as it has done before, but it will probably not accomplish that feat without the assistance of powerful non-military and non-naval factors, among which can be reckoned few of those so potent in the past. Meanwhile, the armies of the Allies must avoid a second Sedan or Sadowa. Those of us whose hopes are with the Allies need not as yet despair. Because the old props beneath the sea power have fallen away, because its very nature is changed, it does not at all follow that its power has disappeared, or that it has not already sunk new foundations in the very factors and forces which undermined the old. It has been in just such moments of dark tempest, when apparently all was lost, that the genius of the English people shone the brightest. What European predicted victory for England against Spain in 1588? What conservative men in 1796 thought the worst could be avoided? What inefficiency and gloom preceded the days of Blake! If the evidence of the past proves beyond contravention the disappearance of some of the most significant factors of Britain's strength, it proves as indubitably the ability of the British to adjust themselves to changed conditions.

We have still to ask of Britain's fate should the Allies be decisively defeated on land while she still retained her present hold upon the sea. Can she, single-handed, decline to accept the settlement of the Central Empires? Can the sea power alone maintain a war against a land power supreme in Europe? It has never been able to do so in the past. It has never yet won through against land power without the aid of armies. Frederick the Great and Wolfe were needed to supplement the victories of Boscawen and Hawke. After Trafalgar had given the British a supremacy on sea as complete as any in history, at a time when the difficulties of land transportation and the structure of the Channel enabled the fleet to throttle the domestic as well as the foreign trade of Northern Europe, when the Industrial Revolution gave Britain a practical monopoly of manufactured goods, Napoleon maintained himself triumphantly for eight long years. Even then his downfall had to be compassed at Leipzig and Waterloo by armies. There is little reason to suppose that the sea power can now succeed unaided in accomplishing a feat which it could not earlier perform without the aid of powerful armies and an almost unparalleled juxtaposition of economic factors.

The weapons of the sea power against a victorious military power are solely economic, and are powerful only when the victors' need is imperative for what the sea power can exclude. What the blockade cannot accomplish during the war, it will hardly be able to do when trade is resumed after the war between the Central Empires and the rest of Europe. The greater part of the European nations are now leagued with the sea power, closing by their own administrative action their harbors and railways to trade meant for the Central Empires. These a military victory will

open, and through them will pour a stream which the sea power cannot stop without throttling the commerce of the world itself. And even if it should successfully do so, it could at most compel the victors to retain somewhat longer their wartime expedients for coping with the present blockade. Indeed, business circles in Great Britain are viewing with concern the new German inventions and substitutes, for fear that they may permanently meet the old demand. In any case, the Germans could then close to the British continental markets far more indispensable to the latter than are the British and colonial markets to Germany.

Isolation of a victorious military coalition by the sea power is no longer possible. Waiving the many naval potentialities, and assuming that the British fleet could in very fact maintain after the war an absolute control of the world's waterways, England could not use it without compelling all nations to join with the victors to deprive her of such an abuse of the sea power. Before 1815, England was the only nation really dependent on a continuous stream of sea-borne commerce. Long-distance trade was chiefly in luxuries, and the continent easily supplied itself in time of peace with most bulky produce and raw materials. No country's prosperity, to say nothing of its economic existence, then was threatened by British control of the ocean highways.

To-day the world is interdependent. The commercial prosperity of every highly developed community rests literally upon access to the ocean routes to the international markets. The economic structure of the world is too closely interrelated and interdependent to permit the sea power alone to interfere with the freedom of international exchange. To-day, its ability to interfere depends upon the potent aid of

France, Russia, and Italy. Were their interests those of the Central Powers and of the present neutral states, an attempt to put economic pressure on the Central Empires would risk the formation of a general coalition to destroy the sea power which the latter could not resist. A boycott executed simultaneously by the land powers

would rob the sea power of its own necessary imports and bring it to terms. This very isolation has been the bugbear of British statesmen for three centuries, and they too will accept terms when their allies are driven to sue for peace. They must all stand together; Great Britain will be the last to try to stand alone.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

EAR-TRUMPETING WITH FRIAR JUNIPER

THIS little paper begins uninterestingly enough with the ear-trumpet, — and with me; but courage, reader! it is soon to blossom into Friar Juniper, and his words which were like 'flaming sparks.'

In the first place then, I did not like it, and it never for an instant occurred to me that anybody could like an ear-trumpet. Whenever I appeared with it in public, the consciousness of it rasped my pride all up and down on its very tenderest spots. It seemed to me that nothing that was in progress on stage or platform was of sufficient interest to distract attention from me and my trumpet. Though I never actually caught them at it, still I was sure I could *feel* people staring buttonholes of curiosity in my back. It looked like a small warming-pan, and made me look elderly and vague, and as though I should be certain to interrogate, 'Hey?' or 'What say?' if any one were ever brave enough to address me. 'But no one's likely to speak to you,' I told myself bitterly, 'for you know perfectly well that even people who lead

forlorn hopes, or win Victoria Crosses before breakfast, shake like a leaf at the mere sight of an ear-trumpet.'

But all this was before I met Friar Juniper, and discovered how the trumpet might be worn with a difference.

Does every one know Friar Juniper? He was one of the most picturesque and engaging of all those first 'little brothers' who followed St. Francis, and this in spite of the fact that some of his exploits are open to criticism. One can hardly smile, for instance, upon his method of obtaining a pig's trotter for a sick brother. The invalid certainly got the delicacy he craved, but the poor pig was left alive with only three trotters on which to trot. Neither can one approve Friar Juniper's habit of indiscriminate giving, because, unfortunately, he never paused to consider whether what he gave was his to give or not. Indeed one of the severest reprimands which he ever received was administered to him on the occasion of his 'plucking certain bells from the altar and giving them away for the love of God.'

Yet this very indiscretion serves to make manifest that particular characteristic which has so endeared him

to me. 'Friar Juniper,' we are told, 'cared nothing for these words,'—that is, the scolding, —'for he delighted in being put to shame.'

There you have it! He *delighted* in being put to shame. This is an absolute fact, the simple and magnificent truth. He was forever seeking ways in which to 'abase himself.' Here we read, 'how, to abase himself for the glory of God, Friar Juniper stripped himself of all save his breeches, and got himself to the public *piazza* to be jeered at'; and again, 'how to abase himself, Friar Juniper played at see-saw.' 'And for what,' perhaps you ask, 'was he such a fool?' Well, he was willing to be such a fool — nay, was glad to be — for the reason best expressed in his own simple words: 'Alack!' he cried. 'Wherefore are we unwilling to suffer a little shame if so be we may gain the blessed life?'

As I reflected on his delight in 'suffering a little shame,' it came to me on a wave of laughter, how Friar Juniper would have welcomed an ear-trumpet. What a glorious new way of abasing himself! He would never have tried to dodge it, to turn his back upon it, to look as though it belonged to the next fellow. No indeed! he would have looked upon it as a truly Heaven-sent opportunity, and in sheer delight over the possibilities of pride-humbling and soul-strengthening which it offered, he would have seized upon it with all the eagerness of a happy child, and gone gloriously ear-trumpeting through the world. Indeed I experienced a sudden inward vision of this ecstatic brother dancing along the dusty highways, rough habit flying in the wind, ear-trumpet brandished, and he himself shouting forth a new and characteristic psalm.

'Praise the Lord with ear-trumpets, and with shawms,' he cried in my vision; 'praise Him upon an instrument

of ten strings, and upon the harp; now let all the ear-trumpets praise the Lord!' And therewith he blew such a blast of praise upon his own, that, to my fancy, it went ringing down through the ages, to teach a timid world for all time the splendors of an ear-trumpet, and the spiritual possibilities of physical defects.

O mad, fantastic, sublime, 'God-intoxicated' man! One is moved to cry with St. Francis, 'Would to God, my brethren, that I had a great forest of such Junipers!'

To rejoice in one's own confusion! Why, that sets one free from at least one half of the pin-pricks of the world! But Friar Juniper had other and greater gifts than this added unto him. We are told, for one thing, 'that the demons were not able to endure the purity of innocence and the profound humility of Friar Juniper . . . wherefore St. Francis, when demoniacs were brought unto him that he might heal them, if the devils departed not immediately at his command, was wont to say, 'If thou dost not forthwith depart from this creature, I will cause Friar Juniper to come against thee.'

It is doubtful if any one of us in our pink tissue-paper worlds (I speak of America; one imagines that Europe is not overburdened with the tissue-paper life at present) ever exercises himself in humility with sufficient robustness to be able to terrify so much as a kindergarten devil, to say nothing of those full-grown specimens that gave St. Francis trouble.

But besides Friar Juniper's power over devils, think of the gay courage of the man as well. In imminent danger of being hung, he was honestly amused, and spoke with 'merry countenance as if joking.' Faced by hanging it requires more than a sense of humor to be really merry. It requires, I think, a sense of God. His was that gayety which sur-

passes all other gayety; that mirth of the saints which has its well-spring in eternity, and therefore bubbles joyously forth in spite of all the troubling of the surface waters of time.

But most of all, think of the simple and sublime account of Friar Juniper at the deathbed of St. Clare. "What is the news of God?" she asked him cheerfully, and he sat down beside her, and spoke flaming sparks of words.' It seems to me that there could scarcely be a more beautiful death than the flitting of St. Clare; nor a more beautiful gift from one human being to another than the news of God as presented to her by Friar Juniper.

Alas! I shall never rejoice sufficiently in being abased, nor ear-trumpet gloriously enough to have the shining privilege of speaking such words to a dying saint; but at least I have seen how splendidly an ear-trumpet might be worn, and I trust Heaven may forgive me my pale egotistical timidities, and grant that when I come to die I may have one friend beside me who will take my hand, and speak to me of God in words like flaming sparks.

THE EATEN CAKE

Is there any land for lost and lovely things: sunsets and jeweled nights and emotions that have been perfectly beautiful, and that just are n't alive any more? If there is n't, there ought to be; some Heaven where they could go on living and forever fulfilling their loveliness. This is not a personal sorrow, and yet I ache with it. As I sit here in my old maid's corner I am as tranquil as if I had realized matrimony; I am busy and happy and just as much alive as most of my married friends. Of course they pity me; they feel as if Life had passed me by, and, in a way, it has; but I am infinitely sorrier for them, for they have lost something that I never

had, and most of them don't even know that they have lost it. That's the real tragedy of it. Does n't anything ever last? Or were Francesca and Juliet eternally happy because they could die — and keep their dreams? I wonder!

Now, there is Natalie. She is married, she has three children, and she must weigh at least a hundred and eighty both in body and mind. She is placid and tranquilly content. Yet I remember her a thin slip of a thing, all big eyes and emotion, restless as the wind, and consumed with a wild passion for her lover. She haunted the post-office daily for letters and more letters; she glowed with feeling, and she was happy, torrentially happy, as she has never been since.

'How does it feel to be in love?' I once asked her curiously.

'Oh, until you are sure He loves you, it's fearful,' she replied earnestly. 'It's as if you were all raw around the heart.'

If I should remind her of it now she would probably die of mortified modesty—if she had n't altogether forgotten about it.

Why are people so ashamed of having once been terribly alive? They are, you know. I suppose that's the worst of it; you can't eat your cake and want it, too.

And Annice and James, friends of my youth, what about them? It was all most romantic, I remember. He fell madly in love with her picture; he met her and his madness increased. He dogged her footsteps; his jealousy was epic, primeval. He used to say, 'I wish to Heaven I could carry you off to a desert island and never let another man look at you!' We girls used to thrill with a sort of sex-triumph when we brushed our hair after 'parties' and talked it all over. It had happened to a girl we knew, this great adventure of tremendous love. Would men ever want us like that? Well, instead of carrying

her off to a desert island, James bore his bride away to a suburban street, and there, a little bald, a little fat, and very prosperous, he lives snugly to this day. The strange thing is that Annice is much lovelier than she was; the years have rounded all her angles, mental and physical, and given her a kind of radiant softness. You'd think he would be far madder about her now than when she was a thin, rather awkward, wholly willful girl; but he is n't at all. His passion has settled itself into a sane, robust, and steady affection, but the magic has vanished. She is 'a gentle wife but fairy none.'

Now they say, the wise people who discuss all these things, that every good woman's love for a man is fundamentally maternal. We have Madame Maeterlinck's word for it. If this is so, then ours is the more blessed sex, for, after all, life is what we feel; we gain proportionately as we give ourselves, and a mother can be generous forever. But I have never by any chance heard it said that a man feels fundamentally

paternal toward the woman he marries; so what does he get out of it? What are his emotional resources when the glow is gone?

Perhaps it does n't matter. I'm only an outsider; how can I tell? If the marvel had ever come to me, the Love that cried at dawn, 'Awake, Pendennis, I am here!' spurring him relentlessly to the Fotheringay's door; the flaming feeling that makes you the slave of the telephone's ringing and the postman's knock, — why, I'd have taken my chances. But Life never promised me anything more than the comfortable companionship of similar natures. And I always felt that there should be something else, at least at first, even if it had to go. Maybe it was not meant to stay, this tempestuous guest, and Robert Louis Stevenson said that you cannot expect to make a domestic pet of a roaring lion. But what becomes of all the enchantment — the pink lights and the band playing and the desert-island feeling! Where *does* it all go, anyhow?